

# MUSEUM

OF

## Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

OCTOBER, 1838.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

### FRENCH NAVAL ROMANCES.

1. *Atar Gull* (Atar Gul,) par Eugène Sue.
2. *La Coucaratcha, Roman maritime*, (The Cockroach, a Naval Romance,) par Eugène Sue.
3. *La Salamandre, Roman maritime*, (The Salamander, a Naval Romance,) 2 tom., par Eugène Sue.

It is singular that maritime novels should be of foreign origin, when the sea itself had been so long the favourite and boasted possession of Great Britain, and the members of the naval profession were so closely interwoven with our political existence and habits of thought as the great bulwark of national defence. To Englishmen, the service was a kind of embodied idealism, rough in its outline and peculiar failings perhaps, but exempted generally from the usual besetting sins of landmen, that is, of the larger portion of the human race: to say nothing of the lustre cast upon it by the universal sentiment of respect and admiration entertained for those who brave unwonted dangers. All these, and many more considerations, had united to produce among us so high an appreciation of maritime life, that it is not a little singular, we must repeat, that English literature, when the failing voice of fiction was infused with fresh energy by Scott, should have entirely overlooked, even amidst the very eagerness of search for novel phrases of life, the ample scope afforded by the boundless wastes of ocean. There, too, all the machinery of natural terrors, displayed constantly to the eye and physical apprehension, is heightened by the corresponding weight of superstition, and nourished by all that most forcibly appeals to imagination: and this little checked, or even modified, by that actuality which, however potent on land, but feebly opposes the hourly spells that seem to reign in supremacy over the world of waters.

It was with a wonder, therefore, scarcely inferior to that which attended the mortifying intelligence of our

first defeats on our favourite element, that the British public found our transatlantic brethren equally prompt and successful in their rivalry of our favourite branch of literature also: the *Hornet*, the *Constitution*, &c. were not, in their way, more productive of astounding disclosures of rival strength, than were, in another form, the *Spy*, the *Pilot*, and the *Last of the Mohicans*: and in both cases the national vanity, like that of Mrs. Primrose in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, at her daughter's dancing, comforted itself by whispering, with at least as much of jealousy as approbation, 'that though the little chit did it so cleverly, all the steps were stolen from herself.'

The allegation, probably true in either case, did not, however, lessen the merit of the thief; but the emulation awakened by these successes over ourselves, roused the national energy in every point of view; and to the portion of this developement that regards our literary pursuits, we shall refer in its place, after a few preliminary observations.

In this question the name of Smollett has been naturally brought forward as the real originator of the sea-faring novel; and Mr. Cooper has been considered as only treading, to a certain degree, in his footsteps. We cannot hold with this opinion in the least.

The subject of Smollett was, strictly speaking, less the sea-faring life than sea-faring individuals. It was the manners of the man rather than the occupations of the class; it spoke of the sailor, not of the sea. The whims and eccentricities of nautical thought and language, as called forth incidentally and by collision; the steering of a chaise, the lee-shore of a road-post, the menage of a cock-pit, or the brutality and ignorance of a commander; all that could bring us close into intimacy with this amphibious variety of the genus *homo*, was traced by the pen of genius before our eyes, and mingled with our subsequent recollections by inimitable powers of comic extravagance and frolicsome humour. Humour too that at times led of necessity

to pathos, for humour itself is but the irony of affection. That this result, of pathos, occurs more seldom in Smollett than might have been imagined from the depth and richness of his humorous vein, is no argument against the consequence we have drawn; and may be easily accounted for by the circumstances of his life and habits, and the thence induced cynicism of his character. But his power in such scenes is unquestionable: and, as an instance of this, we refer to the passage immediately following that where the whimsical propensities and prejudices of the old commodore have closed with his life and the especial direction for his epitaph: namely, that it must be, not in your outlandish Latin lingo, but in good plain English, in order that the angel who is to pipe all hands from under hatches may be able to read it. The scene begins thus: 'Every thing being duly arranged, all the rest had left the room: Pipes stood over the body of his old commander.—"Well fare thy soul," (he said,) "old Hawser Trunnion! Fifty years have I sailed with ye, man and boy, and a better seaman never broke a biscuit," &c. &c.

But if individual incident and portrait were thus sketched or worked out with singular power, the phenomena of nature, the dangers of the deep, and the triumphs of human skill and resolution,—all that form the real staple of the seaman's existence, were totally beyond the province of Smollett. Still less was he calculated for attempting to depict those yearnings of the heart that arise in the loneliness of dignity that invests the state-cabin and the quarter-deck; in the solitude and isolation of the night-watch, and in that stronger solitude of the heart itself, which feels in the long intervals of forced repose that those around, though united for a time in the same vessel, have no one point or capacity of sympathy with its private ties; and that it cannot, like the landsman's, seek out these when most desirable.

The very bustle and motion of the crowd that constantly surrounds the seaman, while it keeps up an incessant but moderate degree of excitement in his mental system, prevents him from the general leisure of a landsman's spirit, that can indulge the mood and give it vent. Checked and chilled on the contrary with the sailor, it sinks into the mind successively, if we may venture on a similitude, like the reiterated trace of frosts into the bosom of earth—unseen but ineffaceable;—and keeps like that, its deep, indelible register to mark, more strongly than externals can be expected to retain it, the impressions and effects of past states and feelings. But there are times when these feelings rise in concentrated strength; such as when called from society or the mess-room in all the flush of mirth and enjoyment to keep the midnight or morning watch, to see the gallant vessel hold her own and in due trim; to mark the

changes of the wind and the strength or slumber of the waters; to see the sun sink or rise, to gaze on the moveless track of the moon, and commune in loneliness with the stars that so often have lighted far other hours;—while the necessity of a vigilant but restrained attention, and the dignity of command, give a slight though certain elevation to the spirit. It is then that the light voice of the breeze, the murmuring sound of the waves, the motion, the serenity, the dreamy softness of night, all combine to fill the breast with unuttered emotion: all this the sailor feels, but the voice of his feeling is dumb.

Such a state might, and must necessarily have given a power of positive poetry to the seaman, but for the counteracting influence of those ruder and more stirring energies that every moment of change and vicissitude calls into play: these hourly calls of action fling emotion into the shade; and on glancing back he finds that he has outsailed them, like the ocean weed that a moment before was floating over the bow, drifting now with the current far behind the stern. The sailor thus, if he is prevented by the circumstances of his life from becoming actively imaginative, is always in proportion more susceptible of that power: sensitive beyond other men to the influence of the finer pulses, though less able, or less willing, at least, to attempt to sway them.

Who can wonder then that, imbued with the living energies of nature and the ocean; constantly in contact with powers whose recollection is the very poetry of existence, the navy were among the foremost to hail the genius that gave these their first tangible form, in the verse of the first of energetic poets. If the voice of passion had been restrained on land, that of the seaman had never existed at all, till Byron felt the stirring might of the waters and imagined the exciting inspiration of scenes and characters denied to his actual experience. With what delight seamen dwelt upon his nautical descriptions and partialities the foregoing suggestions may aid us to imagine, and what pleasure too they derived from those effective delineations, which some writers absurdly characterize as picturesque not poetical; as though the mighty lord of the lyre had not been competent to detect that the picturesque was only the poetry of the eye. We need not refer more particularly to the gorgeous panorama of the archipelago in *Childe Harold*, or in the *Letter to Bowles*, but instance the following passage:

"The sails were fill'd, and fair the light winds blew,  
As glad to waft him from his native home;  
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,  
And soon were lost in circumambient foam:  
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
The silent thought."—*Childe Harold*, Canto 1.

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild seamew.



Yon Sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native Land—Good Night!

"A few short hours and He will rise  
To give the Morrow birth;  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother Earth."—*Ibid.*

"He that has sail'd upon the dark blue sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,  
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

"And oh, the little warlike world within!  
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy;  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:  
Hark to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

"White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks:  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve  
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.

"Blow! swift blow, thou keel-compelling gale!  
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!  
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day,  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for logs like these!

"The moon is up, by Heaven a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand,  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measures fealty move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove."  
*Ibid.* Canto 2.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknel'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless and sublime—  
The image of Eternity—the throne  
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone."  
*Ibid.* Canto 4.

More imaginative and in a different vein, but not less magnificent and impressive, are the following:

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—  
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
When lost—what reck's it—by disease or strife?  
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;  
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;  
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.  
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave;  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead."  
*Corsair*, Canto 1.

"A sail!—a sail!—a promised prize to Hope!  
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?  
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:  
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.  
Yes—she is ours—a home-returning bark—  
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.  
Already doubled is the cape—our bay  
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray.  
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—  
She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to dare the elements to strife.  
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wreck—  
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings:  
The sails are fur'd; and anchoring round she swings:  
And gathering loiterers on the land discern  
Her boat descending from the latticed stern.  
'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,  
Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand.  
Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!—  
When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;  
The smile, the question, and the quick reply,  
And the heart's promise of festivity!"—*Ibid.* Canto 1.

"Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,  
The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;

Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,  
 A spot—a mast—an armed deck!  
 Their little bark her men of watch desery,  
 And ampler canvass woos the wind from high;  
 She bears her down majestically near,  
 Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;  
 A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow  
 Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.  
 Up rose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
 A long, long absent gladness in his glance;  
 'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—  
 I am not all deserted on the main!  
 They own the signal, answer to the hail,  
 Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.  
 'Tis Conrad! Conrad! shouting from the deck,  
 Command nor duty could their transport check!  
 With light alacrity and gaze of pride,  
 They view him mount once more his vessel's side;  
 A smile relaxing in each rugged face,  
 Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.  
 He, half forgetting danger and defeat,  
 Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,  
 Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,  
 And feels he yet can conquer and command."

*Ibid.* Canto 3.

In spite, however, of these magnificent lines from the Corsair, there is a limit which genius itself cannot pass, and where its utmost efforts must yield to the humbler power of experience. However admirably we may describe from a previous description, there is an artifice or feebleness about such labours that, if it does not absolutely betray its own origin, yet it always leaves upon the observant mind a sense of doubt, ineffectiveness, and insufficiency. It is not that the details furnished are incorrect or incomplete, but that the hand that borrowed, did not gather them itself: different objects strike different minds, according to their composition and nature, and the utmost art cannot use another's knowledge like its own. Thus the splendid shipwreck of Don Juan, though combined from both, yields to the simple narratives of the *Méuse* and the *Disasters at Sea*, recorded by witnesses of the events, and who have given their own real impressions, not imaginations, to the relation.

It was not till after the public mind had been thus led to nautical scenes, and prepared to enter into and enjoy them, that the full development of their fascination met its eye. Bred in the American navy, and evidently no ordinary lover of his gallant profession, nor an ordinary observer of its details and vicissitudes, Mr. Cooper may be justly styled the creator of the maritime novel, the type of one phase of literature and human feeling. The general reluctance and ignorant dislike felt by the many for a mode of life so utterly distinct from all their ideas and habits, strengthened by total unacquaintance with the nautical vocabulary, all disappeared before the hand of the master. The storm, that before had, in every relation, been the object of fear and avoidance to the mind, now lost its terrors, and became rather the point of attraction and subject of our wishes, as affording an agreeable excitement;—a mere obstacle the more in the conduct of the story, and like all

the rest, to be surmounted by the personages of the tale—a foil to render human skill and courage more conspicuously triumphant at the end.

Perhaps none of those who have hitherto essayed their talents in this class of composition, were so fitted as Cooper to effectuate this diversion in public taste. With a thorough knowledge of the details, there is blended in him a power of acute observation and perception of external circumstances, and an unwearying fondness for displaying every variety of atmospheric change or marine difficulty, as met and obviated by a corresponding exertion of nautical science and firmness. As the wind shifts and chops, the reader learns in succession the power of every sail, the use of every rope, the object of every distinct manœuvre; the knowledge and experience of the pilot, lavishly called into action, bears the vessel in safety along the imminent edge of a reef or quicksand, over shallow or rocky bottoms, and through dangerous shoal-water, with every shift and risk of tides and currents into the safe soundings of a deep channel; a chase displays the vessels going large, off the wind, hoisting, reefing, or shaking out, under press of sail, or shifting; the engagement brings out all the nice points of wind, weathergauge, and lee-shores, hauling in, raking, broadsides, and boarding. The reader and the author go through all the manœuvres together, and share the toils, anxieties and success of the crews; nor is it the author's fault if we are not speedily as skilful as himself, for he has brought us, not only a new pleasure, but a new science to heighten it.

The very *forte* of Mr. Cooper is, however, too often his *foible*. He is too apt to forget that there must be an end to even excitement, that his readers are not familiar with his technicalities, and that we soon cease to feel an interest when we cease to understand. Farther, whilst that which is novel is unintelligible to the landsman, to the sailor, though intelligible, is not novel. With winds, waves, and vessels, Mr. Cooper has the might and sympathies of poetry, but beyond these he has, unfortunately, little power. His genius is for the tangible, both in action and sensation; of abstract feeling he has scarcely an idea in his works. Unrivalled in physical, he has little or no moral development; his personages have no intellect, but what gets them into or out of danger. He has no wit, no probability of tale, no common sense of conduct, no pathos, and little humour. His romantic portions are generally bad in taste and tone, his land scenes ineffective; his heroines mawkish and monotonous, unreflecting and forward. His plots are impossible and thread-bare, the action never proceeds, but the characters are discussing to infinity matters of no consequence whatever. The author is unfortunate too, we think, in applying and shaping his narrative and conversations to certain and peculiar objects not absolutely within the scope of his story; and his benevo-

lent endeavours to improve his countrymen at home are brought too prominently forward, instead of being veiled by his satire: nor are his sneering attacks upon religious establishments and forms either in better taste or better managed. There is nothing like strength or condensation of phrase in his works. Even on the sea, though we cannot profess to be equal judges with Mr. Cooper in their relative value in the American service, we doubt whether an English commander would risk and lose a vessel, like the *Ariel*, for the sake of a friend and lieutenant.

Long Tom Coffin is, perhaps, the only exception to our remarks upon the naval tales of Mr. Cooper; he is certainly a character, strictly speaking; and such, also, is *Hawks-eye* in the Indian novels. The merit and success of these two portraits render it obvious that the author's monotony and general failures on this head, arise, not from want of the power, but from neglect or inconsideration. A writer of such talent can scarcely fail where he wishes to succeed—yet his characters have no mental elevation—he makes them trivial instead of amiable, and extravagant, not energetic. Still it is but justice to confess, that Mr. Cooper's is the genius of inanimate nature: his strength is fear: his force is in anxious agony.

The English imitators or successors of Cooper cannot rival him on this ground: their merits are essentially different. The *Tom Cringle*, &c. of Basil Hall, is full of talent, power, and variety: his descriptions are as beautiful as his narrative is replete with intense, but always living interest—and to these his admirable and eloquent delineations of nature and the elements are always subservient: his humour is bold, varied, and in perfect keeping.

The humour of Marryatt is distinct from this. It is more simple, eccentric, and whimsical: the ridiculous is his forte, and carried often to excess, but always effectively. A strong bias for truth and reality, a plain manliness and simplicity of conception, composition, and conduct of story, distinguish him as the painter of the British navy: nor is this lessened by his extreme propensity to fun. The defects of Captain Marryatt are few, but really serious—his romantic characters are demoniacal; and his grossness, fortunately rare, is as uncalled for as unpardonable.

If the difference between Cooper and Marryatt may be considered as characteristic in some degree of the two countries; the former displaying more of physical and practical energy than abstract intellect, and the latter preserving, with some painful exceptions, a calmer and more general display of finished development, M. Eugène Sue may be considered to hold the same place in relation to the two, that his country maintains with respect to both theirs. This author's powers of composition are lighter, more various and

brilliant, with a more delicate and feminine, though not in the least effeminate, fancy. His love of fun is whimsical, with a touch of sarcasm; his sentiment is imaginative and tender, if not enthusiastic; his fancy is gay, but wandering and desultory, even to affectation; and his tendency towards the mystical of influential sympathy is extravagant though effective. His descriptive powers are considerable, but continually carried to excess in his living characters, while they seem curtailed in the severer scenes of nature, and elaborated in the softer and more gentle. Like the votaries of one school in France, he seems to delight in the savage and revolting, and reminds us of Voltaire, not certainly in his religious feelings, which are less devout than impassioned, but in the tendency to sneer at the usual objects of human interest and ambition, and also in his propensity to humiliate our nature by degrading the very persons he had at first seemed most inclined to honour.

With M. Sue and the personages of his tales, we are continually reminded of the restless and versatile susceptibility of the French character in general. Its passions and emotions lie on the surface, and are easily moved therefore by the lightest breath, and are more easy also, in the end, to divert than allay. Its impetuosity and vehemence is no less strongly distinguished from the rough phlegmatism of England or the frozen enthusiasm of the German, than from the southern nations, whose characteristics it appears at first sight most closely to resemble. The passions of these last, though at least as fierce, are of a more settled and sedate complexion. Their very might and force keeps each the other in check, so far as regards externals: their depths are more slowly roused also; and the motion of these is more furious perhaps, assuredly more lasting, and more uniform in development; less easily excited, they are also diverted less easily. But we have dwelt too long on preliminary points that will require considerable extracts for their illustration, and these consequently we mean to give with no more of remark than shall make them conducive to our observations, and bringing out national differences and peculiarities of French maritime habits and character.

The merits of the writer require this introduction of his works at some length to our countrymen.

We take our first extract from *Atar-Gul*:

'The crew of the brig, overwhelmed by the heat, had doubtless retired below. All slept in the vessel except the helmsman, and three other sailors, who were lying at the foot of the mainmast.

'The steersman sounded eight times the little bell close to him, and cried aloud, "Now, relieve the watch."

'The noise this manœuvre occasioned awakened doubtless the inhabitants of the poop; for the curtain moved, coughing, grumbling, and motion followed, and a man came forth, rubbing his eyes twenty times over, and yawning desperately.



'It was M. Claude Borromée Martial Benoît, captain and owner of the brig *Catherine*, of 300 tons, and copper-bottomed.'

We need not give at any length the personal appearance of the worthy slave-trading captain beyond the vest and trousers, the check cravat, and the straw-hat that covered his grey hairs.

'Well, my lad,' said he to the helmsman, gaily pinching his ear; the *Catherine* goes before the wind like a good girl ahead of her mother.'

'Yes, captain, but she rolls like a porpoise, the gipsy. There—there's a heave;—and there again'—\* \*

At this moment their conversation is interrupted by a man from the look out, who had failed to catch a second view of a distant schooner, through the fog. The captain comforts himself that he shall not be detected shipping his cargo of *ebony*; i. e. negroes. He retires to indulge his golden dreams with songs and gin, with his companion, the mate.

'All at once the sky is shrouded, the sea is troubled, the wind moans. Leave your songs and half-empty glasses below there, clear your looks and brave death, for he threatens.'

'The crew ran on deck, sad and silent, for the worst was yet to come.'

'The brig had righted from the previous shock, though with the loss of her topmast. But the waves were becoming heavier, the sky was covered with vapours, murky and red, like the smoke of a conflagration, and which, reflected on the waters, cast a grey and melancholy tint over the ocean, lately so calm and blue.'

'That's a hint of what the storm promises, and it means to keep its promise,' said Benoît, who knew the symptoms; and scarcely were the topmasts lowered when a dull moaning was heard and a large zone of clouds, thick and black, that seemed to unite the sky and the sea, moved rapidly from the north-west, driving before it a mass of boiling foam; a fearful proof of the fury of the waves that came on with the tempest.

'Those faces, till now unmeaning as the light breeze that plays with the ship's cordage, seemed roused as from a lethargy: these vulgar men, these dwarfs during a calm, enlarged; enlarged with the hurricane; became dauntless giants on the first shock of the storm.'

'The dull and stupid air of the captain disappeared; his face, heretofore heavy, assumed a brilliant daring, as in defiance of the skies.'

'Never mind,' roared the captain, for already the storm out-raged the thunder, 'never mind, boys, its only wind and water. Haul down that standing-top. Simon, go ahead; we'll try to hold the cape with reefed main-sail; and try on a tack. Ho, steersman, down with your helm—go to it, two or three of you, for the wind is coming down on the brig like a mutinous child against his father. So, my boys; we won't give way—it's a bad example.'

'The *Catherine* staggered long under the force of the formidable waves that broke against each other, and even disappeared at times in the showers of foam brought by the tempest; while the incessant cracking of the wood-work in various parts sounded loud and sharp as the blows of a hammer on the anvil. Overwhelmed by immense masses of water which broke upon deck with horrible fury, sweeping its whole

length; borne on the crest of enormous waves, or plunging into unfathomable abysses, the unfortunate brig seemed every moment on the point of being swallowed up.

'Hold fast by the shrouds and yards,' cried Benoît, 'its nothing; its only cooling us this hot weather; and then the *Catherine* will be all right to-morrow. Ho there; down with the helm:—luff, luff; or else'—

'Before he had ceased speaking a mountain of water, heaving as high as the tops, came down upon the poop, swept along the deck covering it with wrecks, and passed over the bows, bearing with it two of the crew, who disappeared in the waters. These men had married two fresh and pretty sisters of Nantes; they were attached to each other with all the strength of sailors' friendships—they kept watch together, got drunk together, fought together; one married because the other did; and this flung himself into the water to save the other, or be like him—drowned. They ended as they began—together—\* \*

'Caiot, my good fellow,' cried the captain, 'port your helm,—look out.' 'Oh, captain,' he replied, raising his head, 'there is no fear while she answers her helm—steady.' \* \*

'Take care, take care, captain,' cried Simon, for he saw an enormous sea rising; which threatening the ship, remained motionless for the short time that its summit poised on the base; the force of the wind drove it on; it curled over, rolled heavily, carrying before it a sheet of white water, broke furiously upon the vessel's stern, and then was lost awhile under the mass, which roared like thunder.

'So violent was the blow, that the rudder, struck by its force, gave the tiller a tremendous shock; the three men stationed at the wheel were thrown down on the deck; and, owing to this unfortunate event, the brig coming to the wind, the mainsail failed and backed.'

'The mainmast hardly resisted for two seconds; it bowed, creaked, and broke with an alarming noise, and bearing with it the rigging of the windward side, fell on the larboard rails and thence into the sea; the shrouds and cordage still held it to the vessel.'

'This state of things was dangerous, for the mast, at the mercy of the furious waves, beat backwards and forwards against the vessel, and, acting like a battering-ram upon its sides, threatened to make a breach that would have sent all to the bottom.'

'Only one thing remained; namely, to cut the cordage which retained it to the brig.'

'No time for considering: it is dangerous, but it is for our lives;' and Benoît, seizing a hatchet, mounted across the railing.

Simon, the mate, precipitates himself on the mast to save his superior from risk. He succeeds in disengaging the vessel, but is drowned in the gallant task.

The vessel reaches the Fish-river in a state of distress. Our next extract must be of a different cast from the preceding. Benoît meets with the slave-dealer, Van-Hop, commissioned on the part of King Taroo; and he, after previous discussion, introduces the captain of the brig to his sable majesty.

'King Taroo, seated majestically upon a table, with his legs crossed like a tailor, was smoking a huge pipe.'

'He was an ill-looking negro of about forty, arrayed in full state; proudly surmounted by an old three-cor-



nered cocked-hat with narrow copper lacing, and bearing by way of all garment a large cane with a silver head and a rag of red cloth which scarcely sufficed for propriety.

After an hour of vigorous discussion through the interpreter, Van Hop, a treaty of sale is signed; some of the articles however being objected to, and discussed by Benoit with the interpreter, the objections are explained to the king at his especial command; but as his majesty did not in the least comprehend their drift when referring to European customs, he cleared his comprehension by various glasses of rum. When the sale was fairly concluded, he got dead drunk and tumbled down. The unhappy negroes were led or hauled on board according as they went quietly or resisted.

It is necessary to say, that the negroes allowed themselves to be led, hoisted, chained on board, in stupid insensibility. Not imagining any other object for their purchase than that they were to be eaten, they exerted their utmost courage to remain passive.

Before weighing anchor, M. Benoit had a fair distribution made of salt-fish, biscuit, and water with a little rum in it.

But they would scarcely touch it; \* \* for the blacks, it is well known, remain generally the first five or six days of the voyage almost entirely without eating, and it is then that mortality is greatest among them.

They set sail, and speedily discover a schooner with her raking masts and singular equipment, standing off them about a mile. They endeavour to escape, but are soon chased, brought to by the friendly expedient of a cannon shot in the mainwale. The conference commences thus auspiciously.

"*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*"

"*With the captain aboard,*" ironically repeated Benoit to himself. \* \* (But his soliloquy is not suffered to go to any inconvenient length.)

The schooner's speaking trumpet repeated, in the same style as before, the same words:

"*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*"

And a match was seen burning on the gangway of the unknown vessel.

"———, I understand it all; muttered Benoit, and, striving to evade the requisition, replied in his turn with great volubility,

"*Schooner ahoy! where are you bound from?*"

"What do you want with the captain?"

"Why don't you hoist your flag?"

"What countryman are you?"

"I do not know you."

"I am French."

"I am from Nantes for Jamaica."

"I have not fallen in with anything."

The schooner's speaking trumpet, the huge mouth of which was pointed to them the whole time, bore with this volley of questions; and after a moment's silence repeated in the same style, the same words:

"*Brig ahoy! send a boat on board with the captain.*"

And the explosion of a cannon, which injured no one, concluded the speech by way of peroration.

"The dog! Is he bamboozling!" said Benoit \* \* Caiot, let down the yawl, and four men in her.

"Look out, captain," said Caiot, "she has to me the look of a pirate."

"Why the d—— should he touch me; he wants water, perhaps, or stores. \* \* Who ever heard of a pirate touching a slaver!"

"Perhaps:—the boat is ready, captain."

And the unfortunate Benoit got into it half dressed, without arms, or a hat, just as the accursed speaking trumpet repeated once more in the same style, the same words:

"*Brig ahoy! send a boat with the captain aboard.*"

The captain, whose suspicions are increased as he makes for the stranger, is somewhat reassured by the boatswain's whistle as he mounts the deck, a mark of nautical civility to personages of distinction. His first glance is at the crew, and the deck. The former do not impress favourably, even after his own, the hapless captain, who, 'though engaged in a trade not lauded by everybody, yet carried it on honestly;' and after all, as he declared, he did it for the support of the colonies. The deck of the stranger ship, like the crew, had a sinister physiognomy.

Everything was confused and thrown together; arms scattered here and there, that they might be always at hand. The very planks moist and dirty, covered in some places with large spots of a blackish red; the cannon were ready for action, but all grease and rust; on some of their carriages were traces of the same blackish red, mixed with certain membranous fragments, dried and hardened in the sun, and which Benoit, shivering, recognised as the remains of strips of human flesh.

"You have taken long enough for heaving to, old curmudgeon," was the salutation addressed to him by a man of very forbidding aspect, and but one eye. This winning character was but half clad, in ragged trousers, an old, old red woollen shirt filthy with grease and tied round his waist with a rope; under which was thrust the huge blade of a knife with a wooden handle.

Benoit rallied his dignity, his courage, and replied calmly,

"You have sixteen guns, and I have not one; it is easy work to be overhauling us at this rate."

"More reason, my old puffer, for keeping a taut hand: good sense is always on the side of guns." \* \*

"But you have hailed me," said Benoit impatiently, "What do ye want? I'm losing the wind; how much more yarn are you going to spin?"

"There a'n't none but the commodore can give you an answer to that: so keep calm and gnaw your cables to keep your gums from grinding."

"Commodore! ah! you have a captain on board? That at least is something," said Benoit imprudently, and with a kind of disdainful grimace.

"Hold your tongue, you old swabber, or I'll have it out to fling to the fishes."

"Lubber of h——," cried the unhappy captain, "what do ye want; water or stores?"

"Water and stores, water and stores, that's it, and rum too; what can't do no harm."

"Say at once then: Jean Louis, you there, cried Benoit to one of his boatmen, get aboard, and stow in the yawl——"

"You there," said Benoit's interlocutor to the man addressed, "You, Jean Louis, I'll just put a brace of bullets into your carcass if you go to cast off."

An intimation that they should help themselves and not ask Benoit's leave, induces a sudden movement of

the latter's tongue into his cheek, and his finger to his nose:

"The pantomime was harmless, you perceive, but appeared an insult to the dignity of the gentleman. With one blow of his huge, black hand he stretched poor Benoit on the deck, and called out,

"Do you take old Blind-eye (*le Borgne*) for a lubber then—Here, you there, tie up this brute by the legs."

"This was done despite the reiterated exclamations of Benoit. The boat's crew did not interfere, from respect to *le Borgne* and his worthy friends.

"A huge, hideous, curly head now appeared above hatches, calling out, "*Le Borgne—Le Borgne—*captain wants to know what's all this jaw on deck."

"Its this here old alligator that owns the brig; he is being kept quiet."

"Down went the great head,

"Up it came again—

"Here," said the cabin-boy, "here, *le Borgne*, captain says that 'ere gentleman is to come below."

He is transmitted accordingly down the hatches to the doorway of the cabin of the lord and master of the *Hyena*, and meets this gracious reception:

"A voice of thunder cried out,

"Cut him in two, the old blazes, if he a'n't quiet. Ah! he's here. Let him come in—we'll see the whites of his eyes."

"Claude Martial Borromée thought of Catherine and Thomas; buttoned his coat, passed his hand through his grey hair; coughed twice, blew his nose, and entered."

The old, half worn-out blue shirt, tied with a rope's-end round the waist, that formed the single equipment of M. Brulart, the commander of the *Hyena*, was not more ceremonious than his reception of the stranger; nevertheless

"Benoit, wishing to spare him the trouble of beginning, opened the conversation with dignity;

"I want to know what for"—but Brulart's loud voice interrupted him—

"What for, yourself—dog! don't ask me questions, but answer them. Why have you been so long cooperating up your tub?" \* \* \*

"Where are you bound from?"

"I'm from the African coast; I have made a purchase; got my cargo on board, and am going to Jamaica to sell my blacks"—

"I know that better than you: I only asked to see if you'd tell me a lie."

"You knew it?"

"I have been after you from Goree."

"It was you then that I saw before the storm—in the fog?"

"A glimpse—hold there, shipmate, your servant"—said Brulart, pulling a lock of his thick hair as if it had been a corner of a cocked hat—"aye, aye! we make a treaty: and so will I:—I'm quite delighted."

"I was sure we should understand each other," answered Benoit, a little reassured by this parity of situation.

"But tell me, where did you get your blacks? for the hurricane parted us, and I have only found you again this evening."

"On the coast;—mouth of the Fish River; they were sold me by a chief of the Kraal of the Great

Namaquois: it is a party of Little Namaquois, taken in war."

"Indeed"—

"Oh yes: I had some thoughts of descending to the Red River \* \* to make up my cargo with Grand Namaquois; for they take prisoners on both sides; and if the Great Namaquois sell the Little, these eat the Great. Now, if they eat them, they would sell them cheap; and I tell you of this place as a great secret."

"Oh, I get my cargoes of blacks in another way:—quite another thing—a kind of tontine—but I fund largely."

"But now you see I'm losing time: all I can do for you is to give you six casks of water and two barrels of biscuit; and considering I have twenty in crew and eighty blacks on board, it is a great deal: I am giving my blood for you"—

"That's the word"—observed Brulart, with a peculiar smile.

"I can't spare a particle more," said Benoit, with an air of decision.

"I swear nevertheless \* \* that you shall do more for me; you *Mister of the Grand Namaquois*."

"Will you betray me?" said Benoit, pale as death.

"I betray you!"

Offended by the laugh that followed, the choleric captain assaults the corsair.

"But Brulart, seizing his two arms in his iron fist, while with the other hand he untied the cord round his waist, Benoit was in a few moments doubled up and bound neck and heels, so that he could not stir; Brulart placed him across his great sea-chest, saying, "Bye and bye we'll have a laugh together,—shipmate."

"And he mounted the deck amidst all the imprecations, abuse, insult, and outcries of the unhappy Benoit, who moved by leaps upon the chest, just as a fish on a sand-bank."

The conference is shortly resumed on the return of Brulart to his prisoner.

"Ah, thief, rascal, blackguard," cried the latter the instant he saw him: "Ah! had I had guns, and my brave Simon, you should not have taken me as a beast in a trap."

"It's all one, father"—

"No—rascal—no!"—

"As you like; \* \* but now, let us play at some game; at guessing;—come, guess, guess: come now, guess what I am going to do with you and your crew."

"Rascal, is it not infamy! to rob us, villain!"—

"No, go on—try again!"—

"To make us prisoners, monster!"—

"No, try again!"—

"Well then, to murder us; you are capable of anything"—

"You burn—but that's not it exactly"—

"Ten thousand thunders! to be here tied up, unable to move: like an anchor lashed to the bow!"—

"You give up guessing—well, listen!"—

"He tossed off a large glass of rum, and Benoit closed his eyes."

"But, recollecting himself: "I'll not hear you, rascally vagabond," he exclaimed, "I'll stop your speaking—you shall see!"—

"And Claude Borromée Martial began to gabble, bawl, sing, and swear, to drown the voice of M. Brulart, and avoid hearing his atrocious jests."

"Two or three of the sailors, alarmed by this infernal uproar, ran to the cabin-door, thinking somebody was cutting his throat.

"Get on deck again, rascals," said Brulart, "don't you see it is only the gentleman amusing himself by singing Namaquois airs, ah! wretch of a musician."

Poor Benoit continued his cries in every variety of tone \* \* but he was speedily gagged: his eyes became blood-shot and seemed starting from his head.

The details he had given the corsair are now turned against the poor captive; for Brulart communicates his fate. He with his crew are to be surrendered to the little Namaquois, in exchange for the same number of captives these may have made; the inducement to the savages being, that they may eat the unhappy whites in revenge for the imputed murder of the little Namaquois captives they had bought of King Taroo: and to substantiate this charge, one of these last is to be drowned, and his body carried, as in evidence, by a detachment of the pirate crew, to the savages. By this Brulart disposes of his white prisoners, who are useless to him, and acquires twenty blacks more, whom he can sell.

The wretched man, on hearing this infernal resolution, bursts a vein and faints; but is restored by some drops of rum poured into his eyes: he petitions for mercy,—for death, if his crew be spared: but all in vain. The fatal sentence is executed to the letter.

We next proceed to give our readers some specimens from *La Salamandre*. The scene opens with a tobacco-shop in the Rue de Grammont, at Paris, in 1815. It was constantly full, for a crowd of Germans, Russians, Prussians, Bavarians, and English, desirous of charming away their leisure moments, always thronged M. de Formon's establishment.

Unhappily for M. de Formon's peace the day when the story commences he is absent from the shop; the customers are mystified by this unwonted event, but he is no farther off than in his own parlour, where he learns that his friends of the Restoration have procured for him, with the resumption of his old title of Marquis, an appointment as captain of a frigate, to which he is in every way incompetent. M. de Formon is anxious only to remain unknown and happy in his shop; but this base propensity receives small encouragement from his better half.

"The impatience of 'his faultless partner' (as he has just styled her) could bear no more. Rising suddenly from her chair she seized her husband by the arm and dragged him to the farther end of the room.

"Then drawing back a slight gauze curtain, she displayed to him the portrait of a naval officer whose costume denoted the last century. \* \*

"There," she said, pushing back poor Formon so violently that he fell upon the sofa; "there, look: and die with shame in comparing what you might have been and what you will be." \* \*

"I refuse the command," added he, throwing the despatch upon the table.

"You refuse it!" articulated slowly the marchioness,

making him sensible at the same time of the points of her sharp nails. "You refuse it!" repeated she. "No, no, I do not believe it;" and keeping her husband's arm compressed in her dry and bony hand, she smiled with an air truly diabolical.

A month after, the Marquis de Longtour set off for Toulon to assume his command. In his youth he had been once at sea; for he had gone from Toulon to Rochefort.

We have no room for a scene on board the frigate where the government commissary pays the seamen's wages, and proves to the astonishment of a sailor, that the latter, by receiving 160 francs less than his claim, is a gainer to that amount in excess. We cannot give the details, nor the scene of the crew, counting over their money and swearing to spend it at once. They are not permitted to leave the ship.

About midnight the officer of the watch, seeing the weather perfectly calm, and the sea magnificent, quitted the deck and went to his cabin, desiring the boatswain, La Joie, to keep a good look-out. Boatswain La Joie watched as long as he could; but the weather was superb; there was no fear for the ship, and he would be waked by the first noise.

A cabin-boy gives the signal to the crew: they were all dressed and ready, in their hammocks; the watch left the deck and eighty sailors got out of a port-hole into the three boats, and rowed to shore, leaving no means of sending after them. (Such tales are never told of British or American seamen.)

Boatswain La Joie, waking, pipes all hands in great dudgeon; but imagining the crew afraid to come up goes on gradually excusing them for a timidity that so magnifies his own importance; on discovering his blunder he rouses the officers by his furious calls. The boats are gone, and the crew: even the yawl has disappeared; but a strip of an officer's uniform, left on the rails, shows the lieutenant that this boat could not have been taken by the crew. His son is missing also.

A far less anxious scene was meantime going on at the auberge, or public-house, of St. Marcel; so far aloof from other habitations, that the police-regulations never included it in their visits.

The present guests had the advantage of being under the guardian care of 'M. Marius, a gentleman versed in the abstract sciences,' and who had established a scale of proportions that proved mathematically that a sailor's money went five times as far as others.' Accordingly he made them pay five times the value of all they took.

"There is nothing so delicious as a fine summer evening to prolong a gay repast under the doubtful gleam of the moon, and inhale the sea-breeze that cools the burning forehead, flushed with generous wine.

"To judge by the cries and songs which then rang through the auberge of St. Marcel, it might be presumed the breeze would have plenty of foreheads to cool that night."

The scene, it appears, was somewhat animated: "a noise, an infernal uproar shook the few panes of glass that yet remained:"—"plates, full and empty bottles, glasses, chairs, and furniture, from time to time sallied forth from the three windows of the balcony and fell to earth like bombs."—"Hats, garments of all kinds, shawls, shoes kicked off," &c. followed in the same track. The party was under the control of reason, for, observes the author, "neither man nor woman had yet been thrown from the window." It seemed however that the last named kind of projectile was about to succeed the rest, for this way descended the proprietor Marius, pale, frightened, raving, and swearing.

One of the sailors, Giromon, appears at the balcony; his hair carefully powdered.

"We begged of you to descend, d'ye see old curmudgeon, because you were driving us wild with your *go aways*."

"But, brute as you are," said the other, "you have broken everything in my house, and bilged my casks."

"We'll pay for them."

"You broke my tables!"

"We'll pay for them."

"You broke my chairs, glasses, and —"

"We'll pay for them; we'll pay for them."

"You have twice nearly set my house on fire!"

"We'll pay for it. Now I consider, we'll pay for it, and then it will be ours; and if you have the ill-luck to come near it, we'll have a dance on your carcass. Now then, what's the price of your crib?"

Giromon turned his head every way, examined the exterior like an architect, and said,

"Will you take ten thousand francs for the whole set out as it stands, and leave us alone? It's a bargain; the crib's ours; and before we go, we'll set fire to it."

In spite of the refusals of Marius, Giromon went in delighted with the idea. \* \* Five minutes after he re-appeared, with two heavy bags.

"Here's your money, you dog of an oil-eater: now the house is ours. Be off, or we'll give you chase: Come, sheer off; you plague us, and it makes us modest — and these here ladies too.—There's your money."

"And the bags came to earth with a heavy clink. Marius picked them up.

"Ah, you drive me out of my house, thieves, plunderers, brigands, bonapartists as you are. \* \*

Giromon returned into the room with the steadiness and confidence of a gentleman on his own grounds."

We cannot help noticing that the term Bonapartist is sunk in the south of France to a mere epithet of foulest reproach; and throughout the books before us does anything but recall the glories of the empire, and its enthusiastic supporters. It is early, perhaps, for such an excess of devotion so to counterpoise itself.

The drunken scene is given at ample length and with considerable spirit; but we are far from certain that it is entirely adapted to our pages. All readers familiar with our neighbours must have remarked how easily excitable and noisy they speedily become under the in-

\* So the Northerners call the Provençaux.

fluence of liquor, while our more phlegmatic constitutions scarcely betray a symptom of its effects till long after: but though far more peaceably disposed than ourselves under a tolerably strong stimulant of this kind, and inclined to gaiety rather than to differences or quarrels, as with us, yet when carried to the extreme of inebriety the former is far the more dangerous character, while the worse humours of the latter appear to have worked themselves off. In intoxication the extravagance of the Englishman, generally speaking, is frolic, that of the Frenchman frenzy. The characteristics of the two nations are ever the antipodes of humanity.

At a loss for amusement the sailors first propose throwing the ladies out of the window; but as this expedient is declined by the parties chiefly interested, they pile up the bodies of their insensible comrades, thirty-five in number, with straw-hats, scarfs, towels, cudgels, and chair-bottoms heaped round them, in order to smoke-dry them by setting fire to the whole mass. This frantic task is arrested at the moment of execution by a violent knocking at the door. Giromon goes to the balcony.

An immense crowd, grotesquely habited, as clowns, satyrs, fauns, with Herod, Plato, Proserpine, and the Virgin, all led by a ragged, filthy, bearded, gigantic clown under the guise of the Queen of Sheba, surround the house with torches, and attempt to force the door. They are hailed by Giromon with the broken neck of a bottle by way of speaking-trumpet; they charge him and his comrades with having robbed and beaten their worthy friend Marius. A table is thrown down and crushes several of the assailants: they take to the two fire-arms they have brought, and Giromon receives a ball in the throat and dies, bequeathing his wife and daughter to a comrade. We must offer a specimen of every kind.

"Avast, resumed Giromon with difficulty, you perceive I'm running aground. Good bye, my old hearties (flambarts). Our time is all up, d'ye see: our flag's losing colour; the English are boarding us:—I am going to see aloft if their ships have stays and royals. Good bye, my hearties. Heave me overboard d'ye hear; and tie a thirty-six pounder to my legs;—it's a sailor's grave. Good bye, good bye, Parisian! Love my poor daughter a little, and don't beat my wife too much; and — z——ds, you won't speak against me, all of you: so — long live the Emperor!"

"And he fell, dead."

We need not detail the horrible scene of drunken and infuriate contest that ensues between the two parties. The Queen of Sheba is stabbed by one of the sailors, but these are overwhelmed by numbers, and on the point of utter destruction when a fresh party, sent to make up the complement of the Salamandre, arrives, headed by La Joie and Paul, the lieutenant's son; the Provençaux are vanquished and bound with ropes.



We cannot but give our praise to M. Sue for the force and spirit with which he has portrayed this revolting scene. But we are glad to turn from it; and fain would ask if such a state of things is possible in civilized France? England assuredly has ample cause to blush for outrages committed at home, and deeds of violence and fraud: but the discipline of our navy seems to have infused a spirit of moderation, to a certain degree, into even the common sailors. M. Sue is a Frenchman, writing of Frenchmen; and if his tale is, as we imagine it must be, the exaggeration of a novelist, we at least cannot give him the credit of seeking to elevate the character of his countrymen. Monstrosity is the favourite resource of one school of writers in France; but we doubt if a single Englishman could be found to outrage so extravagantly his country's navy.

As a sequel to our remarks we light, curiously enough, upon a contrast between French and English sailors.

"You treat your men too gingerly;—the English!"

"The English, the English, sir—have not French blood in their veins. You bring them into action with the cat-of-nine-tails; and that is a poor courage, sir, which fights only when placed between two dangers, or gorged with rum and wine(!) I have only given the rope's-end eleven times in nine years, sir; I have seen my old shipmates (flambarts) under fire, and I know what they can do."

To do M. Sue justice, however, this is almost the only passage we have met with that reflects on the courage of our seamen—they can freely afford him the sneer. The French themselves admit that the sea is repugnant to their habits; and even if our author be correct, it only proves how feeble is that boasted moral courage which has so often struck its flag to this *courage of the Cat*.

---

*The Life of Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief-Justice of England in the reign of James I., with memoirs of his Contemporaries.* By CUTHBERT W. JOHNSON, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo, London: 1837.

'Of writing many books, there is,' saith Solomon, 'no end;' which is understood of such as are written to no end. Thus reporteth my Lord Coke; and his biographers at least are bound to take his word. The last twelve years have brought forth no fewer than four lives of Coke; of which Mr. Johnson, from the way in which he speaks of the old article by Oldys, in the 'Biographia Britannica,' must be presumed never to have heard. After this, it would be a waste of time to say a single word, either of his qualifications for the task on which he has volunteered, or of the way in

which he has performed it. His brother, it seems, had written a life of Selden. If this has been his inducement to follow with the life of Coke, it is very amiable and fraternal; but such a reason will perhaps be scarcely thought sufficient by the common run of vulgar readers.

The life by Mr. Woolrych was a work of minute detail. The others were summaries of considerable merit; and could not be otherwise—for Mr. Amos, Mr. H. Roscoe, and Mr. Jardine were severally their compilers. These different productions are not, however, so markedly distinguished from each other by their ability or their object, but that, upon Coke's maxim, more than one of them might have well been spared. What chance was left, then, for the multifarious commonplaces and omissions of Mr. Johnson? His miscellany is much the longest, much the dearest, and much the worst. It brings up the rear, like an ill loaded baggage-wagon. In such a case *caveat emptor* is a maxim which bears very hard upon the purchaser of literary wares. From the number of these recent biographies, and from the notice which Mr. Johnson's publication, such as it is, has nevertheless received, there appears to be a curiosity at present about Coke, which deserves to be rewarded by an account of him, of a somewhat higher order than has yet been given. He is no hero of ours. But the juridical and political crisis on which he was thrown, enabled him to be of great use to English law, and of some use to English liberty. His name is so completely incorporated with an important part of the history of his country, at a most important period, that a good likeness of Coke ought certainly to be found among its national portraits. We feel that there is no inconsistency in wishing that such a biographer, as alone we can desire to see, would enter upon the task. In a more judicious collection and arrangement and use of the materials,—in a rational sifting of the evidence, and in a more useful choice of the points of view,—ample room has been left by previous writers for the composition of a new and striking biography.

We have no thought of attempting this at present. Whoever undertakes it would do wisely, we think, to separate the private, the professional, and the political narratives into as many distinct chapters; and to throw the most striking documents relating to each division into their appropriate appendix. The materials will have to be hunted out and brought together from different quarters. Coke himself will not contribute as much as might be expected; since, although he lived in the age of annotations and collections, and was just the person to make them, yet, his papers having been twice seized by Government, his biography most probably sustained an irreparable loss on both occasions. The first seizure was made in 1621, when he was sent himself a close prisoner to the Tower. It was con-

ducted by Sir Robert Cotton, whom, when Chief-Justice, he had committed, upon information of his having intelligence with the Spanish ambassador. Roger Coke mentions that they took away even securities for money. The second seizure was on his deathbed, when even his will was carried off, containing the provisions for younger children, and which was never afterwards recovered. We owe the Commentary upon Magna Charta, the Pleas of the Crown, and the Jurisdiction of Courts, to the continued importunity of the House of Commons, who (but not until some years had elapsed) prevailed on the King to take some course, according to his former promise, for their discovery and restoration, and who secured the printing of them to his executor. Among the materials now accessible, Coke's own note-book, the extracts from Chamberlayne's letters which are scattered over Nicholl's *Progresses of Elizabeth* and James, Lady Hatton's various memorials, and sundry anecdotes in the writings of contemporaries, furnish authentic and interesting comments upon his private story. Selections from his own writings are the best authority for the legal. His politics must be traced by his share in the Parliamentary proceedings of his time. They will be seen in those passages in Townsend's and D'Ewe's journals, which exhibit his management of the House of Commons in 1593, when it was his business, in the double character of Speaker and Solicitor-General, to keep back unpleasant subjects, and confine debaters to the simple topic for which the Parliament had been summoned—the alarms from Spain. But his proper political career begins at a much later date, and a most striking account of it is preserved in the first volume of the House of Commons' Journals. Coke nowhere appears so extraordinary as in the prominent part he took in almost every committee and debate during the stirring years which passed from 1620 to 1628, both inclusive. The short pithy notes which were taken down at that time by the Clerk of the House (though without the sanction of the House itself,) give an excellent idea of the living scene and persons; more so by far than the few and comparatively formal speeches in the Parliamentary History. They are a rude sketch taken at the moment, and make the reader feel himself a party in all that is going on.

The first step towards getting at the character of a man is to make out what is the life he has really led. Coke, like every other individual, must stand or fall by his own conduct. But this is not all. We have inadequate means of forming a just opinion of the complexion and bearing of any individual nature, if we do not also know something of the general temper and manners of the age. The age of Elizabeth and James will be found, at least in the upper ranks, to have been very indifferent to virtue, according to our present standard. We shall not do Coke justice, un-

less we can tell whether he was more or less affected than others in the atmosphere in which he lived. The next difficulty in estimating the merits, especially of political chiefs, in periods of excitement and temptation, regards the degree of credit which is due to the word of this or that contemporary, whether it be in blame or praise. In this case, whenever special witnesses to character are to be called, it is necessary to ascertain their particular biasses and good faith, and to check the evidence accordingly. That Coke is railed against both by James the First and Bacon, is so far from being any presumption to his disadvantage, that it is quite the contrary; except where their charges are supported by independent testimony. On the other hand, we do not want Nalson's reproof of Rushworth for deliberate omissions, made for the express purpose of screening Coke, to satisfy us that we ought to attach but little weight to the favour with which the veteran Liberal was welcomed at the eleventh hour by the popular party whom he led on to triumph. The courtier of James and the calculating ally of Buckingham, unexpectedly 'ratted' to the people; and Parliamentary charity, we are well aware, forgets and forgives all things to a useful political partisan.

Coke, we repeat, is no hero of ours. If he be indeed the hero of the English law, so much the worse for it. There must, in that event, be some grievous fault in the training part of it. Where the fault may be, is not for us to say. We should guess, either in the want of philosophical principles and method, which characterizes its subject matter; or in the custom by which the Bar is made a nursery-garden for the Bench, and the practice or practices of an advocate are admitted to be the best criterion of the qualifications for a judge. In comparing the former administration of justice in France and England, the advantage of publicity, and in a hundred other ways, on the side of England is immense. It will be worth her while to ask how all these advantages come to be defeated; supposing it to be really true that her courts of justice have nothing better to bring forward, than a moral and intellectual character like that of Coke, in competition with the glorious names which have adorned the legal magistracy of France. Lately, speaking incidentally of Coke, we called him a pedant, a bigot, and a savage. All this he was. Eminent for bigotry among bigoted contemporaries, more odious than Elizabeth's captains for brutal fierceness, and more ridiculous than James's churchmen for scholastic conceits. But, according to circumstances, he was much besides; being at times something better, often, however, something even worse. For, to be pedantic, bigotted, or savage, in the sincerity of one's heart, is not half so bad as to degrade one's public virtue below the level of one's convictions; or to pervert the letter of the law to wrong and cruelty, contrary to one's bet-

ter knowledge. Stout, aspiring, and pushing every thing to excess, Coke appears to have waited on the times for the direction he was to take, more than might have been expected from so solid and positive a nature. The times, it is true, were unpropitious. Not so much so, however, as to relieve him from the reproach of a deliberate choice in the course which he pursued. His offences are not those of surprise, or momentary weakness; since he remained upon the stage for an almost antideluvian length of days, and had the opportunity of playing many parts. During the transitions and diversities of a busy life of upwards of eighty years,—beginning with the eve of the Reformation, and closing on the eve of the Civil Wars, an honest man, with the opinions which Coke professed at last, must have withdrawn or broken loose before. For instance, the two most distinguished lawyers who immediately preceded and succeeded him, Sir Thomas More and Sir Matthew Hale, rather than act as he did, would have left public life altogether, or have brought to their country's cause a better offering than the devil's leavings. His strength of will made him more responsible than most men for his conduct; and the circumstances of his ultimate conversion cannot leave a doubt to what we are to attribute his previous austere consistency in the servile track on which he had first entered. He could raise his voice loud enough in behalf of public virtue and political freedom as soon as it served the interests of any passion that he should do so. The earlier display of a few instances of judicial courage, for which he has received such indiscriminate applause, is scarcely entitled to be considered as an exception to his general behaviour. The examples of Chief-Justice Hussey, in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and of Elizabeth's Judges on more than one occasion, could not well permit of his doing less in such a case, than shrink from openly violating his judicial duty without a struggle. But when the most has been made of his spirit as a judge, the instances of it were, in some cases, too technical, in others too suspicious, and in all too occasional, to authorize our placing implicit faith in the odour of sanctity in which he died. Had his elevation of mind borne but a small proportion to his love of power, his political virtue would have budded at an earlier age than that of seventy, and under some more generous provocation than private spleen. The want of principle, with which, it will be seen, that Coke at different periods of his life abused his legal knowledge and authority to acts of direct injustice, makes out a still plainer case against him. The contradictions into which he fell, both as a politician and a lawyer, were too glaring and of far too unscrupulous a nature, to pass as generous inconsistencies, or be palliated as originally honest errors. It would be an affectation of candour to suppose that in

the interval his opinions had really changed. The most that can be said is this—he gave truth and freedom the benefit of the last word. That Coke in his posthumous writings, and Bacon in his correspondence, preserved by his own desire, are the principal witnesses against themselves, is a strange proof of the coarseness of the times.

Coke came into the world in the reign of Edward the Sixth, in the year 1551, and went out of it, under Charles the First, in the year 1634. For, thus much of his epitaph, we presume, that we may believe. Born and brought up in Norfolk, of an ancient family, he was as proud of his county as if he had foreseen the future fame of Holkham. His name afterwards appears in that list of eminent persons, so remarkable in every department of human knowledge, by which Trinity College, Cambridge, is wonderfully distinguished. But his nature (in every thing unlike Bacon's) had no academical sympathy or longings. We could suspect him of having had even some reluctance to receive, in later life, the official dignity of its Lord High Steward, from a University which had laughed over the barbarisms of the Common Law in Ruggles's play of 'Ignoramus.' It was not until his arrival in the congenial cloisters of the Inner Temple, that he felt morally and intellectually at home. Coke and the law might have been made for each other. Whatever he did for it, it did as much, or more for him. His progress in it is the line of light along his life. It gave him occupation, riches, power. Its learning was the only learning of which he had a conception or a care. In the corporate spirit of the profession, and among the admirers it provided him with, he found the only acquaintance, he ever had, whom he could mistake for friends. The Inns of Court were at this time the 'third Universitie,' he loved to call them; and he retained to the last a lively recollection of the advantage which he had derived, and the skill which he had displayed in the *mootings* and exercises of its students. In consequence of his superior attainments, its period of probationary study was abridged in his favour. He was equally successful there as a teacher. In 1579 (two years after he had been called to the bar), he was named Reader to Lyons Inn. The fame of his Lectures raised him immediately into extensive practice. One and the same year (1592) saw him afterwards appointed Solicitor-General, Reader to the Inner Temple, and Speaker of the House of Commons. This seems a strange union of offices with our present habits. And so utterly have the Inns of Court abdicated their duty of superintending the education of their members, that the strangest part of it, is to find that the duty was then placed in such distinguished hands. These Lectures acquired for him a popularity among his brethren more flattering, if not more lucrative,

than the former crowding in of clients. He had delivered five out of seven Lectures on the statute of Uses, when he was driven away by the plague from a class of a hundred and sixty members of the Society. Of these, nine Benchers, and forty other members, paid him the compliment of accompanying him on his way into Suffolk, as far as Romford. Coke owed every step in his promotion to his merit only. His pre-eminence was so universally acknowledged, that he had no occasion to employ (and it was an honest boast) *aut precem aut pretium*, for a seat whether in the Courts of Justice or the House of Commons. He would have been made Solicitor earlier, but that the intrigues of Essex and Cecil, in favour of Bacon, who was ten years his junior, and who had never studied the law but as a secondary object, prevailed so far as to keep the office vacant much longer than was just by the public, or by Egerton the then Attorney. The same delay in filling up the office, and from the same cause, took place again soon afterwards, when Coke became, in 1594, Attorney-General himself. In this, at that time, and perhaps always, the most important situation in the law, next to that of the Lord Chancellor, he long continued—eminent above all who had gone before, and all who have come after him, for his incredible industry and learning, pride, and violence. The disgraceful figure which he makes as a Crown lawyer, in the State Trials, is one of the worst parts of our legal annals. In the year 1606 he was removed to the Chief-Justiceship of the Common Pleas. Of the many characters which Coke sustained during his restless life, that of a Judge is the only one in which we can look upon him with feelings approaching to satisfaction. Under the recommendations of boundless knowledge, and an obsequiousness as boundless, Bacon had by this time crept into favour with James the First; and in the year 1613, he succeeded, for purposes of his own, in transferring his ancient rival to the Chief-Justiceship of the King's Bench. Coke smarted under the indignities to which he was subjected from time to time by these congenial allies—now, trying to bully or cajole himself, now encouraging encroachments on the jurisdiction of his Court. From this high office, within three short years, his judicial sturdiness earned him his dismissal. If upon this he had retired into private life, with a haughty consciousness of his merits; or, hushed in grim repose, had calmly trusted to the necessities which sooner or later must bring on a parliament, and together with a parliament opportunities for revenge, he might have left comparatively an untarnished name. The baseness with which he almost immediately repented of having refused to disgrace himself by foul compliances, and the open scandal of purchasing an imperfect restitution to favour by the sale of his daughter, a child of fourteen, in marriage

to Sir J. Villiers, are infamies, which the decency of modern times makes it difficult to comprehend.

From this period Coke's occupations cease to be principally legal. However, from 1617 to 1620 he was kept in hand in one way or another. His abilities were made the most of in the despotic drudgeries of the Star Chamber and Council Board; and he was employed in various commissions. His appointment with Bacon and Abbot as joint Commissioner for the office of Lord Treasurer must have encouraged the hope that he might be gratified at last by the White Staff—the favourite object, it would seem, of the avarice and ambition of the aspiring courtiers of James the First. Bacon had informed the King that the studies of the great Common Lawyer had taken this direction. It is evident that these tantalizing prospects came to nothing, either from mutual suspicions or from a difference about the terms. On the one hand, Coke considered that he had earned his restoration or advancement by his general services: on the other, the beggared court expected that the wealthy hunks should come down with his money like other candidates.

The year 1620 was an important crisis for all parties. It brought these tamperings and triflings to an end. In November, the King had resolved upon summoning a Parliament. In December, Sir H. Montagu (who in 1616 had succeeded Coke in his Chief-Justiceship) was promoted to the Treasurership—paying, it was said, no less a sum than £20,000 for a dignity, in which the very next year he was to be replaced by Cranfield. So rapid were the changes in this tempting office, that in 1624 there were four ex-Treasurers then alive. The official promotions of 1620, in which no notice was taken of Coke, showed him that he had been outwitted. There are two things which, at this time, it is curious to observe in Bacon's Letters—first, his own unconsciousness of his danger from a House of Commons; next, the confidence with which Coke was taken into the consultations of the court. They made so sure of Buckingham's connexion, and supposed dependent, that he was returned for Liskeard, an obscure Cornish borough. The faithless triumvirate, Buckingham, Bacon, and the King, must have been thunderstruck at their folly. For, no sooner had Parliament met, than Coke seized the earliest opportunity of proving to them all his sense, both of his wrongs and of his power. He put himself at once at the head of the country party. The next eight years constitute the whole of his true parliamentary reputation. They exhibit the singular picture of an ex-Chief Justice entering the House of Commons between the age of seventy and eighty; and by his intrepidity and capacity, his readiness and indefatigableness, commanding the obedience of a body of men who must have been most of them strangers to him, and all suspicious of him. He so



completely carried every thing at once before him, that the King might well call him 'Captain Coke.' On raising the standard of defection from the Court, he had no need to go to the rotten end of England for a seat. At one or other of the elections which now so rapidly ensued, he had the option of the town of Coventry, or of the counties of Buckingham, Suffolk, and Norfolk, apparently as he thought fit. If the Stuarts could have taken warning, surely it was here. On the contrary, the way that the King showed his sense of the lesson it might have conveyed, was to attempt to except him from the general pardon. He was then committed to the Tower in December, 1621; proceeded against both in the Star-Chamber and the Court of Wards; and was only released, after eight months' severe imprisonment, under an order to confine himself to his house in Buckinghamshire, and not repair to Court without express license from the King. At the close of 1623, the device for getting him out of the way assumed the form of a commission, to enquire into the Irish Church Establishment. A passport for Ireland was granted him by the Council; but as the Court at that time managed to scramble on without calling a Parliament, it seems not to have been carried into effect. His exclusion, in the second Parliament of 1625, from the representation of Norfolk, was accomplished in substance by naming him Sheriff of Buckinghamshire. For, after compelling the Government to modify the Sheriff's oath, he appears to have submitted to a sort of compromise by which he retained his seat, but did not attend in his place. At the end of the session in 1629, he withdrew altogether into retirement. A life prolonged to eighty-two, interposed three or four years of solitude and devotion between these agitations and the grave.

Such are the principal facts, legal and political, in the external history of Coke. He can hardly have understood the bearings and the consequences of the political Brief, which he lived to do little more than open; and it is difficult to anticipate what course he would have taken. He left a great cause in wise and noble hands—those of Selden, Pym, and Hampden. Would he have trembled with his brother lawyer on the banks of the Rubicon? or would he have sided with the bolder statesmen, and outstepped the precedents of former freedom? The answer to this question we are afraid depends quite as much on the notion which Coke might have taken at the time of his personal interests, as on his general views either of the English constitution or the exigency of the public crisis.

By intelligence and energy Coke was signally qualified for public life. But his moral weaknesses so unfitted him for it, that it was not the least of his obligations to the law, that it so long kept him out of the rivalries and intrigues of the politicians of his day. He had the misfortune to live in a half-civilized age.

The recollections and the dread of revolutions kept society in a constant panic: statesmen and courtiers regarded each other with suspicious fear. There was nothing of which men like Sir Robert Cecil and Sir Walter Raleigh were not capable to secure themselves against a rival. How much Coke had to thank his legal, and Bacon his philosophical pursuits, for the degree to which they were saved from such temptations, is very clear by the difference we see in them as soon as ever they come in contact with the poison of contemporary politics. In their humbler lines it was only necessary to rouse them, and they had apparently as few scruples as the rest. We believe that in both cases their public corrupted their private habits. At the same time, we are satisfied from this, and on other grounds, that they could neither of them have ever been the centre of any enthusiastic attachment and respect in private life. With regard to Coke, the most that can be said for him is, that if he had been content to be a Norfolk squire, or an antiquarian lawyer, the worst parts of his disposition might have been dormant. He must have been always troublesome from his want of moderation, and unamiable from his want of sympathy with others; yet in that case he might probably have passed for hard and honest. As it was, the dearest charities and relationships became only of value in his eyes as convenient materials for his aggrandisement. It is matter of good fortune, rather than of praise, that the narrow limits of private life lessen the opportunities of going wrong. There is room within its sacred circle for little much more criminal than the sacrifice of the domestic happiness of those whom we are bound to love. The general ends which Coke had proposed to himself in life, seem to have been, perhaps, too personal and rigid, but on the whole, good and reasonable. He had wisdom and conscience enough for that. His fault was, want of sense, humanity, and temper, in the means he used to compass them. From his resolution to compass them at all events, he ordinarily overdid his object, and led a life of violent extremes. For instance—he was quite right in determining to be his own master, and to depend as little as may be upon any body but himself. But he nearly ruined his purpose by his way of executing it. Thus the wise determination to be pecuniarily independent, hurried him into the reproach of avarice. He had recognised from the first the great truth, that pecuniary independence was a good foundation for independence of a better kind. And he must afterwards have applauded his own prudence, when he perceived that this housekeeper virtue would have saved James I. and Bacon from half the degradations in which they sank. The fault was not knowing where to stop. The death of his father, when he was ten years old, had served only to concentrate his powers in their natural direction, and widen the circle which he aspir-

ed to fill. The considerable inheritance which then descended to him assisted the development of the organ of accumulation. He was but twenty-six years old when he already began to add to his patrimonial estate. In his original book of 'Title Deeds,' he has noted against the first indenture—'This was the first purchase made by the aforesaid Sir Edward Coke.' This occurrence, the memory of which was so precious to him, took place in 1576—two years before his first Brief. He was so persevering an adder of field to field, that there is a tradition in the family that James I. became jealous of his purchases, and told him that he had as much land as a subject should possess. On which Coke, who was then treating for Castle Acre Priory, encountered his master with one of those pleasantries which James loved—'Then, please your Majesty, I will only add one acre more.' This was among the sacrilegious purchases to which Spelman, in his book on Sacrilege, attributes the canker which afterwards eat into Coke's prosperity. It was made in 1615, the year before he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship. Another specimen which Spelman mentions of this canker, is Coke's separation from his lady. Two evils which, one should have thought, even the logic of superstition might have connected with nearer causes.

It thus appears that Coke had taken early the great security which riches afford against dishonesty, in its vulgar forms. It had been well with him, were there only one form to the temptations of injustice. The extent to which the particular imputation of avarice went, will scarcely justify the way in which, upon his fall, Bacon undertook to tutor him upon his hardness in money matters. From his knowledge of human nature, he can scarcely have expected that the Ex-Chief-Justice would profit much by his advice. Bacon introduces himself, 'as a true friend, whose worthy office,' says he, 'I would perform; since I fear both yourself and all great men want such, being themselves true friends to few or none: Your too much love of the world is too much seen, when having the living of a thousand, you relieve few or none: The hand that has taken so much, can it give so little? Herein you show no bowels of compassion, as if you thought all too little for yourself; or that God hath given you all that you have (if you think wealth to be his gift, I mean that you get well, for I know sure the rest is not), only to that end you should still gather more, and never be satisfied, but try how much you would gather, to account for all at the great and general audit-day. We desire you to amend this, and let your poor tenants in Norfolk find some comfort; where nothing of your estate is spent towards their relief, but all brought up hither to the impoverishing of your country.' Bacon afterwards proceeds in a separate passage to point out a farther mode by which Coke

might usefully employ a portion of his superfluous riches. The artful wording of the paragraph can mean nothing else than bribing the Court. Lady Hatton told Archbishop Williams, that her husband might have returned to the seat of justice upon these terms. He answered that a Judge should neither give bribes nor take them. 'Learn of the steward to make friends of the unrighteous mammon; you cannot but have much of your estate (pardon my plainness) ill got; think how much of that you never spake for, how much by speaking unjustly, or in unjust causes. Account it then a blessing of God, if thus it may be laid out for your good, and not left for your heir, to hasten the wasting of so much of the rest, perhaps of all; for so we see God oftentimes proceeds in judgment with many hasty gatherers; *you have enough to spare, being well laid to turn the tide, and fetch all things again.*' If Coke set too high a value upon money, he had the sense to part with it manfully and cheerfully upon what he considered adequate occasions. He gave Elizabeth jewels worth more than a thousand pounds, when she visited him at Stoke in a Progress; he subscribed two hundred pounds to one of James's loans, being as much as was subscribed by the greatest lord—some of the Bishops and other Judges giving only twenty pounds, which was refused. In 1626, rather than vote a subsidy under existing circumstances, he offered 1000*l.* towards the exigencies of the state. His hand could be equally free in the bounties of private life. He made liberal presents to the Officers of the Court upon being dismissed from the King's Bench; and when a friend sent to him three physicians in his last illness, though he refused to begin to do what he had never done before—take medicine—and that for a disorder which he knew to be incurable—old age—yet he handsomely rewarded them.

Among the expedients to which Coke had had recourse for bettering his condition, that of matrimony was not likely to be left out. In this Bacon was too wise a man to see any thing to blame. Such was the order of the day; and it was no fault of Bacon's that he had not profited to the same extent after the same fashion. In the narrative of his match-makings, we wish that the worst that could be said of Coke was, that he had not set up for himself or for his children a very romantic standard. Not to marry, out and out for love, is, as the world goes, no hanging matter. But legitimate mercenariness has some bounds. If we want to know Coke's real character, in his own home, so little is known of him in this important relation, that we must make the most of what incidents we have. Among these, his own marriage and that of his daughter are the most conspicuous. They are so completely decisive of the nature of the man, that they deserve on this account to be stated more at length than would otherwise be at all worth while.

Coke's matrimonial history is as follows. His first marriage took place in 1582. He was then thirty-two years old, and was rising rapidly at the bar. The lady was a Paston, a Norfolk neighbour. She brought him a fortune of 30,000*l.* (an enormous sum in those days), and ten children. This was a quiet money-marriage, and answered very well for any thing that appears. She died in June 1598; and is called in his memorandum-book 'his most beloved and most excellent wife.' His next speculation was a good deal bolder, and turned out as ill as it deserved. 'This 'most beloved and most excellent wife' had not been in her grave six weeks, when, with what remained of the funeral baked meats, the bereaved husband furnished forth his wedding-supper. The stepmother whom he thus unceremoniously placed over his infant family, was a widow, herself scarcely yet of age, of great wealth, wit, and beauty; and no less a person in birth than Lady Hatton, daughter of the eldest son of the great Burleigh. The year before, Essex had in vain interceded with her family for her in favour of her cousin Bacon. It must be looked upon as a singular instance of Coke's power and prospects, that the prudent Cecils should have closed at once with so summary a suitor. In consideration of the years and occupations of Mr. Attorney-General, not only were the ordinary forms of wooing dispensed with on this occasion, but the requisitions of the canonical law were as precipitately overlooked. Archbishop Whitgift was less latitudinarian in his department than the young lady and her relations had been in theirs. He brought them, Burleigh, Coke, and all, into the Spiritual Court; where they escaped the penalty of their offence only by Coke's gravely pleading in his excuse, his ignorance of the law. It is not likely that ecclesiastical courts should afterwards the better in his good graces by reason of this adventure.

The animosity which soon divided this amiable couple lasted the life of Coke. The comic scandal of their squabbles rather relieves the gloomy baseness and austerity of the other scenes. The first notice we have of these dissensions begins with the year 1616. Up to this time, they probably managed to domicile together; she performing in Court masques, and complimented in Ben Johnson's verses; he, toiling in his court and chambers. However, that they never lived together upon tolerable terms, is evident from the language which she afterwards uses on their breaking out into open war. She had never taken his name, and she thus justifies her refusal:—'Sir William Cornwallis was the man who came from Sir Edward Coke, by whom I returned this answer, that if Sir Edward Coke would bury my first husband, according to his own directions, and also pay such small legacies as he gave to divers of his friends, in all coming not to above 700*l.* or 900*l.* at the most, that was left unperformed,

he having all Sir William Hatton's goods and lands to a large proportion—then would I willingly style myself by his name. But he never yielded to the one, so I consented not to the other. The like answer I made to my Lord of Exeter, and my Lord of Burleigh, when they spoke to me of any such business.' She was a violent high-handed woman; but at the same time of a character which a man of sense and honour might, probably, by a little management have brought round. At the beginning of his disgrace, his adversaries had calculated upon her for an ally from the general incompatibility of their humours, and from the known provocations which he had given her. They were therefore surprised to find that on that occasion (June 1616) she 'stood by him, in great stead, both in soliciting at the council table, wherein she hath done herself great honour, but especially in refusing to sever her cause from his, as she was moved to do, but resolving and publishing that she would run the same fortune with him.' She went so far as to be forbidden the Court in consequence of her 'braving and uncivil words' to Lady Compton, Buckingham's mother. The cause of her husband, however, was plainly one in which she was not disposed to offer herself up in unrequited martyrdom. She had repented before November. For, in the minute account remaining of his behaviour, upon his final removal in that month from the Chief-Justiceship, it is added,—'Hitherto he bears himself well, but especially towards his lady, without any complaint of her demeanour towards him; though her own friends are grieved at it, and her father sent to him to know all the truth, and to show him how much he disallowed her courses, having divided herself from him, and dis-furnished his house in Holborn, and at Stoke, of what-ever was in them, and carried all the moveables and plate she could come by, God knows where, and retiring herself into obscure places both in town and country.' A few months, however, were all that was wanted for Coke to put her right in the opinion of her friends, by his indignities towards herself, and his cruel plottings against her daughter. For in the following May (1617) her relations openly sided with her. 'The Lord Coke and his lady have had great wars at the council table. The first time she came accompanied with the Lord Burghley, and his lady, the Lord Danvers, the Lord Denny, Sir Thomas Howard and his lady, with I know not how many more, and declaimed so bitterly against him, and so carried herself that divers said Burbage could not have acted better.' In a letter to the King, written some time afterwards, she explains the above removal of her goods, as being the act of a good and prudent *mater familias*. 'My memory serves me not, but sure I am that it was when I had notice that there were certain bills preferred against him in the Star Chamber, that contained some foul misdemeanour he had committed in his circuits, and that



I was credibly informed by some of the late Lord Chancellor's house, that instead of the premunire Sir Edward Coke pretended to bring upon the Lord Chancellor, the said Lord Chancellor was confident to make good against Sir Edward Coke in the like kind; therefore, let him not blame me if I meant to keep something for myself, who brought it all to him; wherein, if I did offend, I most humbly crave pardon of your Majesty, against whom the offence was committed.' With a woman of her temper (the only antagonist, of whom Coke did not, sooner or later, get the better), there would certainly be faults on both sides. The reader may believe, therefore, as much or as little as he chooses of her assertion, that Coke was alone to blame for their original as well as their continued separation.

'But let me entreat that a favourable construction may be made of this, that I be not adjudged an alien from Sir Edward Coke's will and pleasure, which I am ready to obey. For the cause which made me thus averse from him, was when he had signed away my living himself, yet would not by any means give consent to me to obey your Majesty, for neither myself nor any of my friends could ever obtain his allowance thereto. But if I did sign it, he would (as he said) be revenged double and treble of me. And when he was told that I should but sign what he signed before, his answer was, that what he had done was worth nothing, for if he once came upon his wing again, he would blow all that away. So long I staid in due respect, to have obtained Sir Edward Coke's leave, till my brother Burghley and myself had committed two contempts against the Court of Chancery, and that warrants were ready to commit us both. Neither durst I have done any thing at all, had your Majesty's letters not given me the assurance I should not be torn in pieces by this man, as I now am. Secondly, for Mr. Solicitor's Latin sentence from Sir Edward Coke, I must let it pass as being altogether unlearned in that language; but I presume it will be not thought fit that a husband, whose pleasure it is to leave a wife, should also take away all maintenance from, and make her live off these poor gatherings, that she, in her younger days, hath spared from her pleasures, for the good of her children; but your Majesty, I trust, will be a just judge of that yourself. Neither do I think it will be thought fit, that though he have five sons to maintain (as he allegeth in his writing), that a wife should be thought unfit to have maintenance according to her birth and fortune.' 'And whereas he accuseth me of calling him, "base and treacherous fellow;" the words I cannot deny, but when the cause is known, I hope a little passion may be excused. It was when he had assigned away all my living by my first husband, and sold his daughter, who was left to my trust and care by Sir William Hatton, and afterwards he deceived the children he had by me of their inheritance.'

In the same spirit she remonstrates with Buckingham afterwards on the violence which had been offered her—in being the first mother from whom a daughter hath been pulled out of her father's house, and by her father made a prisoner in her half-brother's. 'But I am a

woman, and must suffer; and less than 'a woman in being his wife.'

At this distance of time it is out of the question to try to separate this family feud into its respective merits—so much for her resentment at his meanness about her fortune—so much for his cruelty to her child. It is more than the parties could have done themselves. One thing is certain, Coke was far too worldly ever to have carried things to these extremities, if her uncle, the Secretary Cecil, had been still alive. The parties afterwards were reconciled for a short season, but only outwardly, at the King's desire. They continued to live apart. She, together with Bacon, in 1621, was publicly named on an enquiry by the House of Commons, as being at the bottom of a conspiracy to ruin Coke by some unfounded charges. On a premature report of his death, in the year he died, 1634, 'Sir Edward Coke was said to have been dead all one morning in Westminster Hall this term, insomuch that his wife got her brother, the Lord Wimbledon, to post with her to Stoke, to take possession of that place; but beyond Colnbrook they met with one of his physicians coming from him, who told her of his much amendment, which made them also return to London.'

So much for Coke in the conjugal relation. The ambition which led to this ill-assorted marriage, and the temper of the parties, sufficiently account for its unfortunate results. The next transaction is less ambiguous, and is of a kind which, in the opinion of most persons, will go far towards vindicating Lady Hatton for whatever she may have done, either before or after.

Bad as was his own marriage, that of his daughter was a great deal worse. Coke was by this time sixty-six years old, and his daughter fourteen. The deliberate way in which the Ex-Chief-Justice set about the sacrifice of her, in the hopes of changing the wind which had lately set in so strong against him at the Court, was as barbarous as Agamemnon's policy at Argos. If Lady Hatton had taken it to heart after the fashion of Clytemnestra, she would have had almost the same excuse. The feudal incidents of wardship and marriage, had, at this time, corrupted the understandings and hearts of the great upon this subject. Marriage brocage was a misdemeanor and a scandal only in the poor, with whom there was no inducement to the offence. Among courtiers, the influence of the Crown on these occasions continued to be prevalent and prosperous to a much later day. Clarendon speaks of the marriage of Waller the poet with a city heiress, as being the first instance in which any suitor was known to have been successful in opposition to the wishes of the Court. Therefore, that Coke, who had sold himself, should seek to sell his daughter, cannot be surprising. It is the amount of venality and unkindness into which he plunged on this occasion, which rouses our indignation; as far exceeding even the average



abuse of the sacred prerogatives of a parent. As father of this wretched girl, he had never before troubled himself much about her. Lady Hatton says in her narrative of her conduct:—‘I had cause to provide for her quiet, Secretary Winwood threatening she should be married from me, in spite of my teeth, and Sir Edward Coke daily *permeating* (?) my quiet with discoveries, intending to bestow her against her liking, which he said she was to submit to; besides, my daughter daily complained and sought to me for help, whereupon, as heretofore I had accustomed, I bestowed her apart at my cousin-german’s house, for a few days, for her health and quiet, till my own business for my own estate were ended; Sir Edward Coke never asking me where she was, no more than at those times when at my placing she had been a quarter of a year from him, as the year before, with my sister Burley.’ Coke had had the spirit in his prosperity, to decline on the part of his child, the alliance above alluded to with Buckingham’s eldest brother, Sir J. Villiers. To similar proposals from Lord Oxford, he had also answered, that there was time enough, they were too young—an objection which certainly did not apply personally to Villiers. But the Chief-Justice had not been long in disgrace, before, in casting about for the means to restore himself to favour, he unluckily bethought himself of his daughter. The go-between was Mr. Secretary Winwood, who, having quarrelled with Bacon, had an interest in bringing Coke back upon the stage. On this Winwood writes to Buckingham, who was then in Scotland with the King, that Coke, ‘coming to transact business with him, began to complain voluntarily of his removal from the King’s favour, and declared that he could not any longer exist without it: he farther regretted his want of respect in rejecting the offers which had been made to him; promising that if they should be renewed, he would ensure very advantageous terms on the part of his daughter.’—The match in its progress became a trial of strength between Coke and Bacon; the latter having entered into the contest before he was aware how far Buckingham and the King were already compromised. Consequently, he had to save himself at last by the most humiliating submissions. For four months or more (from July to November, 1617), this marriage and its consequences became one of the principal affairs of State. The settlements were made under the direction of the Privy Council. There can be no doubt of the child’s indifference, if not dislike. Her mother declared that ‘she voluntarily and deliberately protested, that, of all men living, she would never have him.’ In consequence of the threats used both by Coke and Winwood, Lady Hatton, in the first instance, carried her off secretly to a house of Lord Argyle’s, near Oatlands. Coke’s account and his wife’s of his next measures pretty much agree.

He informs Buckingham, ‘that, by God’s wonderful providence, finding where she had been taken, in order to prevent the marriage, I, together with my sons, and ordinary attendants, did break open two doors, and recovered my daughter.’ His wife describes it as ‘Sir Richard Coke’s most notorious riot committed at my Lord of Argyle’s house, where, without constable or warrant, associated with a dozen fellows, well weaponed, without cause being beforehand offered to have what he would, he took down the doors of the gatehouse, and of the house itself, and tore the daughter in that barbarous manner from her mother, and would not suffer her to come near her; and when he was before the Lords of the Council to answer this outrage, he justified it, to make it good by law, and yet he feared the face of no greatness;—a word for the encouragement of all notorious and rebellious malefactors, especially from him that had been the Chief-Justice of the law, and of the people reputed the oracle of the law, and a most dangerous bravado cast in the teeth and face of the State, in the King’s absence, and therefore most considerable for the maintenance of authority, and the quiet of the land.’ It was in vain that Bacon attempted to justify the official view which he had taken of Coke’s misconduct on this occasion. ‘It is true also I disliked the riot or violence, whereof we of your Council gave your Majesty advertisement, by our joint letter; and I disliked it the more, because he justified it to be law which was his old song.’ Yelverton and Coke both went, at this critical moment, to meet the Court on its return from Scotland. Yelverton as the representative of Bacon; Coke for himself. Yelverton reports their reception in a very characteristic letter to his timid principal. ‘Sir Edward Coke hath not forborne, by any engine, to heave at your honour, and at myself, and he works by the *weightiest instruments*. My Lord of Buckingham, who as I see sets him as close to him as his shirt, the Earl speaking in Sir Edward’s praise, and as it were menacing in his spirit.’—‘Sir Edward Coke, as if he were already upon his wings, triumphs exceedingly; hath made private conference with his Majesty, and in public doth offer himself, and thrust upon the king, with as great boldness of speech as heretofore.’ Having found that he could re seize his daughter by force of arms with impunity, Coke proceeded to take the same summary process for the reclamation of his goods from out of the hands of Lady Hatton. Restitution of conjugal rights he was too wise to dream of. The following is the lady’s sketch which she sent to the Lords of the Council next month:—

‘Your Lordships, by order from the King, determined the difference concerning my estate, betwixt Sir Edward Coke and me; that order moved from my *pryfting* his Majesty’s bargain with Sir Robert Rich and Sir Christopher Hatton, from which, without the King’s protection, Sir Edward Coke had terrified me; now

that being by me accordingly performed, and all my rights in my first husband's estate thereby cancelled, myself here a prisoner and in the King's disgrace, Sir Edward Coke, according to his own brain, got upon his wings, injured me by all the ways he can, by the advantage of his quality, and the time, and having entered upon all my goods, broke into Hatton-house, seized my coach, and coach-horses—nay, my apparel, which he detains, thrust all my servants out of the doors, without wages, or any consideration; and hath sent down his man Sawman to Corfe to inventory, seize, ship, and carry away all those goods. Which being refused him by the castle keeper, he threatens to bring your Lordships' warrant for the performance thereof. Now for so much as it was before your Lordships established, that he should have only the use of the goods during his life, in such houses as the same appertained to;—without meaning, I hope, of depriving me of such use as always I had had; these also being either the goods I brought at marriage, even then stowed in these several houses, or such as I bought with the money I spared from my allowances;—I most humbly beseech of your Lordships, in your honourable justice, stopping these his high handed tyrannical courses, and thereby unjust, because he would transplant them from one house to another, and the rather that I am a prisoner, much of these goods unpaid for, and a good part belonging to divers my friends, and suffered beyond the measure of either wife, mother, nay, of any ordinary woman in this kingdom, without respect to my father, my birth, my fortune, with which I have too highly raised him.'

Coke made the most of this gleam of royal favour. Lord Houghton and Sergeant Ashley were imprisoned for countenancing his wife's libels against him; and she herself was got out of the way by the same short expedient. Meanwhile, having the field to himself, he pushed the marriage with his characteristic vehemence; and had the gratuitous impudence to assure Buckingham that his daughter was most deeply in love with Sir J. Villiers. The poor daughter's touching letter to her mother,—without whose formal consent, in consequence it seems of a promise to that effect, she had the courage for a time to withstand her father,—is in a very different tone. 'Hoping that conscience, and the natural affection parents bear to children, will let you do nothing but for my good, and that you may receive comfort, I being a mere child, and not understanding the world nor what is good for myself, but wholly resolved to be disposed by you both and my uncle, and aunt Burley, who, as a second father, I have ever been bound to, for their love and care of me; but that *which makes me a little give way to it is*, that I hope it will be a means to procure a reconciliation between my father and your ladyship, which, I protest, I would rather prejudice myself, than if it were in my power not to accomplish it; for what a discomfort it is to you both, what a dishonour, nay, what an ill example to your children, what occasion of talk to the world, who, without occasion, is apt to speak so much of the best; also, as I think, it will be

a means of the king's favour to my father.' The marriage took place, however, while Lady Hatton was in confinement, and under circumstances that her daughter would not be persuaded that she could forgive her; until the King afterwards made her swear that she loved her as dearly as ever she did in her life. The Villierses had sought the match for money only; and money they were resolved to have. Coke tried evasions—Lady Hatton indignant expostulations. But the favourite was too powerful.\* The consequences of this atrocious conspiracy were what might have been expected. The husband, in anticipation of her mother's property, was made, in 1619, Baron Stoke and Viscount Purbeck. And another abortive struggle was now attempted for as much as 7000*l.* a-year out of the landed estates of both parents. The next year he left her and went abroad; apparently having already spent her fortune. Time passes. She was desirous of joining him in his poverty and sickness, and addressed Buckingham in language of strong remonstrance, that she might have the means to do so. 'I shall, with a very good will, suffer with him, and think all but my duty, though I think every wife would not do so. It is the marriage of your brother makes me thus miserable. For if you please but to consider not only the lamentable estate I am in, deprived of all the comforts of a husband, and having no means to live of, besides falling from the hopes my fortune then did promise me, *for you know very well I came no beggar to you, though I am like to be so turned off.* For your honour and conscience-sake take some course to give me satisfaction, to tie my tongue from crying to God and the world for vengeance, for the unworthy treatment I have received. And think not to send me again to my mother's, where I have staid this quarter of a year, hoping (for that my mother said you promised), order shall be taken for me, but I never received a penny from you. Her confidence in your nobleness made me so long silent; but now, believe me, I will sooner beg my bread in the streets, to all your dishonours, than any more trouble my friends, and especially my mother, who was not only content to afford *us part of the little means she hath left her*, but while I was with her, was continually distempered with devised tales which came from your family. My lord, if the great honour you are in can suffer you to have so mean a thought of so miserable a creature as I am; so

\* Highwaymen go to work with more conscience, than this upstart family. Buckingham himself married the Rutland heiress. The King was bent on making out another match between Christopher Villiers and the only daughter of Alderman Harvey, Lord Mayor; *who wished that they were both dead rather than be compelled.* She was no older than Coke's daughter, being a child of fourteen, and very little of growth. The King sent for them from a dinner at Merchant Tailors'. Fortunately for the girl, the citizen was made of more virtuous stuff than the Chief-Justice; and this marriage did not take place.

made by too much credulity of your fair promises, which I have waited for performance of almost these five years, and now it was time to dissent, but that I hope you will one day be yourself, and be guided by your own noble thoughts, and then I am assured to obtain what I desire, since my desire be so reasonable, and but for my own.' By this account the fortune of the young heiress had already disappeared; Lady Hatton was impoverished—there can be no mystery how; while Coke had apparently discarded his child for having sided with her mother and with the husband to whom he had married her.

Lady Purbeck's application produced no effect. She was yet scarcely twenty, and had been for two years past deserted by her husband, and neglected by his family. A criminal friendship with Sir Robert Howard (the lover whom she and her mother had originally fancied) ensued soon afterwards. For this she was sentenced by the High Commission to stand in a white sheet in the Savoy Church, but escaped by flight. It is one of the few proofs her father ever gave that his conscience smote him, that he received her in her degradation. At the time of his death, she had been living with him for two years at Stoke. What shapes of shame and self-reproach must her presence have constantly called up! and how painfully must he have discovered that his ambition had overreached itself! He had bought dearly, at the age of forty-eight, his alliance with the Cecils, in the hopes of thereby strengthening a fortune sufficiently secure. This failure did not teach him wisdom or honour. But at the age of sixty-eight, he rushed anew upon a still more criminal experiment,—bargaining away the happiness and the virtue of a helpless daughter. To whom? to the men who had disgraced him—men with whom for the sake of his own self-respect he should have shrunk from the slightest intercourse. And for what? For the mere chance of getting back again into a station which he knew that he could not expect to keep a month, but at the cost of those very violations of his judicial oath and duty, which only a few months before he had risked that station rather than commit.

We have dwelt the longer upon this melancholy story, since the old man's dealings in it show his violence and meanness—his absence of all dignity, purity, and affection. It is evident that he can have regarded, with little elevation and steadiness of purpose, the seat of justice (his highest glory), when, in the hope of returning to it, he stooped his haughty nature to acts quite as base as, and much more cruel than, pecuniary bribes. Such is Coke's picture as a father. For the scandal of a home, made miserable by his wife and by his daughter, he was himself in the main responsible. Of his sons nothing is known, except of Clement. And he is only remembered for acts of violence. He was sent to the Tower by the House of

Commons for striking another member—and ended by killing an adversary in a duel. This looks too like his father's son. For, it is very certain, that Coke's ungovernable choler must have done infinitely more to ruin the tempers of his children, in the way both of suffering and of example, than could be ever set to rights by the lesson, 'Prudens qui patiens,' contained in his Sergeant's motto; or by his Star-Chamber Homily against duels, which the King desired him to set forth in print.

Temperament and habit made the possession and exercise of power almost necessary to Coke. It had been one of his darling objects to place his fortune on the proud foundation of superior merit, and to owe as little as possible to any body but himself. He must have been soon satisfied that he had nothing to fear from open competition in the profession which he had chosen. Accordingly, the faults which were natural to a man, of whom Bacon said, that he behaved as though he had been born Attorney-General, alone got head under the administration of a Queen famous for her wise selection of her servants. A different system unfortunately came in with James. There was henceforth no office, however grave, for which the recommendation of mere merit was enough. Burleigh himself, whom Elizabeth called her 'Spirit,' would have been expected to purchase the good graces of a Carr and of a Villiers, and to vest the greater part of his authority in their minion hands. The degradation of this unmanly favouritism was infinitely increased from the air of extravagant pretension, and ludicrous absurdity, which characterized both the government and person of this sloven King. His boasted state-craft profited nothing by the friendly hint of the House of Commons, who, in 1610, told him in an address, how much better Elizabeth had understood to manage her acts of power by preventing the scanning of them; while of all the indignities which he put upon them, that which the people of England resented most, was the attempts, which were now for the first time systematically made, against the honour and integrity of the Courts of Justice. Elizabeth had had always the skill to retreat in time from similar contentions. For information, how ill the Sages of the Law came out of this new ordeal, it is scarcely necessary to refer to Luders's treatise on the character of the Judges of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. Coke made more bravados than the rest, at first; but in the end behaved very little better. In all other particulars, the turn of the die told infinitely to his disadvantage in the new side of him which adversity displayed.

James's declaration to Parliament in 1607, that the doing any 'act, which may procure less reverence to the Judges, cannot but breed a looseness in the Government, and a disgrace to the whole nation,' is only one, among many instances, of the little conformity



which prevailed between the words and actions of men at this period. Appetite for authority had been originally so strong in Coke, and had by this time been so long pampered, that when he could no longer retain his official greatness honestly, he was yet unwilling to resign it. He had the weakness to imagine that it was one or two acts of opposition only, and not the inaptitude of his general disposition, which had lost him the confidence of the Court. He flattered himself, therefore, than an open profession of penitence and baseness, backed up by their want of his assistance, must bring him back to favour. A great deal less allowance is to be made for the vices which adversity brought out in him, than for those of his prosperity; since they were not only more deliberate, but must have even cost him considerable effort. It was natural to him to call Raleigh, on his trial, 'spider of hell,' and to hector over the Patentees in the Committee of Monopolies; but it was most unnatural in him, and must have been most revolting to him, to have to crawl at feet which had trampled on and spurned him. And the object was so small! For, when called to account by the Privy Council, he could have nothing to be really afraid of. The shifts by which, as the King said, he always fell upon his legs, were nothing but his knowledge of the laws; and Coke must have been well aware that his real sins against that knowledge had been of a kind which would not lie in the mouth of James. The cases where his doggedness, in opposing the interference of the Crown in the administration of the law, had given offence, were cases of a kind which some of his predecessors had successfully maintained. Whereas in them all he himself gave in as soon as the pressure became at all serious. In Peachum's case, for instance, after grumbling against taking the opinions of the Judges apart from each other, in writing, the show of resistance ended in his giving in his separate answer in his own hand. As Chief-Justice of the King's Bench, he was complained of for maintaining the jurisdiction of his Court against the encroachments of the Court of Chancery. What came of it! He atoned for his impertinence by submitting, *erravimus cum patribus*, and by adding that he and his brethren had since entered his Majesty's commandment to the contrary, as an order of the Court, with a promise to observe it. So, in the question of *Commendams*, upon the Council asking the Judges generally, whether they ought not, in a matter of supposed prerogative, to stay proceedings till his majesty had consulted them, the boldness of his answer, that when 'the case happened, he would do that which would be fit for a Judge to do,' was in fact substantially redeemed. For he had joined his brethren in confessing that they had been in error in the case before them, and in soliciting pardon on his knees. Thus much for the manliness of his

conduct in particulars; and for the correctness of those who talked of his having formed the English school of independent Judges. When he states that he owes his learning to the reverend Judges of Elizabeth, he was equally conscious that they had left him an example of virtue also.

The sum of Coke's moral superiority over his colleagues must be confined to this—that he had a higher spirit, and, as the King told him when he dismissed him, was 'No ways corrupt.' Thus far he was entitled to be excepted from the sweeping censure, with which the King afterwards transferred the Great Seal from Bacon to Bishop Williams—saying, 'I am pained at my heart where to bestow it: As for my lawyers, I think they be all knaves.' The royal Solomon ought to have known, before he began as above to tamper with their honour, that the moral principle of men can seldom be destroyed by halves.

If mere retracting in particular cases would have served the purpose of his enemies, Coke would have remained Chief-Justice. To his great astonishment, however, he found he was to be made a martyr—an honour at which he never aimed. The Court had its object in proceeding with him by steps. The first step was his simple suspension from the public exercise of his judicial office, desiring him to do his business in chambers. This was in the month of June. The order was trying to a Judge, who paraded the distinction of being a Judge *curie non camere*. However, he obeyed; and with demeanour and words surely sufficiently submissive. The Chief-Justice presented himself before the Council on his knees, and 'made answer that he did in all humility prostrate himself to his majesty's good pleasure; that he acknowledged that decree to be just, and to proceed rather from his Majesty's exceeding mercy than from his justice; gave humble thanks to their lordships for their favours and goodness towards him; and hoped for the future time that his behaviour should be such as should deserve their lordships' favour.' On this occasion his Reports, which, after the accession of James, he had continued to publish at the express desire of the King, 'in order to lessen the number of undetermined causes,' were referred to a Commission of Judges for their revision. Their discovery of only five insignificant exceptions from among six hundred cases made this investigation appear as frivolous as some of the charges—for instance, that he had assumed the title of Chief-Justice of England, and let his coachman drive bareheaded. Accordingly, we hear no more of it, when, after the Villiers' marriage, Bacon was authorized to tell the judges, that in the execution of their task the King's meaning was, not to disgrace the person but rectify the work. It appears from Bacon's correspondence with the King, that the rupture with Coke, so far from having grown out of Som-



erset's trial (although the Court was provoked at his delays in it,) was a thing resolved on before; and was in fact deferred only, in order that they might have his help in that and other matters. The speech of Ellesmere on swearing in his successor, Sir H. Montague, leaves no doubt what impression it was intended that the example of his removal should convey to the profession and the public. Although the odium of certain specific actions might have been explained away more or less satisfactorily, yet his general nature could never have been made acceptable to his royal master. This is evident from a letter which James wrote for the instruction of the Council, soon after the sentence of suspension.

The King observes, that, 'besides the actions themselves, his Majesty, in his princely wisdom, hath made two special observations of him, the one that he having in his nature not one part of those things which are popular in men,—being neither civil, nor affable, nor magnificent,—he hath made himself popular, by design only, in pulling down government. The other, that, whereas, his Majesty might have expected a change in him, when he made him his own by taking him to be of his council; it made no change at all, but to the worse: he holding on all this former channel, and running separate courses from the rest of the council, and rather busying himself in casting fears before his council, concerning what they should not do, than giving his advice what they should do.' The only way in which these general apprehensions could have been neutralized, was one which Coke was not quick enough in taking. He ought on the instant to have ingratiated himself with Buckingham at any cost—or not at all. A long interval had been designedly left between the suspension and dismissal. Coke allowed it to pass. November came, without his having transferred from the old favourite to the new the promise which he had made before to Somerset of a sinecure in his court (which he now was desirous of applying towards increasing the salary of the Puisne Judges); and before he could bring himself to give his daughter and with her (what he grudged as much) a slice of his fortune, in aid of the royal will in behalf of the house of Villiers. Some of these Villierses had originally come up from Leicestershire by the waggon. Yet the King was so besotted with them, that at a reconciliation feast in 1618, he bound his posterity to advance them above all others. A pretty piece of work truly their posterities soon made of it—the greatness of both families, that of Stuart as well as Villiers, disappearing almost-together! In the meanwhile the King and Buckingham got impatient; and in November Coke was finally dismissed. Upon this Coke became an object of unusual interest; not out of any love for him, but now from hatred to his adversaries, and from the general discontent. It ap-

pears by Chamberlayne that the public were of opinion that his errors had in truth been foul; and that the course of his life was not such as would bear being ript up and looked into. But they also truly guessed at the contingencies on which his fate had depended, 'being as in an ague, having a good day and a bad by fits.' The King was expressly told that 'whereas Coke was nothing well beloved before, if he should suffer in this cause he would be accounted the martyr of the Commonwealth.' It so happened. He had nothing to do but 'bear his misfortunes constantly;' and this nominal disgrace would have earned for him not merely immediate applause but lasting honour. Unluckily, Coke was too much of a bully to allow of his great stomach standing firm beyond a certain point. When his *supersedeas* was delivered to him, he received it with tears. Within a month, he had the shabbiness to pay the King two visits at Newmarket, and was favourably received in consideration of his dejection and dismay. He prevailed so far as to get the suits in the Star Chamber against him stopped; and became 'jocund and jovial as ever.' It was generally believed that he was to be made a Baron. The negotiations, on which he had immediately the meanness to enter, principally turned on the marriage of his daughter. In the following March Chamberlayne reports that he is left in the lurch; and adds that it is God's doing—since, had it not been for his refusal of the Villiers match, and for idle words about not buying too dear a thing so variable as the King's favour, 'he would have been Chancellor before this day.' By May, we find the King once more so incensed against him, that no doubt he is to be sifted thoroughly. 'He hath carried himself very simply (to say no more) in divers matters; and by his own weakness hath lost those few friends he had.' Our next information of him is in June. By this time 'his curst heart had been made to yield more than ever he meant.' According to Bacon, it was three victories over him—in the matter of protecting his lady, of perfecting a bargain with Sir Robert Rich, and in making him compound with the French ambassador in the sum of £4000 for having bailed a pirate—which had so humbled him that he now sought with submission what he had before rejected with scorn. The wicked peace-offering of the marriage of his daughter followed. This sacrifice, which he imagined was to make all smooth and lay the stone of a new and more brilliant greatness, brought him nothing but disappointment and endless mortifications. The immediate cause of this must have been additionally provoking. As Coke's imprisonment of his wife had alienated her beyond all redemption, it was impossible for the Court to be friends with both. Under these circumstances, the choice was soon made. Lady Hatton's fortune offered more tangible expectations; and Coke was a colleague

whom, especially after what had passed, neither the King nor Bacon could ever trust. Immediately upon Lady Hatton's release, the King dined with her in Hatton Gardens, upon the express understanding that Coke was not to be of the party. He eat his dinner in the Temple Hall. The inexplicable mixture of pusillanimity, vacillation, and baseness which, notwithstanding his pretence of public spirit, he had exhibited throughout this whole affair, necessarily destroyed all sympathy with him on the part of the public. After this, the Court felt that they could employ him, neglect him, or insult him with impunity. And so they did. The opportunity it afforded him of taking vengeance upon his ancient enemies was wages enough for his labours in the Star Chamber and at the Council Board. In this precarious state, half in favour, half in disgrace, he went through all the servile drudgeries of a common courtier. He walked at the Queen's funeral; he delivered in the inventory of her jewels; he alone, of all the Privy Council attended the King upon the royal visit to St. Paul's,—the rest not choosing to go, from some squabble about precedence. These courtly occupations are poor employment for the Atlas of the law. They were, however, a prudent mask of the course he was about to take in the Parliament which was at hand. Considering the history of the several parties, the sight must have been a melancholy spectacle—especially when the King, Buckingham, and Bacon were triumphant lookers on.

In the case of Coke the law was not merely the ladder by which he rose, and from which he fell. The old English Common Law seems to have been a part of himself. It more than tintured—it constituted his intellectual being. He was so much a personification of it, in the jargon and black-letter which frightened Spelman, that we ought to know something about it before we can hope to understand him. Its learning was then much more subtle and dogmatic than at present, and was thought to be scarce possibly expressible in English. Coke apologizes for putting his commentary on Littleton into his mother tongue. The precedents of former times had been only just made ordinarily accessible by the printing of the Year Books. Students then came up to the Inns of Court younger, and from studies which only aggravated its characteristic mischiefs. With their readings and mootings, their chapels, halls, and revels, the Inns of Court exercised over their members the rival influence of a 'third Universitie.' Under this title Sir George Buck, Master of the Revels, dedicated an account of them to Coke. The aristocratical prejudices of a caste were also studiously fostered. Bacon and Coke concurred in, and signed an order of James I. to admit none to the bar but gentlemen by descent. A further line of exclusiveness was drawn by their jealous hatred of the Professors of the Civil Law. The opposite systems of

jurisprudence were at this time pitted against each other like two conflicting religious sects; so that it was part of the creed of a common lawyer to pretend to believe that civilians and canonists, and indeed ecclesiastics in general, were in a sort of league against the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom. We have no doubt but that Coke looked upon a *call* to the bar to be almost as solemn an act as a *call* to the church; and that there have been few monks who have regarded their convent and the immemorial faith, which they conceived to be embodied in its power and ceremonies, with equal superstition. The cheap philosophy, which founds the origin of all human obligations in positive law, seems out-heroded by Coke's fanaticism in behalf of his own order.

A few extracts from the prefaces to his Institutes and Reports will exemplify the nature of his mind—particularly this aspect of it. Spelman, Hickes, and Prynne, have observed how little his dogmatism is entitled to implicit credit on such points of learning as fell within their own peculiar province. Mr. Brodie has shown with what unfairness, in his assault on other extraordinary courts, he stood by the Star Chamber, as what kept all England in order, out of love of the part which he had himself performed in its proceedings. What amount of sense and impartiality he brought to any general discussion, where his personal feelings were concerned, the commonest reader can determine.

The antiquity of the English Law, and of the King's Courts, was so precise an article of faith with him, that he would have been ashamed to tie down its origin to times so recent as the reigns of Brutus and of Arthur. Not only had the Britons laws older than the Romans; but they used the distinction between common law and statute. 'I will not examine these things in a *quo warranto*: the ground thereof I think was best known to the authors and writers of them. But that the laws of the ancient Britons, their contracts and other instruments, and the records and judicial proceedings of their Judges were written and sentenced in the Greek tongue, is plain and evident by proofs luculent and uncontrollable.' If the letter of the English laws had been made since the Conqueror, Glanville, he observes, could have never called them ancient. The date of the Courts of Law was equally mysterious and remote. All the Judges of England in the tenth of Edward IV. had ruled that the Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, were King's Courts; and so old that none could tell which was most ancient. The Courts, and especially Parliament, had been ever since King Arthur, *a. d.* 516. He had read himself, in the 'Legier Book' of St. Edmund's Bury, of Parliaments under Canute. He afterwards declares that the original writs contained in the Register, together with Magna Charta, and about a dozen other specific statutes, are

the very body, and, as it were, the very text of the common laws of England.' It would be to know nothing of Coke, to expect that he should perceive any contradiction or even improbability between this beggarly account of the contents of the common law, and the splendid pedigree which he had claimed for it. The excellence of the common law in itself, and in its principal expositions, is as unquestionable. Upon this head, and in their way of treating it, Coke and Bentham would have been worthy representatives of opposite extremes. For Coke was not the man to mince a proposition any more than Bentham. 'Of which laws, this will I say, that there is no human law within the circuit of the whole world, by infinite degrees, so apt and profitable for the honourable, peaceable, and prosperous Government of this kingdom, as these ancient and excellent laws of England be.' His zeal for his favourite authors in it, is no less intense. The 'Register' is both the ancientest book in the law, and that on which the foundations of the law depended. To it, therefore, Coke (on the authority, he says, of Sir Thomas Smith) would send all the Secretaries in Christendom to learn to express much matter in few and significant words. His idolatry of 'Littleton's Tenures' is the doting of a commentator who meant to empty his commonplace book upon its text. Not content with Camden's testimony, that the students of the common laws are no less beholden to it than the civilians to Justinian's Institutes, he declares, 'that there is never a period, nor for the most part a word, nor an &c., but affordeth excellent learning. And I affirm, and will maintain it against all opposites whatsoever, that it is a work of as absolute perfection in its kind, and as free from error as any book that I have known to be written of any human learning.' The only thing in his opinion further to be desired, was, that Littleton should also have written on Pleading—the greatest honour and ornament, and very heartstrings of the law. Although James I. had increased the number of Judges to five in a court, entirely in consequence of equal division of opinion, in many cases Coke insisted upon it that the obscurity was apparent only, and to be accounted for without derogating from the impeccability of the common law. 'I affirm it constantly that the law is not uncertain *in abstracto*, but in *concreto*, and that the uncertainty thereof is *hominis vitium non professionis*. And to speak plainly, there be two causes of the uncertainty thereof *in concreto*; preposterous reading and oversoon practice. In all my time I have not known two questions made of the right of descents, of escheats by the common law; so certain and sure the rules thereof be. If acts of Parliament were after the old fashion—penned, and by such only, as perfectly knew what the common law was before the making any act of Parliament concerning the matter, as also how far the former statutes had provided

remedy for former mischiefs and defects discovered by experience, then should very few questions in law arise, and the learned should not so often perplex their heads to make atonement and peace by construction of law between insensible and disagreeing words, sentences, and provisoes, as now they do.'

The form of property and society in England, and consequently of law, was in a transition state in the time of Coke. With incomparable energy he took up almost the whole body of the laws from their old foundation, and laid them down again, with his own hand, in hard and compact masses. For such were books, which kept their ground for two centuries, and are only now in the course of being displaced by the corresponding transformation which England once more is undergoing in the present age. To reconcile his indiscriminate panegyric upon the law in its contemporary state, with the due sense which he also entertained of his own services as a Reporter and a Commentator, was no concern of his. With a truer feeling of the deficiencies of the law than Coke was willing to countenance; and with a juster appreciation of what Coke had done towards the removal of them, than Coke was capable of,—in estimating the still greater obligations which Bacon had conferred upon Philosophy,—Bacon acknowledged, while Coke's published contributions were as yet confined to his Reports, that but for them, the law of England would at that time have been like a ship without its ballast. The admiration with which Coke regarded his store of records and book cases, went far beyond a rational conviction of their use. He was fully sensible of the advantages of publicity, 'one among others of the great honours of the common laws;' and was proud of the superiority which a system, standing upon judicial precedents, as *statio bene fida*, must have over a system fluctuating as on a sea of waves from private glosses. But his records and book cases were to him a great deal more than this. He handles them as a miser would his hoard, or a virtuoso his favourite beetles. He extols them as the richest part of the royal treasury—as the sweet and fruitful flowers of the Crown. In political debate, at the moment of greatest animation, it is not liberty or the constitution of which the crisis reminds him, but of some glorious precedent in such a year. In his Prefaces he persuades himself, with the simplicity of Walton's Angler, that the impatient reader must be all eagerness to get to the cases of which he has given him a taste. And he addresses God for help, in the words of the Book of Wisdom, with as solemn speech as that with which Milton prefaces his heroic poem. It is good news for Judges and Reporters that Courts of Justice are like Churches, in being Temples where God's grace is especially poured out; and that a portion of the spirit of Moses, whom Coke calls the first Reporter, may be expected to descend on those who have



succeeded to his office. 'A substantial and compendious report of a case rightly adjudged doth produce three notable effects. Whereunto no one man alone, with all his time and uttermost labours, nor all the actors themselves by themselves out of a Court of Justice, nor in Court without solemn argument, where (I am persuaded) Almighty God openeth and enlargeth the understanding of the desirous of justice and right, could ever have attained unto.' The presumption in favour of divine assistance appears to be strictly limited to Judges and Judge-made law. For the Legislature, then as now, provided fresh materials for litigation, by 'Acts of Parliament overladen with provisos and additions, and many times on a sudden penned or corrected by men of none, or very little judgment in law.' Coke was asked, whilst playing at bowls, for a legal opinion in connexion with the disgraceful proceedings against Archbishop Abbott for irregularities, in consequence of his having had the misfortune accidentally to kill a keeper. He replied—'If it be common law, I should be ashamed if I could not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately.'

The great lawyer must have been aware that the pains he was taking to magnify the law was but an ill-concealed glorification of himself. And he undoubtedly reckoned upon coming in for an ample share of the secular blessings which he promises to its professors. The commonwealth cry of 'the Church was, the sword is, and the law shall be,' was the voice of good tidings which he believed was already come to pass. In his belief of the general renown and stability of the profession, the permanence of its several orders, and that of the families of its most distinguished members, was faithfully comprehended. The office of Sergeant-at-law was, in his eyes, the seminary of justice and the first of human dignities. He assures himself that the ancient reputation of this honourable brotherhood 'is the better continued, because they, without the least alteration, continue their ancient habits and the ornaments belonging to their station and degree; for most commonly the ancient reverence of any profession vanisheth away with the change of habit.' When, in the shameful brokerage of James the First, this dignity, like every other, was sold, and procured *per ambitum*, the recollection that, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, five great men, on refusing it, had been called into Parliament to accept it, roused Coke to propose a bill to remove the grievance. The retainers of the law are safe under its wing according to their several pretensions. The simple barrister must be content to know that 'few or none of his profession have died without a will or without a child.' But a diligent and successful student may confidently look forward to greater things—he shall himself be an honest man, and his posterity flourish in the land unto the end of time. 'For thy

comfort and encouragement, cast thine eye upon the sages of the law that have been before thee, and never shalt thou find any that hath excelled in the knowledge of these laws, but hath sucked from the breasts of that divine knowledge, honesty, gravity, and integrity, and by the goodness of God hath attained a greater blessing and ornament than any other possession to their family and posterity. For it is an undoubted truth, that the just shall flourish like the palm-tree, and spread abroad as the cedar of Lebanon. Their example and thy profession do require thy imitation. For hitherto I never saw any man of a loose and lawless life attain to any sound and perfect knowledge of the said laws: and on the other side, I never saw any man of excellent judgment in these laws, but was withal (being taught by such a master) honest, faithful, and virtuous.' There never was a more convenient doctrine, more audaciously broached, by any teacher. The public, who have seldom judged of lawyers with too much kindness, must have been infinitely amused by it.

Bacon complained of Coke that he sought to turn every thing into matter of law. This it was, probably, quite proper in him to do, in the administrative questions which they were then discussing. But the law was too much the limit of Coke's knowledge and his rule of judgment on all occasions. After his engaging that a good lawyer shall be also a good man, it is not surprising that the common law should be his criterion of morals. The fact, for instance, that gambling and cock-fighting are not bad at common law, is all the proof that he requires to show that they are not *mala in se*.

To dispute or criticise the religious feelings of Coke in his old age would be no less invidious than unnecessary. He broke out into tears in the House of Commons upon the angry adjournment of it at the Order of James I., and repeated the collect for the royal family. In all, but more especially in his latter writings, he contemplates with devout raptures the prodigious learning which he had accumulated and completed; and which he had lived to bequeath to his country (our 'dear eagle's nest,') in what he considered a perfect form. When he was upwards of eighty, his horse fell back upon him, without hurting him. He recorded his escape in the words of the prophet David. 'The angel of the Lord tarrieth about them that fear him, and delivereth them. *Et nomen Domini benedictum*, for it was his work.' But on looking steadily at the history of Coke, the constant use which he made throughout of scripture language, and allusions, cannot prevent us from perceiving that his earlier religion was of a kind which had little influence on his conduct. When words and actions contradict each other, there can be no difficulty in determining by which we ought to abide. In the case of Coke, the fact that Christianity was part and parcel of the law of



England was, up to a late period, its most appropriate title to his respect. Apparently, Archbishop Whitgift thought so, when he gave him a Bible upon his being made Attorney-General:—telling him that he had studied enough the laws of man: it was now time that he should study the word of God. This must be the moral also of the following passage from Bacon's insolent expostulation; part of which we have already quoted. It was written more than twenty years after Whitgift's present. 'And now we beseech you, my Lord, be sensible both of the stroke and hand that striketh; learn of David to leave Shimei and call upon God: He hath some great work to do, and he prepareth you for it; he would neither have you faint nor yet bear his cross with a stoical resolution; there is a Christian mediocrity, worthy of your greatness. I must be plain, perhaps rash. *Had some notes which* you had taken at sermons been written in your heart to practise, this work had been done long ago, without the envy of your enemies. But, when we will not mind ourselves, God (if we belong to him) takes us in hand, and because he seeth that we have unbridled stomachs, he sends us outward crosses.' The impudence of the preacher of this homily, and the indecency of the occasion selected for the administering of it, are not at all inconsistent with the supposition, that at somewhere near the age of seventy, the Christianity of Coke was more a legal than a spiritual obedience. Whatever clergymen may be disposed to think, the fidelity to the temporal interests of the Church which he manifested on more than one critical occasion, is no better evidence of his spirituality. It might be done by him from no sublimer motive, than a grateful acknowledgment of the worldly wisdom on which he compliments the clergy, for that they had always retained of their counsel the most experienced and learned in the law.

Coke's general taste and understanding were deeply tainted by his professional superstition, and long predominance at the bar. His speeches\* on the numerous

\* Coke's two speeches, while he was Speaker, on the legality of Fitzherbert's return as a member of Parliament, are important, by way of comment on the general language which he afterwards used, when amplifying in his writings the law of Parliament. 'This writ of Privilege must go from the body of this House, made by me, and I to send it into the Chancery, and the Lord Keeper is to direct it. Now, before we make such a writ, let us know, whether by law we may make it, or whether it will be good for the cause or no. For my own part, my hand shall not sign it unless my heart may assent unto it. And though we make such a writ, if it be not warrantable by law and the proceeding of this House, the Lord Keeper will and must refuse it. No man shall stand more for the privilege of this House than I will, and what is meet should be observed.' He afterwards explains Thorpe's case, and is of opinion, that they should take the advice of the Judges in like manner; which accordingly was done, and the privilege refused: So much for those who rely on the authority of Coke for the assumption, that the House of Commons possesses

State prosecutions, which mark the interval between the trial of Essex under Elizabeth, and of Somerset under James, are amongst the earliest specimens remaining of English oratory. That they should have been admired in an age, which took pride in the execrable sermons of Bishop Andrews, as incomparable models of eloquence and reason, we readily understand. But Coke outran even the privileged pedantry of the times. In Garnett's trial the following is his description of the prisoner: 'The principal person offending here at the bar is, as you have heard, a person of many names. He is by country an Englishman, by birth a gentleman, by education a scholar: afterwards a corrector of the common law print with Mr. Tottle the printer, and now is to be corrected by the law. He hath many gifts and endowments of nature—by art, learned, a good linguist, and by profession, Jesuit, and a superior. Indeed, he is superior to all his predecessors in devilish treason:—a Doctor of Jesuits:—that is, a *Doctor of five D.'s*: as, Dissimulation; Deposing of princes; Disposing of kingdoms; Daunting and Detering of subjects; and Destruction!' We learn that when he was turned out of the Chief-Justiceship, the ridicule of this sorry quibbling was retorted on him. 'The common speech is, that *four P.'s* have put him down: that is, Pride, Prohibitions, Preeminence, and Prerogative.' He was vain of his fluency, and in the garrulity of his old age, boasted to Parliament that he had never used notes at his mootings, and would not then. His readiness of speech favoured these sins of taste and other sins of a worse description. This was one of the errors of which Bacon warned him in his extraordinary reproof: 'In discourse you delight to speak too much, not to hear other men. This some say becomes a pleader, not a judge; for by this sometimes your affections are entangled with a love of your own arguments, though the weaker. Thus, while you speak in your own element the law, no man ordinarily equals you, but when you wander (as you often delight to do,) you then wander indeed. As in your pleadings you were wont to insult over misery, so you are wont to praise or disgrace upon slight grounds. You will jest at any man in public without respect to this person's dignity or your own.' There is abundant evidence that his contemporaries witnessed his levity and insolence at the bar and on the bench, with great disgust. Only less than at present, because it is impossible nowadays that an Attorney-General should on a trial for life or death threaten a prisoner whose name happens to be Cuffe, with, 'I'll cuff you;' or a Chief-Justice, in passing judgment upon a defendant indicted for improperly communicating with criminals at

a privilege by the mere fact of claiming it, and that in such a case the Judges of courts of law have nothing to do but to obey!

their execution, demand of him, *Et quæ tanta fuit Tyburn tibi causa videndi?* Another offence on which Bacon touches is of a still more serious character. The occasions to which this reproach applies, and the extent to which it is true, is in our opinion the darkest blot upon the memory of Coke. It almost makes good James's taunt, that, notwithstanding the opinions which he put on at the last, he was 'the fittest instrument for a tyrant that ever was in England.' Bacon's words are:—'You make the law to lean too much to your opinion, whereby you show yourself to be a legal tyrant, striking with that weapon where you please, since you are able to turn the edge any way.' A more indulgent construction than Coke would have given to others may explain the apparent variation in his conduct on different occasions;—such as in the distinction between compulsory and voluntary benevolences—between different kinds of impositions and proclamations—between a general and a special dispensing power—between the duty of the Judges in advising with the Crown as a body, or in singly assisting the Crown lawyers in preparing prosecutions, and what he called auricular confessions—between the King's judicial seat in Council,—*cessat regnare qui cessat judicare*,—and the denial of his right to take a personal part in the ordinary administration of justice;—a denial which James considered little less than treason. Buckingham might well be the saviour of the nation, at one time, and the grievance of grievances at another. The inconsistencies of Coke on the vital question of the power of Courts of Justice to take bail, upon arrest by the King or Privy Council, it is impossible to get over in the same manner. The instances of his own refusal, as a Judge, in the 13th of James I. to bail parties whom he must have known, according to the words which he himself uttered only five years afterwards in the House of Commons, as well as by his later speeches in the case of the imprisoned members, that he ought to have bailed, were fairly brought out by Heath in the third of Charles I. in the great debate upon the liberty of the subject. Coke felt the contradiction, and desired to be free from the imputation which was laid upon him. But it was too late. For those times, and where the law and practice were really at all uncertain, every person, otherwise of decent character, is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. It is Coke's conduct as a Crown lawyer which deprives him of every title of such presumption in his behalf. There was no lawyer of his time who had as enlightened notions of what Criminal Law ought to be; and yet there was none who equally stretched and abridged its powers. Mr. Jardine has carefully examined the State Paper Office, and finds that in almost all the repeated instances of the infliction of torture which occur during the reign of James, the name of Coke is found either as a Commissioner to

execute, or a Privy Councillor to direct it. Yet he expressly tells us in his writings, that 'there is no law to warrant tortures in this land; and no one opinion in our books or judicial records (that we have seen and remember) to maintain it.' Raleigh's trial took place in 1603. His conviction turned on the question whether a single witness was sufficient in a case of treason. Raleigh argued the point with perfect knowledge, skill and courage; but was juggled out of an acquittal by the ruffianism of Coke the Attorney-General, and Chief-Justice Popham. Coke tells him that 'the crown shall never stand one year upon the head of the King, if a traitor may not be condemned by circumstances; for you shall never prove the act of treason by two witnesses. *Scientia sceleris est mera ignorantia*. You have read the letter of the law but understand it not.' Coke's heart relented not towards the man he had feared and hated. As late as the year 1618, he was one of a commission, appointed to examine and finally destroy Raleigh. Now what was the law? Just what Sir Walter stated it. Coke, before he died, himself acknowledged, 'That two witnesses be required in High Treason appeareth by our books, and I remember no authority in our books to the contrary.' His penitence for his part in a judicial murder he veiled in Latin. *Veritas quæ minime defensatur opprimitur: and qui non improbat approbat. Et sic liberè animam meam liberavi*. After this example of playing fast and loose with the snare of law, only one infamy more remains—that of tampering with and suppressing the evidence of facts. This also Coke supplies. Of all possible Attorney-Generals he was perhaps the most laborious in taking the depositions of prisoners and witnesses previous to trial. When he was Chief-Justice, he took as many as three hundred in Somerset's case alone. Mr. Jardine tells us that 'in the margins of depositions examined by Sir Edward Coke, such notes as these constantly occur in his handwriting. "*Read A and B only. Read not this; Cwe! (Beware!)*" "*Huc usque,*" ("*thus far.*") The prisoner, therefore,' he observes, 'was not only subjected to the gross injustice of an accusation made behind his back, but by this skillful pruning of the depositions, was effectually precluded from detecting and pointing out to the jury any inconsistencies in the accusation so made.' And this was Coke, who remembered that Elizabeth told him, when he was presented to her by Burleigh, as her Attorney-General, whose office it was to prosecute for 'our Lady the Queen,' that she would have the form altered, and that her Attorney-General should prosecute for 'our Lady Truth!'

It was in this union of ferocity and servility that Coke stood almost alone. In his fulsome flattery of his Sovereigns,—of the roseate beauty of Elizabeth, and of James as the only true Beauclerc,—he had many

rivals. The bigotry of his aversion to Roman Catholics and Jews was nothing more than one man's share in a general epidemic. All that he could claim as peculiarly his own was the perverse ingenuity in which his intemperance was displayed. The reason why, upon this circuit, he refused to swear Jews as witnesses, could have occurred to nobody but Coke; for that they are alien enemies, being the subjects of the Devil, who is at perpetual enmity with Christ, whose subjects we are.

The object which we have had principally before us in the course which our observations have taken has been the character of Coke. A comparison between him and Bacon would have been very interesting;—men all their lives, so near and yet so opposite, and who exercised so vast an influence upon the fortunes of each other. We had wished to have represented Coke more at length in his quieter intermediate parts of Judge and Reporter, as well as in the more ambitious ones of Crown Lawyer, to which he enslaved his manhood, and of Constitutional Lawyer, to which he dedicated so much of his old age. We should have liked, too, to have shown him in the House of Commons with his colleagues, 'rejoicing in his Progress like a Parliament man of Queen Elizabeth's time, bringing them to ancient orders;' and Sir Dudley Digges reporting upon the general thanks to Coke for his conduct on the conference of Monopolies, that Prince Charles (who constantly attended in the Lords to awe the patriots) had said, that 'he was never weary of hearing Sir Edward Coke, he so mixed mirth and gravity together.' The whole might have made an amusing and instructive picture. Although he was no true law reformer, his views for the criminal law are curious, as contrasted with his conduct; and are in singular advance of the intelligence and humanity of his age. But we must conclude, and we certainly cannot do so more favourably for Coke, than in the words with which himself sums up his life of labour—committing his writings and his actions to the care and censure of after times. 'Whilst we were in hand with these four parts of the Institutes, we often having occasion to go into the city, and from thence into the country, did in some sort envy the state of the honest ploughman, and other mechanics; for the one, when he was at his work, would merrily sing, and the ploughman whistle some self-pleasing tune, and yet their work both proceeded and succeeded: but he that takes upon him to write, doth captivate all the faculties and powers both of his mind and body, and must be only intente to that which he collecteth, without any expression of joy or cheerfulness, whilst he is in his work.

'Throughout all this treatise, we have dealt clearly and plainly concerning some pretended courts, which either are no courts warrantable by law, as we conceive

them, or which without warrant have encroached more jurisdiction than they ought. *Qui non liberè veritatem pronuntial, proditor veritatis est.* Wherein, if any of our honourable friends shall take offence, our apology shall be, *amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica Veritas.* Having ever in memory that saying of the kingly prophet, 'Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, and that will bring a man peace at the last.

'And you honourable and reverend judges and justices, that do or shall sit in the high tribunals and courts or seats of justice, as aforesaid, fear not to do right to all, and to deliver your opinions justly, according to the laws; for fear is nothing but a betraying of the succours that reason should afford. And if you shall sincerely execute justice, be assured of three things:—*First*, though some may malign you, yet God will give you his blessing. *Secondly*, that though thereby you may offend great men and favourites, yet you shall have the favourable kindness of the Almighty, and be his favourites. And, *lastly*, that in so doing, against all scandalous complaints and pragmatical devices against you, God will defend you as with a shield: "For thou, Lord, wilt give a blessing unto the righteous, and with thy favourable kindness wilt thou defend him as with a shield."

'And for that we have broken the ice, and out of our own industry and observation framed this high and honourable building of the jurisdiction of courts, without the help or furtherance of any that hath written of this argument before, I shall heartily desire the wise-hearted and expert builders (justice being *architectonica virtus*), to amend both the method or uniformity, and the structure itself, wherein they shall find either want of windows, or sufficient lights, or other deficiency in the architecture whatsoever. And we will conclude with the aphorism of that great lawyer and sage of the law, Master Plowden (which we have heard him often say)—*BLESSED BE THE AMENDING HAND.*'

*From the Monthly Review.*

#### VETHAKE'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*The Principles of Political Economy.* By HENRY VETHAKE, LL.D. one of the Professors in the University of Pennsylvania; a Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Philadelphia: P. H. Nicklin and T. Johnson. 1838.

It is not with the most distant intention of entangling ourselves in the mazes of controversy about a subject on which the most patient and laborious minds have widely differed, a subject for which some claim the dignified title of science, while others refuse to



accord to it this honour, that we take up the present volume. Whatever may be the ascertained and invariable principles of political economy, they are at least only deducible by means of such a severe, abstruse, and metaphysical course of investigation and reasoning, taking only its technical terms into account, as to place it beyond the reach of a short and popular dissertation. Again, the fact that there is scarcely any one topic in the whole range of the study, which has not relations less or more numerous, and less or more delicate with others, interposes a bar to any satisfactory treatment of its many doctrines within our limits. In justice to our readers, however, who may be already acquainted with the existing state of the subject, or who may be about to enter upon its study, as well as to the learned author of the volume before us, we shall mention some of the peculiar features of the work, and quote a few specimens illustrative of the author's opinions and manner.

There is a considerable amount of novelty in the arrangement and in the matter of Dr. Vethake's book; nor can we withhold from it the character of a treatise which has both indicated the path and made progress in it by which a nearer approach to the great principles of political economy may be realized. Our author generally avoids all direct reference to preceding writers on the subject, as well as a controversial manner; on the other hand, though often adopting the doctrines of his predecessors, classifying his matter in a strictly logical form, and taking nothing for granted until he has endeavoured to establish its truth; not even passing over the introduction of any technical term without an exact definition of the meaning he attaches to it. Accordingly the work requires to be read systematically, by beginning at the beginning of it and proceeding regularly and leisurely to the end before its entire scope and pith can be understood or appreciated; thus rendering it difficult for us to do any part of it justice in the way of extract or connecting remarks. Our first extract, however, does not labour under much disadvantage from coming in an isolated shape, seeing that it constitutes the very first paragraphs in the volume. We give it as a specimen of the definitions of terms that abound in the work, and also of the strict regard which the author uniformly observes in reference to the higher moral relations of his extensive subject. Indeed, he throughout never contents himself with a pursuit merely of abstract principles, but connects every such discovery in the way which it practically bears upon the administration of public affairs, or with the transactions of private life.

"If we look around us, we shall perceive that society is so constituted, that, while only a small portion of mankind are placed by Providence in circumstances of such affluence as to render them disinclined to make any exertions, whether bodily or mental, to enlarge

their means of enjoyment, most persons are engaged in producing, either what is to be directly appropriated to satisfy their own desires, or, more frequently, what is destined, by being exchanged for the products of the labour of others, to minister to the enjoyment of their fellow-men. In other words, most men are producers of *utility*, in the sense in which this word is understood in political economy. For, leaving to the moralist the decision of the question whether many objects of man's pursuit may not in reality be injurious to him, and whether he be not often making a sacrifice of higher, but future, gratification, or even sometimes subjecting himself to future suffering, that he may administer to himself perhaps a small amount only of present enjoyment, the political economist regards every thing as useful which is capable of satisfying, in any degree whatever, any of man's *actual* wants and desires. Thus spirituous liquors are said to be possessed of utility, because they are of a nature to be objects of men's desire; which desire they evince, and afford a measure of, by the sacrifices they are willing to make in order to obtain them; and this utility is ascribed to those articles, notwithstanding that their use may, in most cases, be justly condemned, and the philanthropist, and the christian, may feel it a duty to make every proper exertion to repress the inconveniences, or mischiefs, they occasion.

"But I wish not to be misunderstood. I do not mean to insinuate, or to admit, that the political economist, because he employs the word utility in reference to man as he is, and not as he ought to be, and because the *immediate* object he has in view is not the moral improvement of the species, adopts a low standard of morals, or is indifferent to such improvement. As well might the votary of any one department of science be fairly chargeable with necessarily undervaluing, and taking no interest in the progress of, any other; and the pursuits of the astronomer or chemist be condemned as vicious in their tendency, because, in observing the phenomena, and investigating the laws, of *material* nature, they take no cognisance of the categories of right and wrong. So far indeed, I may remark, is the science of political economy from leading to conclusions adverse to the best interests of mankind, and so far is it from even turning the attention of individuals, or of governments, entirely from moral to physical considerations, and teaching them to advance the happiness of society by measures wholly unconnected with morality, that I hope to make it appear to the conviction of my readers, as a legitimate deduction from the principles of the science, that there is no more efficient method of promoting the *physical* well-being of a people than to diffuse among them, as extensively as possible, the blessings of religion, of morals, and of education. It may likewise be added, that no branch of human knowledge exhibits to us more beautiful illustrations of the consistency of all truth, and of that unity of design which pervades the various provinces of creation.

"No person, after having become acquainted with the elements of our subject, will fail to perceive the desirableness, if not the necessity, of having some word to designate the idea intended to be conveyed by the term utility, as I have defined it; and if any inconveniences should result from the same term being occasionally employed in another acceptation, this will only be one of many instances of a similar kind, which are continually occurring out of the domain of the exact



sciences, and which require from the student, as an essential condition to the acquisition of real knowledge, a certain perspicacity in readily perceiving the different shades of meaning of which the same forms of language admit. Whenever also an idea is considered as of sufficient importance to require it to be designated by a single term, almost the only practicable method of proceeding, in fixing upon the proper word for the purpose intended, is to select such a one as is already employed to denote some idea bearing an analogy to that which is to be expressed; for to coin an entirely new word may be regarded as wholly out of the question. The closer, too, the analogy, the better, as less violence is then done to existing usage. Now in the instance under consideration, the term *utility* is certainly employed very much in accordance with the meaning attached to it in common language. We speak of a bad use of an object, as well as of a good use of it; and we speak of the utility of weapons, both of offence and defence, although, if men were prevented, by the non-existence of those of the former description, from injuring one another, a considerable addition would be implied to the sum of human happiness. It seems to me, then, that it cannot reasonably be denied that the political economists are fully justified in the use they make of the term *utility*; while it may be allowed, that they are also called upon to be cautious how they confound this use of it with its more dignified acceptation, when it refers, not to the gratification alone of his present desires, but to man's happiness in reference to the whole of his future career."

Our author goes on to remark that certain objects are possessed of utility, though not susceptible of being appropriated,—such as the air we breathe, and, very generally, the water we drink; and all other objects besides these and the like he comprehends under the term *wealth*. Wealth, in short, is that which may be produced as well as consumed; and the production and consumption of wealth are synonymous phrases with the production and consumption of *utility*. Hence the province of political economy is to determine the laws which regulate the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth,—the practical object always being held in view, how individuals and governments ought to conduct themselves in the disposal of the wealth under their control, so as to promote in as great a degree as possible the happiness of mankind.

Taking his subject in this shape and uniformly abiding by it, we must allow to Dr. Vethake the honour of having lent it importance and dignity of a much more interesting character than is generally bestowed upon the deductions of economists. In this way, too, there being a perfect consistency in the legitimate results drawn from all sorts of truth, the hard and repulsive conclusions of merely a scientific nature are softened and warmed.

One of the most novel features in the present treatise consists in our author's comprehending not only under the definition of wealth, but likewise of capital, immaterial products, as well as those which are material. Capital, the reader is to understand, is distin-

guished from wealth by being that which is saved for the purpose of again producing wealth. Hence all capital is wealth, but all wealth is not capital; the useful products which are not saved, but appropriated to the gratification of the present, are merely wealth. We do not know that by any short extract the author's reasoning on the subject of *immaterial* capital can be properly understood; but as he lays great stress upon the doctrine as laid down by him, believing it not only never to have been before fully recognised, but to be essential to a correct appreciation of the intellectual and moral relations of political economy, we shall take his most concise account of his argument upon this point.

"No other test of the *increase* of wealth can possibly exist, whether it be material or immaterial, than that a greater quantity of it is produced and consumed in a given time than before. But since nothing more is intended by the *accumulation* of wealth than the increase of it, it will manifestly be proper to speak of the accumulation of immaterial products.

"Again, what is saved and appropriated as capital is not of necessity consumed slower than any other portion of wealth; it is merely consumed by a different class of persons. We have here therefore no reason why capital should not be composed, like that portion of wealth which is not capital, in part of the products which are immaterial, as well as of those which are material. And as, in almost every instance, the *real* wages of the labourer,—which wages, when advanced to him by his employer, are a portion of the latter's capital,—consist, in a certain degree, of immaterial products, it will follow that immaterial products may be made to constitute a portion of capital.

"Perhaps, too, the analogy which has been pointed out between material and immaterial products will be more clearly apprehended by the reader, if he analyse the mode in which the former of these administrators to the gratification of our desires, and compare it with that in which we derive gratification from the latter. He will not be surprised at the closeness of the analogy in question, when he perceives, as he will not fail to perceive, that, in both cases alike, the *ultimate* product is simply—*agreeable sensations*. The entire utility of the house in which we dwell, for example, arises from its adaptation to produce a series of such sensations in our minds, just as the products of the painter or the musician are adapted to do."

The argument is, that immaterial objects or products admit of being *accumulated* in the proper sense of the word. That the wages for example, which a master pays his labourer, and by which that labourer purchases a physician's advice or secures the protection of the government, form in reality a portion of the master's capital savings, or reproductive wealth. If this be so in the proper acceptation of the terms *wealth* and *immaterial*, it will not be difficult to perceive how much moral and intellectual capital may be accumulated and made rapidly to circulate, be consumed, and be reproduced. And here we may conveniently quote part of what is said in an advanced chapter of the

treatise concerning the encouragement which is due to intellectual products.

"We come now to a class of producers who are very generally acknowledged to have peculiar claims to encouragement, as well from the more enlightened portion of the community, as from the government. I mean that class whose products are of an intellectual or immaterial character.

"The grounds of a distinction here are, *first*, that while almost every individual may be looked upon as estimating, with sufficient accuracy, the relative advantages which the different descriptions of material wealth are capable of affording him, such is far from being the fact in respect to intellectual products. No recondite knowledge of human nature is requisite to satisfy any reflecting mind that, without the species of encouragement now adverted to, the great body of the people, even in countries where civilization exists in the highest degree to which it has yet attained, would advance very slowly, if at all, in the career of improvement. Indeed, to me it is apparent that, but for the efforts which have been made, and which will continue to be made, by the more enlightened portion of society, to diffuse the blessings of education, of morals, and of religion, as extensively as possible among their fellow-men, and made irrespective too of any previously existing demand among the latter for those blessings, mankind would degenerate into a state of hopeless barbarism.

"The *second* ground of distinction in the present case, in favour of the intellectual products which have been mentioned, is, that every individual of a nation, or of the great community of mankind, is interested in their being diffused, and, to speak technically, consumed, to the greatest practicable extent. In a country like our own especially, where the right of *suffrage* is enjoyed by almost every adult male citizen, and is exercised at comparatively short intervals, where too, in consequence, the government is under the direct control of the people, the importance of their being an educated, a moral, and a religious people, cannot be too strongly felt, and acted upon."

The interest which the whole community of a nation possesses not only in the universal prevalence of what is understood by common education, but in the existence and encouragement of academies of a higher order, such as colleges and universities, is manifest and great. Other circumstances being the same, it is well observed by Dr. Vethake, the people generally will be benefited by the existence of a numerous class of highly educated men, especially when, by the direction of certain funds, the sons of persons in the middling walks of life, and in moderate circumstances, are enabled to form a large section of this number, and when not merely the wealthy and the great can command the advantage. In such a country and state of things a taste for knowledge is sure to be created and widely propagated through the successive gradations of society, down to the lowest and the most ignorant; and the consequence cannot fail to be to elevate the character of the labourer, and thereby to augment

his command over the necessities, the luxuries, and the immaterial products of the country.

The doctrine which our author has laid down concerning wealth, immaterial accumulation, and capital, enables him to dispense with a distinction which has been very generally made between the different kinds of labour, as if it were in certain cases productive, and in others unproductive. It has been very often said that all persons engaged in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are productive, while magistrates, poets, philosophers, lawyers, clergymen, &c. are non-productive labourers; and so far the distinction is correct, if material products alone are included in the definition of wealth, although no one can maintain that the labours of a Watt and a Bolton have not, at least indirectly, been instrumental in producing more material wealth, than the labours of many thousands of agriculturists or manufacturers. But if wealth and capital are made to comprehend as well immaterial objects as material, then every species of labour which is productive of utility, whether this utility be first, so to speak, embodied in matter, or not, will be productive, and the distinction in question be made to disappear altogether. Such are some of Dr. Vethake's deductions on the subject of labour and wealth. One of the practical and moral results from this style of reasoning deserves to find a place among our few extracts.

"It may here be mentioned that a practical and moral advantage cannot fail to result from getting rid of the distinction between the productive and unproductive labourers. Mankind, instead of being separated into two classes having occupations essentially differing, and liable on this account to an interference with each other's interests, will come to be regarded as constituting one and the same great family. The political economist, by continually associating together in his investigations every species of manual or bodily labour with that of the most refined and exalted *intellect*, cannot fail to dignify the former in his estimation; while he will, on the other hand, contribute most effectually to remove from intellectual labour the *stigma* which is ordinarily implied by designating it as unproductive. If he shall succeed in banishing from the popular language such phrases as 'the productive classes' and 'the unproductive classes,' he will have done more to prevent the 'workmen' of a country from esteeming themselves to be the only *useful* portion of society, than he could possibly do by reminding his readers, every time he writes the word unproductive, that his object in applying it to any individual is not to pronounce him to be unproductive of utility, but of *material* objects having utility,—not to pronounce him to be a mere consumer of the products of the labour of others, but simply to be not employed by capital, although perhaps employed in continually conferring the most extensive benefits on his fellow-men. The definitions of technical terms, which do not accord with their popular acceptance, are very apt to be forgotten even by those who have paid some attention to the science to which those terms relate: and

hence it is no uncommon thing to see the popular acceptance usurp the place of the technical, even in professedly scientific treatises.

It is altogether out of the question that we should even attempt to mention the heads of the various parts and chapters into which our professor has divided his work. When we say that he has traversed the whole field of political economy,—has expatiated on the theory of value, on rents, wages, population, banking, taxation, government, &c., we have hinted enough to show the range of the treatise. No part of the work, perhaps, deserves a more careful perusal, than where the relief of pauperism is the theme, and where the reasoning goes to the support of these views which have been strongly recognised in various parts of the New Poor Law for England. His leading doctrines are, that the party relieved should never, in the case of the able-bodied, be rendered as comfortable as the independent labourer,—that if work is provided for him, it ought to be at inferior wages. His next prominent ground is, that relief administered to the physical wants of a pauper should, as far as practicable, be accompanied by an attempt to improve him religiously and morally. The following paragraphs relate to the subject we are now upon:—

“A question of great importance, and one on which political economists are not yet agreed, is now presented for our consideration. Shall the relief of pauperism be left entirely to the benevolence of private individuals, or is it a proper subject for legislative enactment? With some, the abuses of the poor-laws in England, together with the abuses in the public administration of charity which it is notorious have not unfrequently occurred in our own country, have induced an opinion altogether hostile to any legislation concerning pauperism. There are others, on the other hand, who mistrust the adequacy of private charity, or of charity administered by voluntary associations of individuals, to provide for all the cases of pauperism which may occur, of a nature to render it desirable that they should become the subjects of relief.

“Such a system of the poor-laws as is based on the principle of setting the able-bodied pauper to work, at wages lower than the ordinary rate, has the advantage, over a condition of things in which he is left, in the time of his utmost need, exclusively to the tender mercies of his fellow-man, in the greater certainty of finding the assistance he requires, and at the time too when he most requires it, as well as in the greater uniformity of the assistance rendered under similar circumstances of distress;—a certainty and a uniformity, as I have shewn, not all productive of injurious consequences to society; but on the contrary desirable, on the system of pauper relief in favour of which I have expressed myself, because of their beneficial effect, in preventing the labourers, who are from time to time thrown out of employment, from being, in consequence, depressed in their condition as much as they would otherwise be.

“The great difficulty of an efficient poor-law lies in its practical execution. It is to be hoped that, with the diffusion among the community of more enlightened views of political economy, and especially of the principles which should regulate our practice in relation to

alms-giving or pauper relief, properly qualified overseers of the poor will be more readily procurable than they have hitherto been. And I am, at least, not yet prepared, without farther evidence from experience, to embrace the opinion of the impracticability of every attempt, by the action of the legislature, to relieve the destitute portion of the community, so as at the same time not to affect the public welfare injuriously by the encouragement of habits of improvidence and dependence among the labourers generally.

“One advantage of a public provision based on proper principles, for the labouring poor when thrown out of employment, seems to me to be sometimes entirely overlooked. I allude to the consequent greater willingness of the poorer classes generally to acquiesce in the inequalities of fortune which unavoidably result from the maintenance of the rights of property; rights so important, in reference to the interests of both rich and poor, to be always inviolably maintained.

“After what has been delivered concerning the destitute poor who are able and willing to work, I need not dwell on the case of the infirm, the aged, and the young, who are unable to do so. Few or none who refuse to extend a helping hand to the former class would refuse it to the latter; and a large proportion of those who earnestly object to every public provision for the able-bodied poor concede, notwithstanding, the expediency of such a provision for all others.”

We wish that our author's views concerning Trades' Unions and all combinations to raise wages beyond a point at which they shall permanently remain, were weighed by the working classes everywhere fairly, and thoroughly sifted. We are sure the result of such an examination would be most salutary. He shows to our perfect conviction, if, indeed, any doubt had remained on our minds about the matter, that no permanent augmentation of the ordinary rewards of labour or rates of wages can possibly be accomplished through the instrumentality of such combinations, and that all such institutions are productive only of unmixed evil.

We have now only to add that the present volume embraces the substance of certain lectures which its author during a period of not less than fifteen years delivered in the hearing of transatlantic students, together with the result of later reflections; and that while the work reflects credit on the university to which he belongs, political economy in consequence of his treatment of the subject has put forth new claims to the character of a science, whose principles may be ascertained and elucidated to the practical wellbeing as well as the speculative exercise of mankind.

From the Monthly Review.

#### CHINA: ITS STATE AND PROSPECTS.

1.—*The Fan-Qui in China in 1836-7.* By T. C. DOWNING, Esq., M. R. C. S. Colburn.

2.—*China: its State and Prospects.* By W. H. MEDHURST, of the London Missionary Society. London: SNOW. 1838.

Chinese jealousy is proverbially and universally



spoken of; so that any glimpses which we may obtain even of the outskirts of the empire and of the people are cordially hailed, and greedily digested. Each of the present works have furnished some of these desired and welcome glimpses, although both authors have found themselves obliged to recur for a great proportion of their matter to preceding writers. We do not find fault with this in the case of China and the Chinese; for Europe deserves to be made acquainted with such a peculiar nation; and without engrafting what is recently discovered upon what is known and established, not only would anything that is really new in relation to the celestial empire be meagre in itself, but what was old would cease to occupy the advancing mind in the study of this host of mankind, and of their progress in civilization. Without further preface, therefore, we proceed to cull from the volumes before us some of the most remarkable or novel particulars which they contain.

Mr. Downing, in his medical capacity, enjoyed some peculiar opportunities for witnessing Chinese life. Indeed, Mr. Medhurst is of opinion, that medical men are in an especial degree fitted to make an impression upon this singular people, and therefore they must command advantages to which no other foreigners can generally lay claim. Still Mr. Downing seems to have had no other scope for observation than that which is furnished by the usual passage from Macao to Canton; and of this he has certainly taken the utmost advantage; for though sometimes minute to satiety, he is always sensible and lively. We must also remark that there is no people in the world of whom such an extensive and accurate judgment can be formed from a few samples as the Chinese. They possess one literature, although they may not speak one and the same dialect. Their institutions, opinions, and manners are uniform; so that if we obtain access to one family, it may be said that we behold the whole of their enormous population.

Mr. Downing gives us a graphic and picturesque description of Chinese scenery as beheld in the neighbourhood of the Bocca Tigris, a river which for a considerable distance maintains the breadth of the Thames at Westminster, although it sometimes spreads out where the banks are low, occasionally, in fact, overflowing the surrounding country. At some distance from the Tigris are long ranges of broken and irregular hills, over the tops of which and in the interstices, are seen flats of green and fruitful land. Pagodas are planted on every remarkable eminence, the lower flats being at times complete swamps, or when the rice is in the blade forming a large green meadow resembling an American Prairie. Small villages and humble roofs also stud the landscape, which are apt to suggest the idea of English rural retreats. Our author proceeds—

"As you look around, you often notice something

moving above the paddy, and you feel some little curiosity to know what strange animal it represents; but, after a while, you see it emerge from one of the little creeks, and ascertain that it is the top of the mat-sail belonging to a small boat, which has been wandering far away inland." \* \* \* "The plot of life thickens the further you proceed. The meagre, squalid families of the fishermen give place to the cultivators of the soil, who appear much more robust and healthy. Large duck-boats line the banks of the river, and their feathered inhabitants are seen wandering among the surrounding paddy, watched and protected by their solemn masters. Males and females of the lower orders ramble up and down in the mud with their trousers tucked up above the knees. As they stalk along in this manner, thrusting the leg up to the part where it is covered, into the mud, and every now and then drawing it out and putting the hand to the foot, you are at a loss to imagine what they are about. They are searching for prawns and shrimps, and other small fish, and, when they have discovered them, they seize them under the mud, between the great toe and the one next to it, and then bring them to the surface, when they are deposited in a small bag which is carried at the waist. This is one of the many instances where the foot is used with the same dexterity, and answers all the purposes of a third hand. Boats are paddled about in all directions by men employed in catching wild geese, while large junks and river craft traverse up and down, and are of every variety of colour and employment. Mixed with this motley crowd, is seen the majestic Indiaman, with the British ensign floating proudly from the peak, slowly moving under a tower of canvass, and perhaps exchanging signals with a Spaniard, a Dutchman, or an American, the upper part of which is seen over a spit of land in the reach below."

It must indeed be a motley crowd that presents itself on the face of the waters, to such an observer as our author, as the approach is made to Whampoa. Think of a people who are not so prejudiced as to consider man a terrene animal, thousands of them having been borne on the water, and who regard going on shore in the light of a cruise. Boats about twenty feet long, and of a proportionable breadth, called wash-boats, swarm on all hands. They are miserably fitted up, their inhabitants, however, being good-natured smiling girls, who make their living by washing the clothes of sailors and petty officers. Other parties and persons following other callings live upon the water, in their habits resembling amphibious creatures. Thus a mother may be seen sitting at needle-work in a boat, quietly looking on, while a child of five or six years is swimming around the vessel, and another not able to walk is scrambling on all-fours about the little deck, and of course liable at every turn to fall overboard. But the danger after all is not imminent, for an air-tight or buoyant article is fastened at the back of the shoulders of the new-born infant, which it wears until able to take care of itself; so that when it chances to tumble into the watery element the mother has nothing more to do than to fish it out again.

Since we are upon the subject of amphibious beings,



an extract will add to our knowledge of certain varieties belonging to a sort of floating habitation, to which some allusion in a foregoing passage has been made.

"The duck boats are certainly to be ranked among the curious singularities of the Chinese. They are large and roomy, with a broad walk extending round the covered parts a little above the surface of the water. If the Irishman may be said to give the best side of the fire to his pig because he pays the rent, surely the Chinaman may with equal propriety give the best part of his house to the accommodation of the ducks. They have the large apartments at the after part of the boat, while the man with his family exists in a miserable hovel at the head. With which society to associate, it would require some little hesitation to decide; but perhaps the ducks would have the preference. In the morning, the doors are opened, and the birds wander round the house at their pleasure. When the sun is high, large inclined planes are let down at the sides of the boat; one towards the land, and the other towards the water. Up and down these steps the feathered bipeds travel at their pleasure and take a cruise on land or water, but are prevented from proceeding too far by their anxious overseers. When it is time to retire the man gives a whistle, and at the sound every bird returns, and waddles back again into his warm, comfortable berth. When they are all on board, the stairs are hoisted to the horizontal position by means of a long bamboo lever, and everything is then made secure for the night. The proprietor of one of these boats is able to gain a livelihood by the care of these birds, which he watches with somewhat of the same kind of parental fondness as a hen over a brood of young ducklings just emerged from the shell."

We may observe, while abiding on the Tigris, that although our author admits the battle of the Bogue, which was fought when the *Andromache* and *Imogen* forced the passage, to have been a gallant affair, he nevertheless attributes a good deal of its success to the want of skill and the neglect of the Chinese. He says, though their batteries are numerous and extensive, as well as judiciously situated, and the metal heavy, promising destruction to all who should in a hostile manner come within their reach, still the heavy guns being altogether immovable, and fixed in the stone sockets of the ramparts, are necessarily unfitted to contend with the masters of the sea. Besides, the Chinese are neither a warlike people nor accustomed to such sharp practice as has been more than once employed to their cost by the English.

But while the *celestials* are neither pugnacious nor brave, they may teach boastful Europeans a mastery in certain exploits which at least argue something like a philosophy, where contentment and fertility in the discovery of resources are eminently displayed. Much has been said of their industry, their methodical works, their agricultural skill, &c.; but their economy in the use of articles for food is not less remarkable. At a pinch nothing comes amiss, for they have the most accommodating stomachs imaginable. Every thing ani-

mal, from the hide to the entrails—and almost every thing vegetable, from the leaves to the roots, is made available to the support of life; and even some parts of the mineral kingdom are laid under requisition for this important purpose. Accordingly dogs afford a meal that is not regarded as undainty. Mr. Downing is minute on this subject. He states, that

"The flesh is hung up in the markets in the same manner as that of the sheep with us, and is sold by weight. The young puppies, esteemed a delicacy in the same way as lambs are in Europe, are brought for sale in cages or baskets, carried at the ends of a bamboo on the shoulders. These little animals are very pretty, with the wool often of a beautiful white colour, and, if we could reconcile ourselves to the idea of eating their species at all, these would be the first morsels which we should feel inclined to swallow. The young ladies of the Celestial Empire make pets of the handsomer kinds of cat, so that they are often found to be in the houses of the rich. The poorer people cannot afford to keep these expensive luxuries, and, therefore, their flesh is a general article of consumption. When it is well fed, it is even considered superior to that of the dogs, and is to be seen, occasionally, upon the tables of the opulent. A small species of wild cat is sometimes caught in the southern provinces, and is brought to market as a great dainty. It is considered game, and none but the rich can afford to eat it. Rats and mice are confined almost exclusively to the very poorest people. The former are often seen in long rows, skinned and otherwise prepared, and hung up by dozens, with a small piece of wood passed across from one hind leg to another. At Whampoa, these little animals are eagerly sought after by those in the boats, whenever they are caught on board the ships. Their bite seems to be utterly disregarded, as I have seen a rat fastened with a string tied to the hind leg, to the top of one of the covers of a boat, to form the plaything of a little boy or girl. Whenever the captive wretch had got to the end of the tether, the little urchin has taken it up with the greatest nonchalance by the poll of the neck, and put it into its place again. The way of catching the large water-rat is so peculiarly Chinese, that it deserves to be mentioned. These animals live in holes under the excavated banks of streams, and from thence sally forth into the water. The rat-catcher proceeds in the darkness of the night to the spot, and places one of his showy lanterns immediately before the hole. When the rat comes out to see what is the matter, he is so astonished and dazzled with the light that he becomes motionless, and then the Chinaman is enabled to capture him with ease."

We have only to remark before closing Mr. Downing's volumes and his statement regarding the uses to which the Chinese, on an emergency, devote their dogs, cats, and rats, that the first mentioned of these creatures, like their brethren in other countries, exhibit on certain occasions, a wonderful sagacity,—that they entertain an irreconcilable ill-will towards their professional slaughterers,—and that the butchers in Canton find it necessary to carry about with them, whenever they go abroad, defensive weapons to keep off the canine breed, which are ever ready to make an attack

in revenge for the wrongs done to their race, by their destroyers for the shambles. So much for an instinctive or hereditary principle.

More than half of Mr. Medhurst's goodly octavo consists of an abridgment, a spirited one we admit, of what former authors and travellers have given to the world. The compilation, however, is interspersed with many original observations and conclusions, which are striking and appropriate. While he treats of the social, political, literary, and statistical condition and relations of the people of China, he points every portion of his information in such a manner as to bear upon their religious prospects and conversion to Christianity as becomes a writer engaged in the great missionary cause;—a cause in which he has laboured for the benefit of China, since the year 1816. Before proceeding to notice some of the facts contained in the more original part of the volume, viz: that which presents a narrative of a voyage along the north-east coast of China performed by the author in 1835,—we shall call attention to a few more remarkable statements, in a missionary sense, to be found in his introductory account of the general state of the country.

Mr. Medhurst inclines to receive the highest estimate that has been given of the Chinese population, rating it at 361,221,900; that is, the population of China Proper, besides upwards of a million for the inhabitants of Formosa, and the various tribes of Chinese Tartary, under the sway of the emperor of China. Now, as he puts it, if this be anything like an accurate calculation, if there be so many millions huddled together under one despotic monarch, amounting to one-third of the human race, bound under one heathenish spell, what a field is here for benevolent enterprise! Well may he exclaim,

“Where shall we begin, or where can we hope to end the Herculean task? And what proportion do our present means and efforts bear to the end in view? Some score of individuals, is all that the churches of England and America now devote to the conversion of China—one thousand persons are thereby brought under instruction, and not more than ten converted every year. This is a very small proportion, and protracted will be the period, ere we can expect at such a rate to succeed. Could we bring one thousand individuals under instruction every day, and give them only a day's teaching each, it would take one thousand years to bring all the population of China thus under the sound of the Gospel; and if even ten of these separate thousands were every day converted to God, it would require one hundred thousand years to make all these mighty hosts savingly acquainted with divine truth. This is a startling view of the matter, but a more affecting consideration still, is, that the ranks of heathenism are increasing at a thousand fold greater ratio, than we can expect, by such a system of proselyting, to thin them. For, even allowing an increase of only one per cent. per annum, on the whole population, we shall find that they are thus adding three and a half millions,

yearly, to their number; so that according to our most sanguine calculations, the heathen would multiply faster than they could be brought over to Christianity. Besides which, while we are thus aiming to rescue a few, the many are still perishing for lack of knowledge.”

This is a disheartening picture, and if no relieving circumstance appeared, if no faith existed in favour of universal civilization and political freedom, no reliance on the testimony of Scriptural Prophecy, here is more than sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, and quench all the ardour of the most energetic philanthropist. But there are grounds of hope and encouragement; and we like the manner in which our author has contrasted them with his alarming portraiture. For example, he draws some consolation from the very multitude and density of the population. He considers the people as a whole, and as we before remarked, as accustomed to one mode of thinking, and subject to the same prejudices; so that the arguments and means of enlightenment and conversion which may be effectually applied to one person, one family, one section of the people, may be hopefully applied to the whole. Think how much may be hoped for from the single circumstance that the Chinese universally understand one mode of writing, one written language. But this is not all. What if, in the Providence of God, Christian Missionaries should come to be tolerated by a *fiat* of the government, what if a host of these indefatigable and zealous men should traverse the length and breadth of the land! Nay, to adopt the precise words of Mr. Medhurst, “it is not impossible that a remonstrance drawn up by Christian missionaries, may reach ‘the dragon throne;’ or that a devoted and zealous preacher of the Gospel should be introduced to court, and plead the cause of Christianity in the imperial ear.”

These, it may be said, are extravagant and unwarrantable hopes. But listen (we are not speaking to those who implicitly believe in Revelation, its promises and predictions,) and learn what really has been done. We do not go so far back as the seventh century, during which Mosheim informs us, the Nestorians established several churches in China. We come down to the Catholic mission, which commenced in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and to the successors of Xavier, a man, who after the most arduous labours for the conversion of other nations in the East, was most desirous to make an impression upon China; for he reckoned that he had done nothing, in converting multitudes in India, while the celestial empire was unattempted. But death interrupted his personal exertions ere he was able to enter upon this enterprise. Other Catholic labourers, however, arose.

“In 1579, M. Rogier, an Italian Jesuit, arrived in China, where he was soon joined by Matthew Ricci. These devoted themselves to the study of the Chinese

language, and made some proficiency in it. A dispute having arisen between the Chinese and the Portuguese, Rugiero was sent to negotiate, when he requested to be allowed to settle in Canton; and, after some delay, he and his fellow missionary got introduced to Chaou-king-foo, then the capital city of the province. Here they were obliged to act with great caution; as the Chinese, having heard of the conquests of the Spaniards and Portuguese, were exceedingly jealous of strangers. The affability and talents of Ricci, however, soon gained them friends. The literati admired their doctrines, so far as they agreed with Confucius, and admitted the propriety of worshipping the Lord of Heaven, but objected to the mysteries of the Christian faith; while the prohibition of polygamy, and the vow of celibacy, were still more offensive to them. They accused the strangers of neglecting their deceased parents, and of not worshipping Confucius, while they paid too much deference to Jesus. The arguments and ridicule of their opponents, however, did not dishearten these zealous men; who, by their knowledge of the sciences, were enabled to instruct and interest the people. Converts were soon made, and a church formed, over which Ricci presided for about seven years; when he was obliged to quit the provincial city, and repair to Chaou-chow-foo, about one hundred miles to the north of Canton. Here he changed his dress, from that of a Buddhist priest, which he had formerly assumed, to that of the literati, which brought him more respect and consideration.

"Having been successful in various parts of the Canton province, he burned with a desire to preach the Gospel in the capital: and, attaching himself to the retinue of a mandarin, travelled with him to Nanking. He soon attracted attention by his discourses on science and religion, and even gained the favour of the superior authorities. Encouraged by this reception, and having received some valuable presents from Europe, he resolved to make his way to the emperor. At court, his presents were received, and his person honoured; a house was assigned him, and he was taken into the service of the state, A.D. 1601."

Ricci having now obtained an advantageous footing, began to diffuse his doctrines, and in a few years converted several persons of distinction; among whom was a mandarin of great talents and influence. This mandarin even defended the Christian scheme and cause in presence of the emperor. Several missionaries joined Ricci, and at Peking the number of converts daily increased. Various successes attended the efforts of these exemplary and resolute men, as well as their successors. The Christians were sometimes persecuted, sometimes encouraged and protected by the supreme power. Their knowledge in the mathematics and other branches of learning operated strongly in their favour. Some of the emperors conversed with the fathers on the subject of religion; others felt deeply indebted to them for their skill in medicine and science.

About the year 1666 the Catholic missionaries in China had much to contend against.

"About this time a learned man, named Yang Kwangseen, published a book against the missionaries.

He accused them of forming a conspiracy to overturn the government; in order to aid which, he said, they had introduced a great number of strangers into the empire, and had secured to themselves whole hosts of adherents, who were prepared to aid them in their sinister designs. 'In teaching,' continued he, 'that all mankind descended from Adam, they wish to infer that our princes came originally from Europe, and their countrymen, as the elder born, have a right to our monarchy.' And then, producing the sign of the cross, he exclaimed, 'Behold the God of the Europeans, nailed to a cross, for having attempted to make himself King of the Jews; and this is the God they invoke, to favour their design of making themselves masters of China.' These sage reasonings had the desired effect with the four regents, who ordered the missionaries to be loaded with chains, and dragged before the tribunals, A.D. 1665. The members of these tribunals declared, 'that Schaal and his associates merited the punishment of seducers, who announce to the people a false and pernicious doctrine.' After having been threatened with death, they were set at liberty; but the venerable Schaal sunk under his trials, and died A.D. 1666, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

"In addition to these troubles at Peking, the missionaries throughout the provinces were arrested, and three Dominicans, one Franciscan, and twenty-one Jesuits were banished to Canton. Four were still retained at court, who kept together the flock of professing Christians; until Kang-he, coming of age, found the calendar in such disorder, that he recommitting it to the hands of Verbiest, and reinstated him in his former office; thereby affording him an opportunity of promoting the interests of his church at Peking. Finding that the emperor was disposed to redress any grievances which had occurred during his minority, Verbiest presented a memorial, praying for the recall of his brethren; which, after some difficulty, was acceded to."

In 1671, the missionaries were put in possession of their churches, but forbidden to make converts of the natives. Notwithstanding this edict, in this same year, 20,000 Chinese were baptized. The emperor of the time even studied the elements of Euclid under one of the fathers, who succeeded in his endeavour to gain the monarch's toleration for Christianity; for though he did not embrace, he desired that no one should vilify, the Gospel.

"Verblest now rose in favour of the emperor, and accompanied him in his journeys to Tartary. The mandarins, also, encouraged by the example of the court, favoured the missionaries in all parts of the empire; and nothing seemed wanting, but an accession of labourers, to bring both China, Corea, and Tartary to the profession of Christianity: in conformity with Xavier's observation, that 'if China embraced the Gospel, all the neighbouring nations would soon demolish their idols, and adopt the Christian religion.'

"Encouraged by the openings which presented themselves, Louis XIV. king of France, resolved to send a mission to China; and having selected a number of Jesuits, well skilled in the mathematics, he sent them with honours and pensions on this important mission. Among the rest, was De Fontaney, professor of mathematics in the king's college; with Gerbillon, Bouvet, and Le Comte, afterwards celebrated for their labours



in the east. They went first to Siam, and from thence proceeded, in a Chinese junk, to Ning-po, on the coast of China. The mandarins at that port received them with politeness; but the viceroy declared it unlawful for native vessels to bring Europeans to China, and threatened to send the missionaries back, and confiscate both ship and cargo. Verbiest, on hearing of this, memorialized the emperor, representing that they were men skilled in the sciences, and his brethren. To which the emperor replied, 'men of that character must not be expelled my dominions. Let them all come to my court: those who understand the mathematics, shall remain about my person: the others may dispose of themselves in the provinces, as they think fit. On the receipt of this order, the viceroy was obliged to send those men to the capital with honour, whom he had intended to expel with disgrace.'

We shall not trace, even in outline, the several fortunes which have characterized the history of Catholic missions in China down to this day. It must suffice, when we state, that certain differences which arose between themselves proved injurious to the common cause—that even now there are many thousands of professed Catholics among the natives of the empire, (in Peking alone, says our author, there are twenty-six thousand, over whom two French priests preside,)—and that when the rulers do not suspect the presence of Europeans, they are very indulgent to the native Christians,—their jealousy being rather excited in regard to European influence and encroachment, than the peculiarities of the Christian religion. Indeed our author thinks that should the Catholics succeed in forming a native clergy, competent to discharge the duties of their office, their cause may rally; and altogether, considering his creed, Mr. Medhurst is a liberal interpreter and narrator. In justice to his consistency, however, in matters of religious faith, and as is due to those who patronise his exertions, or have any connection with "The London Missionary Society," whose servant he is, we quote his concluding observations with regard to the body of Christians who have so long laboured in behalf of the Chinese.

"On the whole we may conclude, that the Romish missionaries, from first to last, have been rather solicitous about the quantity, than the quality, of their success; while they have displayed a spirit of timeserving compliance with the prejudices of the heathen, and failed to exhibit Christianity in its most inviting form to the nations. Had they succeeded in establishing their religion throughout China, we question whether, from their known bigotry, they would not have presented insurmountable obstacles to the efforts of protestant labourers. If anything earthly could have contributed to success, they had certainly the fairest opportunity of realizing their object; the power of numbers, the influence of wealth, the patronage of Christian kings, the attractions of a showy worship, and high scientific attainments, all promised fair for the accomplishment of their design. They have, however, partially failed; and, in their failure, read us a

lesson, not to make flesh our arm, but to trust in the living God, who worketh all things according to the counsel of his own will. At the same time, we are not to be discouraged by their repulse: the laws which proscribe them, do not necessarily affect us: some of their practices, against which the Chinese excepted, we shall not imitate; such as the celibacy of the clergy, and the cloistering of women; the interference of a foreign potentate, with the authority of the emperor, will not be promoted by us; the Scriptures will be made the standard of judgment, and reason and conscience alone appealed to. Instead of beginning from the top of society, we propose commencing from the bottom; and aim to influence, first, the extremities, and then the heart of the empire. With the love of Christ for our motive, and the salvation of souls for our end; employing Christian benevolence, and Christian intelligence, as the means; and depending simply and solely on God for his blessing, we hope and believe, that though slow, our work will be sure, and finally effectual."

We offer no opinion upon this statement, but would have those who may sneer at the idea of converting the Chinese to a belief in the Christian religion, as being most chimerical, to remember that not only what has happened may happen again, but that in so far as human efforts go, the experience, the failures, if you will, of the past, may indicate a sure and certain method of procedure for the future.

It would be wrong while upon this part of our author's work to overlook a circumstance from which he draws encouragement, but which at first sight presents nothing but grounds for despair. We have seen how he takes comfort even from the immense multitude of people that inhabit the Chinese empire, in reference to the conversion of the whole. But what shall be said to the constant and prodigious increase of the people in the meanwhile; an increase that may be thought to proceed at a pace which no missionary exertions can ever be expected to overtake! Let our author be heard on this point.

"It has been before observed, that China, partly by additions to the number enrolled, and partly by the preponderance of births over deaths, has doubled its population several times during the last century. Such has been the rapidity and extent of the increase, that all the waste lands, within the empire, capable of cultivation, have been occupied; and the surplus population, unable to gain a subsistence at home, have been compelled to emigrate by thousands every year, to the islands and countries around. Now, the number of inhabitants is still increasing, and the Chinese in spite of their exclusive and restrictive system are bursting forth on every side, and, without our asking it, are coming in contact with Christians, and seeking shelter under European governments, where missionaries may labour unimpeded and unprohibited among them. If the same causes continue to operate, without any counteracting influence, there seems nothing to prevent the Chinese from crowding into the British possessions in Hindostan, and, under the mild and just sway of our Indian rulers, multiplying still more fast and plentifully than they have done in their own country. They



have already their hundreds of thousands in Siam, and will soon occupy Birmah, Pegu, and Assam. They have long colonized the islands of the Malayan archipelago, and what should hinder them from pushing on to New Holland, where millions of acres await their assiduous and energetic cultivation; while the extensive and fertile regions of New Guinea and New Ireland lie still more contiguous to their mother country. A nation increasing as does the Chinese, cannot be long confined within narrow bounds, and restriction with them is impossible. Imperial edicts are already weak and inefficient, but will soon be flung to the winds. Hunger cannot be controlled, and necessity knows no law. Let but another age roll by, and China double her population once more, and her very increase will break down her political barriers, and bring her myriads in contact with the Christian world. Let vigorous measures be taken for the thorough instruction of the Chinese emigrants, and, while coming adventurers get an acquaintance with the truth, returning individuals will carry with them what they have learned; and thus, within and without the limits of the empire, all will gradually be evangelized. The multiplication of their numbers, therefore, viewed in this light, presents an encouraging aspect, and would lead us to anticipate the period as not far distant, when China shall stretch out her hands unto God."

It is not necessary that we should give any sketch of the progress of Protestant missions in the East and in China. All who take an interest in the subject will look for information elsewhere—in Mr. Medhurst's volume among others. One great general principle professed by the Protestants is to win their way to the confidence of the people by deeds of benevolence and humble assiduities,—medical efforts among the rest; whereas the Catholics are said to have trusted mainly to their scientific triumphs. The following paragraphs may be added as a general account of what the Protestants have done, and of what they long to do.

"Protestant missionaries, in their attempts to operate on China, limited their efforts, for a quarter of a century, to those parts where Europeans generally reside, or where the British and Dutch governments afforded protection. Considering themselves excluded from the interior of the empire, and finding a host of Chinese emigrants in the various countries of the Malayan archipelago, they aimed first to enlighten these, with the hope, that if properly instructed and influenced, they would, on their return to their native land, carry with them the Gospel they had learned, and spread it among their countrymen. With this view, our brethren established themselves in the various colonies around China, studied the language, set up schools and seminaries, wrote and printed books, conversed extensively with the people, and tried to collect congregations, to whom they might preach the word of life. Since the commencement of their missions, they have translated the holy Scriptures, and printed two thousand complete Bibles, ten thousand Testaments, thirty thousand separate books of Scripture, and upwards of half a million of tracts in the Chinese language; besides four thousand Testaments, and one hundred and fifty thousand tracts in the languages of the Malayan archipelago, comprising up-

wards of eight thousand leaves of new matter, and twenty millions of printed pages. About ten thousand children have passed through the mission schools; nearly one hundred persons have been baptized, and several native preachers raised up, one of whom has proclaimed the Gospel to his countrymen in the interior of the empire, and endured persecution for the sake of Jesus. Such a result cannot but be gratifying to the friends of missions, and on a review of it, the labourers employed would 'thank God and take courage.'

"But all this is far from satisfying the desires of the ardent missionary, or from accomplishing the object for which he went forth. Whatever be done in the colonies, the friends of China cannot be content until some impression be made upon the mother country; and as the emigrants are but a sprinkling compared with the bulk of the population, so the converts from among the colonists bear but a small proportion to the salvation of the whole empire."

An effort was made by Mr. Medhurst in 1835 to further these great ends. After much difficulty to procure a vessel that had at the time no connection with the opium trade or any disreputable purpose, so as to compromise a missionary's character, an American brig, the *Huron*, was hired for several months, for the north-east coast voyage. Trade was in no respect the object of the trip, but the distribution of religious books, tracts, and portions of Scripture in the Chinese language, which had been printed at Batavia, Malacca, and Canton. A Mr. Stevens, seaman's chaplain at Whampoa, was our author's companion and coadjutor. The voyage extended from Canton to Shan-tung. A few extracts will sufficiently indicate the mode of procedure adopted by the missionaries on this occasion, their manner of reception, and the success which attended them.

"Having observed the inhabitants of Lew-kung-taou very busy, in sending off ten or a dozen boats towards the town of Wei-hae, all of them full of people, and apparently of valuables, as though they apprehended us to be marauders or desperadoes, we thought it best to undeceive them; and, notwithstanding the heavy rain, we went on shore in the afternoon. On arriving at the beach, most of the people ran up into the village, but a few of the more robust and daring, stood their ground. This was a critical moment, and the feelings of both parties were, perhaps, a little agitated. Not having set foot on this part of China before, we did not know how the natives would receive us. Much had been said about the hazard of landing at any other place except Canton; and insult, imprisonment, and death, were predicted as the consequences of such a step. The natives, on their part, did not know who or what we were; and apprehended the most fearful things, when they saw 'the fierce barbarians' coming amongst them. Stepping ashore, however, we saluted them in their own tongue, to which they cheerfully responded, and a little acquaintance with each other, soon taught both parties to lay aside their suspicions.

"After asking the name of the place, and introducing our object, we went forward, through some cultivated fields, to the village; at the entrance of which, men, women, and children stood to receive us. They re-

turned our salutations in a cheerful manner, and led the way into a house. This was a poor, mean dwelling, half full of Barbadoes millet, which appeared to be, with them, the staff of life. One end of the chief apartment was occupied by a sort of raised platform, which served the inhabitants for table, chair, bed-place, and oven; upon this we sat down, to converse with the natives, who soon filled the house. On opening the basket of books, we found that few, if any, could read, and only one individual accepted of a volume. They were, however, very civil; and conversed familiarly, for some time. Among other things, they asked, whether our vessel was the same that had visited their island, twenty years ago, alluding to Lord Amherst's embassy; or whether we were connected with two vessels which had more recently entered their harbour, for the purpose of distributing books. They asked how many hands we had on board; and were surprised to hear, that the whole ship's company amounted to no more than fifteen persons, saying that we should never be able to get our anchor up with such a small complement of men. We invited them to come on board and see; and receiving a present of a few fresh vegetables, we returned to the ship."

The above allusion to Lord Amherst's embassy and other circumstances mentioned by Mr. Medhurst, show that the communication between one part and all others of the empire is constant and accurate.

Our author and his friend distributed their books in armfuls; sometimes the people unceremoniously helped themselves. But the general character of this eager demand requires to be explained.

"Their anxiety to obtain books, however, must not in the least be ascribed to any knowledge of, or relish for, their contents; but merely to an eager curiosity, to get possession of something that came from abroad, and an insatiable cupidity, to obtain what was to be had for nothing. After having supplied them liberally, we stood up in the midst of the threshing floor, and with a loud voice, proclaimed the news of salvation to the listening throng. We told them of God's pity to mankind, in sending his own Son to save our sinful race, and detailed to them the relation of the birth, life, death, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour; in obedience to whose command we were come, to testify the glad tidings of great joy in their ears. One man, who had listened attentively, exclaimed, 'Oh! you are come to propagate religion?' Just so, we replied, and happy will you be if you receive it."

The mandarins were uniformly most unwilling that the missionaries should penetrate to any distance the celestial territory, although the common people did not in general side with these functionaries. Indeed, the authorities for the most part would have kept the Christians to their brig, where they were very willing to hold a confabulation; and we wonder that their obvious power was not forcibly exercised. The mandarins, however, are cowards,—

"On our arrival, we found that the mandarins had been to pay us a visit, in two junks, bringing with them about one hundred men. As there were only eight hands in the vessel, the mate was disinclined to receive them, and intimated that the captain was not on board;

but they appeared so friendly, that he allowed them to come upon deck. They expressed their surprise at everything they saw, went down into the cabin, and even looked into the hold at the books and rice. The mate then fired a six-pounder, to call us on board; they were unwilling, however, that he should make the signal and begged him not to fire, lest the gun should burst; while one of them, a naval captain, actually made haste over the side of the vessel, in order to avoid the explosion. Finding that books were to be procured, they asked for some, and took about fifty volumes away with them. After waiting for us hours, they departed, highly pleased with what they had seen."

It appears that our author and his companion bore themselves with singular composure, firmness, and dignity, when a word, one might imagine, would have silenced them for ever. But the Chinese are far advanced in certain forms of civilization, and they also know too well their interest wantonly to abuse British "barbarians." Still Mr. Medhurst was acting in known defiance of the laws of the empire, and we suspect, in similar circumstances, he would not have been so leniently dealt with in some countries nearer home.

"On our arrival, we were met by two native officers, who said that we must return on board, till the mandarins arrived from the vessel, when they would introduce us to the general of the district. We objected, that we could not remain in the boat during the rain, and urged that the least they could do was to afford us a place of shelter. So saying, we moved on towards the custom-house, accompanied by a dense crowd, who strove on all sides to get a sight of us. Arrived at the office, we were invited to sit down, and the multitude pressed eagerly round to see the strangers. As they increased in numbers and eagerness, the police officers became exceedingly free with brooms, sticks, and whips, which they laid most profusely on the heads and shoulders of the people; hallooing and scolding, and throwing handfuls of sand in their eyes, in order to keep them at a moderate distance from the building. We observed, however, that they never offered to strike or push any of the Füh-keen sailors, who seemed to carry themselves with an air of independence, and would not be turned aside from the front of the door. Seeing this, we got up and spoke to them in their own dialect, and enlarged on the doctrines of the Gospel; to which they listened attentively, and by which they were induced to receive our publications.

"Some inferior officers gathering around, we spoke to them as long as they would listen, and employed the time as profitably as we could, while the mandarins were making arrangements for our reception.

"At length after waiting for several hours, we informed 'Tae-jaou-yay, that unless we were speedily introduced to the general, we must return on board, as the day was fast drawing to a close. He said, that we might be introduced immediately, but he wished first to know, what ceremonies we meant to observe on seeing such a great officer. Their custom, he continued, was to kneel down, and knock the head against the ground, on coming into the presence of superiors, and he desired to be informed whether we would do the same. We told him, that we were not in the habit of prostrating ourselves before our fellow mortals, but that we were willing to pay the same deference to Chinese mandarins of

high rank, as we did to our own superior officers. 'Well,' said he, 'I will speak to the general, and try to arrange that matter for you.' 'But further,' we observed, 'when the ceremony of introduction is over, we expect to be allowed to sit down in the presence of the general, otherwise we beg leave to decline the conference.' 'This also,' said he, 'shall be arranged to your satisfaction:' and with this assurance, we proceeded to the temple, where the great officers were sitting."

We discover great acuteness and eagerness for information in the questions and answers which Mr. Medhurst records as having been elicited in the course of his conversation with the Chinese. We can only give one example.

"Amongst other enquiries, they wished to know whence Mr. Stevens came; and, being told that he belonged to New England, they enquired whether there was a new, as well as an old England? which led us to observe, that there was a new, as well as old world, which was not known to the inhabitants of Europe till within the last four hundred years. After the first discovery, we added, it was soon peopled: and England, at that time, having a surplus population, multitudes emigrated, and formed the country of New England. They then asked, under what sort of government this new country was, and who was king over it? We said, 'they had no king, but were ruled by two great assemblies, at the head of which was a president; all of them chosen by the people, and re-elected after a certain term.' They asked, 'what became of the old president, on his going out of office?' and, on being told that he became a common man, they wondered greatly; and could not conceive how he could be restrained from exciting rebellion, and employing the power he so lately wielded, in raising up a party in his own favour. In this, they reasoned from what frequently takes place in their own country, to what might happen in other regions. With them, a man once in power, aims to be always in power, and is never content with a private station, after having held the reins of government. Hence, when an individual is deprived of the supreme authority, his antagonist never considers himself safe, till the previous ruler is put out of the world, and his whole race extirpated; lest some distant member of the fallen house, actuated by ambition or revenge, should aim at the re-establishment of the dynasty or perish in the attempt to gratify his vengeful feelings. They then wanted to know, where the author had met with Mr. Stevens, and how an old Englander could so readily agree with a new Englander. We said that Christians were bound to each other by the peculiar tie of religion, irrespective of country; and being actuated by liberal views, were more likely to combine, in the prosecution of a sacred object, than others, in whom selfishness was the reigning principle."

Such are a few of the notices and recollections out of many more equally curious which our author has published in relation to his voyage. Whether any new ground has been advantageously broken in the course of his trip, whether any seed shall be sown by means of the books so plentifully scattered, it is not for us to say. One thing seems certain, and has been verified in many other cases, viz. that without means being used honestly, patiently, and earnestly, the work of

conversion will not commence. It is also equally reasonable to expect that where such a commencement is realized, the beginnings will be small. That Mr. Medhurst is an able and zealous servant in the cause cannot be doubted; and his book furnishes one among many instances where piety, chivalrous enterprise, knowledge, and literary skill, have all united to adorn and dignify the character of the Christian missionary.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### CHRISTOPHER IN HIS CAVE.

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die!" So saith Wordsworth, while "his heart rejoiced in nature's joy," as saith Burns—and in these few syllables you feel how happy at the time were both poets. But not happier than you and we have often been and are now, though poets we may not be truly called, except according to the sense in which all human beings are poets who love dearly their mother earth. And are you sure you understand the feeling in Wordsworth's beautiful line? Is it that the day itself is too divine to die, and that the sun will never bring himself to set on it; or that the memory of it must needs be immortal?

Alas! how many heavenly days "seeming immortal in their depth of rest" have died and been forgotten! Treacherous and ungrateful is our memory even of bliss that overflowed our being as light our habitation. Our spirit's deepest intercommunion with nature has no place in her records—blanks are there that ought to have been painted with imperishable imagery, and steeped in sentiment fresh as the morning on life's golden hills. Yet there is mercy in this dispensation—for who can bear to behold the light of bliss arising from the past on the ghastlier gloom of present misery? The phantoms that will not come when we call on them to comfort us, are too often at our side when in our anguish we could almost pray that they might be reburied in oblivion. Such hauntings as these are not as if they were visionary—they come and go like forms and shapes still imbued with life. Shall we vainly stretch out our arms to embrace and hold them fast, or as vainly seek to entrench ourselves by thoughts of this world against their visitation? The soul in its sickness knows not whether it be the duty of love to resign itself to indifference or to despair. Shall it enjoy life, they being dead! Shall the survivors, for yet a little while, walk in other companionship out into the day, and let the sunbeams settle on their heads as they used to do, or cover them with dust and ashes, and show to those in heaven that love for them is now to be expressed by remorse and penitence!

Christopher in his Cave! and he makes, we assure you, a very pretty hermit. Our beard is not so long



as that goat's hanging on the cliff. In Christian countries, Recluses shave, and are attentive to their toilet. We even wear not spectacles, for we have come to enjoy the haze our decaying eyesight gives to all objects in nature, nor envy yours, but bless it, that sees them for ever effulgent. World-sick? Yea, streets are not the channels of the streams we love, whose flowings are in the soul. Earth-sick? Nay—filial shall we be to the last—and bless her as she takes us back into her bosom. Life-sick? Oh! say it not—for God is good—and grief gracious; and sorrow consecrates the path of fading and faded flowers—yet some among them, O woe! and bliss is me! brighter so help us heaven than ever—that leadeth to the grave.

What volume is this, annual-like in its primrose-coloured boards, if boards they be, so delicate in their seeming, and with lily-leaves that look as if they were fragrant—and fragrant must they be, if ever breathed over have they been by the lips of her who placed them for the perusal of Christopher in his Cave. "POEMS OF MANY YEARS by Richard Monkton Milnes;" the name is not unfamiliar, nor yet is it familiar to our ear—thirty years ago and upwards we heard a man of the name of Milnes speak in Parliament in surpassing style—this may not be the same—no—no—for he, if extant, must be as ancient as ourselves—and poetry may flow into—but not out of the heart of one who is half-way-down the hill of life. "Tis his son!" Ha! what voice gave that whisper! Wast thine, thou wrestless wren, that fifty times at least within these two or three hours we have been sitting here, hast been borne leaf-like out and in our Cave, and only now been perceived by us to have all the while been occupied—in bringing food to a voracious nestful that will soon exchange the twilight of this cave for that of the umbrage of the many-gladed woods!

Time was we pounced on a book the instant we saw it on the board, like osprey on fish showing its back upon the billow—with a clutch as sure, and maw as ravenous—shrieking over it as we tore it piece-meal. In our sacred hunger no bones of a book made we then—we swallowed it guts and all—and, lighter from the repast, upsoared in circles, and then shot straight as an arrow, "to prey in distant isles." Now we leisurely alight beside it, like an old sick sea-eagle as we are, and mumble at a leaf or two as if with our teeth we had lost our appetite, and our stomach were in sympathy with our gums. Often do we crawl away from our quarry without tasting it—without so much as knowing whether it be fish, flesh, or fowl—and keep sitting disconsolately for hours together on a stone or stump like a mere bunch of feathers. O Audubon! no more shalt thou behold Us—a Speck in the Sun—no more shalt thou hear Us—a Cry in the Cloud.

"Poems of Many Years!" 'Tis something to lie here—be assured, O Volume! for the Lady whom all those mountains love is herself a poet—and no book that is not poetry would she place for chance of perusal by Christopher in his Cave. The still study—the busy parlour—the bedchamber serene—the mirthful drawingroom—are one and all fit places for the perusal of poetry; but fitter the wood, the grove, the glen—fittest—and already we begin to feel the inspiration—such a Cave as this—in the heart of inland peace—yet visited if we mistake not—by the voice of the sea.

Let us hold converse, then, with this brother in the spirit, whom we may never see in the flesh—and let this pretty pen of ours, plucked from a stockdove's wing, and nibbed by Genevieve, cease its prattling, while we recite to ourselves—*ad aperturam libri*—one lay to test the worth of all—to assure Christopher in his Cave whether Mr. Milnes be or be not a Poet.

#### THE WORTH OF HOURS.

"Believe not that your inner eye  
Can ever in just measure try  
The worth of Hours as they go by;

"For every man's weak self, alas!  
Makes him to see them, while they pass  
As through a dim or tinted glass:

"But if in earnest care you would  
Mete out to each its part of good,  
Trust rather to your after-mood.

"Those surely are not fairly spent,  
That leave your spirit bowed and bent  
In sad unrest and ill-content:

"And more,—though, free from seeming harm,  
You rest from toil of mind or arm,  
Or slow retire from Pleasure's charm,—

"If then a painful sense comes on  
Of something wholly lost and gone,  
Vainly enjoyed, or vainly done,—

"Of something from your being's chain  
Broke off, nor to be linkt again  
By all mere Memory can retain,—

"Upon your heart this truth may rise,—  
Nothing that altogether dies  
Suffices Man's just destinies:

"So should we live, that every Hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,—  
A self reviving thing of power;

"That every Thought and every Deed  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future meed;

"Esteeming Sorrow, whose employ  
Is to develope, not destroy,  
Far better than a barren Joy."

Sweet—serious—solemn—wise and good.

'Tis pleasant in a Cave to glance, with ever and anon a pausing eye, over a volume like this, of which one by-heart-gotten strain easily persuades us that the rest



must be trustworthy to our memory—to glance over it without absolutely reading it, yet all the while feeling the breath, and seeing the glow of its beauty—just as it is pleasant in a room, in like manner, to glance over an array of ladies fair, not one of whom we have looked on long enough to love, yet nothing doubting that had we ever so many hearts we could give them all away among the virgin apparitions.

Or, if this simile do not satisfy, let us tell you that we like to look at a Volume as at a Valley—discerning not one feature of the scene distinctly, but feeling its spirit as surely as if we distinctly discerned them all—so that, when our dreamy eyes seem to settle down upon it, every object occupies the very place we expected to find it in, and is of the very character and kind we thought it to be, only lovelier in their neighbourhood, because now all understood, and forming in themselves a little world where beauty has reduced them all into order, and order is the expression of peace!

Nay, if we still must strive to make clear our meaning, have you never sat in a boat on a lake before known to you but by name, and, unwilling all at once to look steadily on what is nevertheless filling your breast with delight, keep even your hands at times over your eyes, and at others glanced stealthily around, almost as if afraid to lapse into the magical world among whose shadows you were sailing, till, taking courage as it were from the glimpses of beauty that made themselves be seen whether you would or no—perhaps from some other fairy pinnace passing by meteorous with its cloud of sail—or bird floating away undisturbedly among the reeds, too happy to fly from its own bay where there was every thing to love and nothing to fear—you have at last delivered up your whole soul to the scene, and in one minute have become almost as well acquainted with its character as if you had lived for years on its banks, and have added to the domain of memory, never more to fade, a lovelier vision than Imagination's self could have created in the world of Dreams!

This comes of soliloquizing criticism on Poetry, with a pen plucked from the wing of a stockdove, and nibbed by Genevieve, in a Highland Cave. Pardon our proximity—and read—

## THE LONG-AGO.

"Eyes which can but ill define  
Shapes that rise about and near,  
Through the far horizon's line  
Stretch a vision free and clear:  
Memories feeble to retrace  
Yesterday's immediate flow,  
Find a dear familiar face  
In each hour of Long-ago.

"Follow yon majestic train  
Down the slopes of old renown,  
Knightly forms without disdain,  
Sainted heads without a frown;

Emperors of thought and hand  
Congregate, a glorious show,  
Met from every age and land  
In the plains of Long-ago.

"As the heart of childhood brings  
Something of eternal joy,  
From its own unsounded springs,  
Such as life can scarce destroy;  
So, remindful of the prime  
Spirits, wandering to and fro,  
Rest upon the resting time  
In the peace of Long-ago.

"Youthful Hope's religious fire,  
When it burns no longer, leaves  
Ashes of impure Desire  
On the altars it deceives;  
But the light that fills the Past  
Sheds a still diviner glow,  
Ever farther it is cast  
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

"Many a growth of pain and care,  
Cumbering all the present hour,  
Yields, when once transplanted there,  
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;  
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,  
Feelings long have ceased to blow,  
Breathe a native atmosphere  
In the world of Long-ago.

"On the deep-retiring shore  
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,  
Where the passion-waves of yore  
Fiercely beat and mounted high:  
Sorrows that are sorrows still  
Lose the bitter taste of woe;  
Nothing's altogether ill  
In the griefs of Long-ago.

"Tombs where lonely love repines,  
Ghastly tenements of tears,  
Wear the look of happy shrines  
Thro' the golden mist of years:  
Death, to those who trust in good,  
Vindicates his hardest blow;  
Oh! we would not, if we could,  
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

"Tho' the doom of swift decay  
Shocks the soul where life is strong,  
Tho' for frailer hearts the day  
Lingers sad and overlong,—  
Still the weight will find a leaven,  
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,  
While the Future has its Heaven,  
And the past its Long-ago."

A green old age is the most loving season of life, for almost all other passions are then dead or dying, or the mind, no more at the mercy of a troubled heart, compares the little pleasure their gratification can ever yield now with what it could any time long ago, and lets them rest. Envy is the worst disturber or embitterer of man's declining years—but it does not deserve the name of a passion—and is a disease, not of the poor in spirit—for they are blessed—but of the mean, and then they indeed are cursed. For our own parts we know Envy but as we have studied it in others—and never felt it except towards the wise and good—and then 'twas a longing desire to be like them, painful only when our hearts almost died within us to think that might never be, and that all our loftiest aspirations

were in vain! Our envy of Genius is of a nature so noble that it knows no happiness like that of guarding from mildew the laurels on the brows of the Muses' Sons. What a dear kind soul of a critic is old Christopher North! Watering the flowers of poetry, and removing the weeds that might choke them—letting in the sunshine upon them and fencing them from the blast; proclaiming where the gardens grow, and leading boys and virgins into the pleasant alleys—teaching hearts to love and eyes to see their beauty, and classifying, by the attributes it has pleased nature to bestow on the various orders, the plants of Paradise—this is our occupation—and the happiness of witnessing them all growing in the light of admiration is our reward. How many will be induced to read this volume by the specimens now selected by us in our Cave! How harmoniously they combine—rather selecting themselves—offering themselves to us by force of fine affinities—families of kindred emotions that come flocking of their own accord to our feet.

## THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH.

"No, tho' all the winds that lie  
In the circle of the sky  
Trace him out and pray and moan,  
Each in its most plaintive tone,—  
No, tho' Earth be split with sighs,  
And all the Kings that reign  
Over Nature's mysteries  
Be our faithfullest allies,  
All—all is vain;  
They may follow on his track,  
But He never will come back,  
Never again!

"Youth is gone away,  
Cruel cruel Youth,  
Full of gentleness and ruth  
Did we think him all his stay;  
How had he the heart to wreak  
Such a wo on us so weak,  
He that was so tender-meek?  
How could he be made to learn  
To find pleasure in our pain?  
Could he leave us, to return  
Never again!

"Bow your heads very low,  
Solemn-measured be your paces,  
Gathered up in grief your faces,  
Sing sad music as ye go;  
In disordered handfuls strew  
Strips of cypress, springs of rue;  
In your hands be borne the bloom,  
Whose long petals once and only  
Look from their pale-leaved tomb  
In the darkness lonely;  
Let the nightshade's beaded coral  
Fall in melancholy moral  
Your wan brows around,  
While in very scorn ye fling  
The amaranth upon the ground  
As an unbeliev'd thing;  
What care we for its fair tale  
Of beauties that can never fail,  
Glories that can never wane?  
No such blooms are on the track  
He has past, who will come back  
Never again!

"Alas, we know not how he went,  
We knew not he was going,  
For had our tears once found a vent,  
We had stayed him with their flowing.  
It was as an earthquake, when  
We awoke and found him gone,  
We were miserable men,  
We were hopeless, every one!  
Yes, he must have gone away  
In his guise of every day,  
In his common dress, the same  
Perfect face and perfect frame;  
For in feature, for in limb,  
Who could be compared to him?  
Firm his step, as one who knows  
He is free, where'er he goes,  
And withal as light of spring  
As the arrow from the string;  
His impassioned eye had got  
Fire which the sun has not;  
Silk to feel, and gold to see,  
Fell his tresses full and free,  
Like the morning mists that glide  
Soft adown the mountain's side;  
Most delicious 'twas to hear  
When his voice was trilling clear,  
As a silver-hearted bell,  
Or to follow its low swell,  
When, as dreamy winds that stray  
Fainting 'mid Æolian chords,  
Inner music seemed to play  
Symphony to all his words;  
In his hand was poised a spear,  
Defly poised, as to appear  
Resting of its proper will,—  
Thus a merry hunter still,  
And engarlanded with bay,  
Must our Youth have gone away,  
Tho' we half remember now  
He had borne some little while  
Something mournful in his smile—  
Something serious on his brow:  
Gentle Heart, perhaps he knew  
The cruel deed he was about to do!  
Now, between us all and Him  
There are rising mountains dim,  
Forests of uncounted trees,  
Spaces of unmeasured seas;  
Think, with Him how gay of yore  
We made sunshine out of shade,—  
Think with Him how light we bore  
All the burden sorrow laid;  
All went happily about Him,—  
How shall we toil on without him?  
How without his cheering eye  
Constant strength embreathing ever?  
How without him standing by  
Aiding every hard endeavour?  
For when faintness or disease  
Had usurped upon our knees,  
If he deigned our lips to kiss  
With those living lips of his,  
We were lightened of our pain,  
We were up and hale again:—  
Now, without one blessing glance  
From his rose-lit countenance,  
We shall die, deserted men,—  
And not see him, even then!  
We are cold, very cold,—  
All our blood is drying old,  
And a terrible heart-dearth  
Reigns for us in heaven and earth:  
Forth we stretch our chilly fingers  
In poor effort to attain  
Tepid embers, where still lingers  
Some preserving warmth, in vain.

Oh! if Love, the Sister dear  
Of Youth that we have lost,  
Come not in swift pity here,  
Come not, with a host  
Of affections, strong and kind,  
To hold up our sinking mind,  
If She will not, of her grace,  
Take her Brother's holy place,  
And be to us, at least a part  
Of what he was, in Life and Heart,  
The faintness that is on our breath  
Can have no other end but Death."

We read these lines without fearing to let all their pathos fall upon our spirits—for into its depths should that pathos sink, it will find there a repose it cannot disturb, or a trouble it cannot allay. The truths they tell have been so long familiar there, that we seem to hear but our own voice again giving utterance to thoughts that for many years have lain silent, but alive, in their cells—like slumberers awakened at midnight by solemn music, lifting up their heads for a while to listen, and then laying them down to relapse into the same dreams that had possessed their sleep. But ye who are still young—yet have begun to experience how sad it is and mournful exceedingly to regret, perhaps to weep over, the passing away and the past, because that something *was* that never more *may be*—ponder ye on the strain, and lay the moral, the religious lesson it teaches within your hearts. So may the sadness sanctify—and the Spirits that God sends to minister unto us children of the dust, find you willing to be comforted, when Youth has left you, heedless if to despair—for Angel though he seem, he is not of heaven—but of heaven are they, and therefore immortal.

Now receive into your hearts, O Youths!—undivided by any commentary of ours—these three strains potent in the peace they breathe—and verily, even in this noisy world the peaceful are the strong. The first, it is true, speaks of change, decay, and trouble—and the second is saddened by the melancholy which imagination often carries into the heart—but the third is elevating and ennobling—and the three, thus read as one, leave the spirit calm, and prepared to face the future in the confidence of love and truth.

## TO MY BROTHER.

"Six years, six cycles of dead hours,  
Six falls of leaves, six births of flowers,  
It is not that, you know full well,  
That makes my lab'ring bosom swell,  
'Tis not the memory of lost Time,  
Since last I heard that matin chime,  
That brings to sense a sleeping sorrow,  
To bid this long-left scene good-morrow—  
It is the curse to feel as men,  
And be not now, as we were then.  
The snowy down on yonder hill  
Through thousand summers glistens still,—  
Yon stream will ne'er to time surrender  
Its rapid path of diamond splendour,—  
Yon orb, but now who swept the East,  
With train of ruby and amethyst,

Rides on, unweariedly as ever,  
O'er frowning rock, and glitt'ring river;  
Those trees, I own, are somewhat higher,—  
The ivy round the village spire  
In fuller-clust'ring leaf has grown,—  
We cannot call that cot our own,—  
But what has changed in this sweet glen  
As we from what our hearts were then?  
Say you, the glow of hope is bright,  
And if it be a meteor light,  
That hurtles through the thick'ning sky,  
'Tis wise to catch it ere it die!  
Tell you me, 'tis a joy to feel  
Our toil increase a fellow's weal?  
That, 'mid these fainting, fading bowers,  
There linger still some am'ranth flowers,  
And honest will, and honest prayer,  
Will find them lurking every where?—  
Say on, I can but add, Amen,—  
We are not now as we were then.

"Oh, Brother! when I gaze upon  
These tombs of little blisses gone,—  
When, through the dense and steamy air,  
Which we with men are wont to share,  
A breeze of distant youth has stole  
In freshness on my fevered soul,—  
I feel like one who long has lain  
With madness gath'ring in his brain,  
And, bursting from the strong distress,  
Wakes to a terrible consciousness.  
Then blame you, that my pulse beat now,  
Blame you the agony on my brow?  
There *was*, when fear was all a stranger,  
Ere knowledge showed the way to danger—  
When love was firm—when faith was sure,  
And head and heart alike secure;—  
But now, . . . Remember you a flower  
Which we with care, from sun and shower,—  
It was our mother's,—loved to guard,  
And how we joyed in our reward,  
When first we watcht its bloom appear,  
When it was old so many a year;  
And how we heard, with tearful eye,  
The good old gardener's prophecy,—  
For he was deep in nature's lore,—  
That that bright plant would bloom no more?  
The flowers fell off,—the stalk was gathered,—  
The root grew dry,—the lank leaves withered,—  
And, sad to lose its only pride,  
The poor Agave sunk and died:  
*Our* one, *our* only bloom is gone,  
But, Brother, still we linger on.

"Between the cradle and the shroud,  
If chance amid the pilgrim crowd,  
Though strange the time and strange the place,  
We light on some familiar face,  
Once loved and known, as friend knows friend,  
In whom a thousand memories blend,  
Which whilom slumbered dull and dim,  
But rise in light and cling to him;  
Though not a trait of old as wont,  
Though care has knit the ample front,  
And vice unstrung the well-toned frame,  
Still something,—*something* is the same.  
But if we ever hope to find  
Some traces in that life-worn mind  
Of its pure self, its simple being,  
Such as it was, when, unforeseeing,  
We thought that Nature's laws would fail,  
Ere Sin could make its boldness quail;  
Such as it was, ere sensuous wings  
Had clipt the bird of Eden's wings,  
Ere stifled groan and secret sigh  
Replaced the tear so soon brushed by,—



'Tis vain,—alas, for human shame!  
There nothing, *nothing* is the same.

"O that the painter's fav'rite scheme  
Were not alone a painter's dream!  
O that the Paradise he feigns,  
Where Innocence with Childhood reigns,  
And cherub forms and infant guise  
Inclose the heart divinely wise,  
Were not alone a Poet's creed,—  
No symbol,—but a truth indeed!  
That all this circling life might close  
Its wearied course where first it rose,  
And that our second life must be  
A new, eternal, infancy,  
Keeping the bliss we lose as men,  
To be for aye as we were then!"

#### THE FRIENDSHIP FLOWER.

"When first the Friendship-flower is planted  
Within the garden of your soul,  
Little of care or thought are wanted  
To guard its beauty fresh and whole;  
But when the one impassioned age  
Has full revealed the magic bloom,  
A wise and holy tutelage  
Alone can shun the open tomb.

"It is not Absence you should dread,—  
For Absence is the very air  
In which, if sound at root, the head  
Shall wave most wonderful and fair;  
With sympathies of joy and sorrow  
Fed, as with morn and even dews,  
Ideal colouring it may borrow  
Richer than ever earthly hues.

"But oft the plant, whose leaves unsear  
Refresh the desert, hardly brooks  
The common-peopled atmosphere  
Of daily thoughts and words and looks;  
It trembles at the brushing wings  
Of many a careless fashion-fly,  
And strange suspicions aim their stings  
To taint it as they wanton by.

"Rare is the heart to bear a flower,  
That must not wholly fall and fade,  
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,  
Spring up, beset, and overshadow;  
Better, a child of care and toil,  
To glorify some needy spot,  
Than in a glad redundant soil  
To pine neglected and forgot.

"Yet when, at last, by human slight,  
Or close of their permitted day,  
From the sweet world of life and light  
Such fine creations lapse away,—  
Bury the relics that retain  
Sick odours of departed pride,—  
Hoard as ye will your memory's gain,  
But let them perish where they died."

#### FAMILIAR LOVE.

"We read together, reading the same book,  
Our heads bent forward in a half embrace,  
So that each shade that either spirit took  
Was straight reflected in the other's face;  
We read, not silent, nor aloud, but each  
Followed the eye that passed the page along,  
With a low murmuring sound, that was not speech,  
Yet with so much monotony,  
In its half slumbering harmony,

You might not call it song;  
More like a bee, that in the noon rejoices,  
Than any customary mood of human voices.

"Then if some wayward or disputed sense  
Made cease awhile that music, and brought on  
A strife of gracious-worded difference,  
Too light to hurt our souls' dear unison,  
We had experience of a blissful state,  
In which our powers of thought stood separate,  
Each, in its own high freedom, set apart.  
But both close folded in one loving heart;  
So that we seemed, without conceit, to be  
Both one and two in our identity.

"We prayed together, praying the same prayer,  
But each that prayed did seem to be alone,  
And saw the other in a golden air  
Poised far away, beneath a vacant throne,  
Beckoning the kneeler to arise and sit  
Within the glory which encompassed it:  
And when obeyed, the Vision stood beside,  
And led the way through the upper hyaline,  
Smiling in beauty tenfold glorified,  
Which, while on earth, had seemed enough divine,  
The beauty of the Spirit-Bride,  
Who guided the rapt Florentine.

"The depth of human reason must become  
As deep as is the holy human heart,  
Ere aught in written phrases can impart  
The might and meaning of that ecstasy  
To those low souls, who hold the mystery  
Of the unseen universe for dark and dumb.

"But we were mortal still, and when again  
We raised our bended knees, I do not say  
That our descending spirits felt no pain  
To meet the dimness of an earthly day;  
Yet not as those disheartened, and the more  
Debased, the higher that they rose before,  
But, from the exaltation of that hour,  
Out of God's choicest treasury, bringing down  
New virtue to sustain all ill,—new power  
To braid Life's thorns into a regal crown,  
We past into the outer world, to prove  
The strength miraculous of united Love."

Strange that with all our love of nature, and of art,  
we never were a Painter. True that in boyhood we  
were no contemptible hand at a Lion or a Tiger—and  
sketches by us of such cats springing or preparing to  
spring in keelavine, dashed off some fifty or sixty years  
ago, might well make Edwin Landseer stare. Even  
yet we are a sort of Salvator Rosa at a savage scene,  
and our black-lead pencil heaps up confused shatter-  
ings of rocks, and flings a mountainous region into con-  
vulsions, as if an earthquake heaved, *in a way that is no*  
*canny*, making people shudder as if something had gone  
wrong with this planet of ours, and creation were fall-  
ing back into chaos. But we love scenes of beautiful  
repose too profoundly ever to dream of "transferring  
them to canvass." Such employment would be felt  
by us to be desecration—though we look with delight  
on the work when done by others—the picture with-  
out the process—the product of genius, without thought  
of its mortal instruments. We work in words, and  
words are, in good truth, images, feelings, thoughts;  
and of these the outer world as well as the inner is

composed, let materialists say what they will. Prose is poetry—we have proved *that* to the satisfaction of all mankind. Look! we beseech you—how the little Loch seems to rise up with its tall heronry—a central isle—and all its sylvan braes, till it lies almost on a level with the floor of our Cave, from which in three minutes we could hobble on our crutch down the inclining greensward to the Bay of Waterlilies, and in that canoe be afloat among the Swans. All birches—not any other kind of tree—except the pines, on whose tops the large nests repose—and here and there a still bird standing as if asleep. What a place for Roes!

Why, we are absolutely writing an article, and to fill a sheet how pleasant to have recourse again to such a man as Milnes! Thus—

## THE MEN OF OLD.

"I know not that the men of old  
Were better than men now,  
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,  
Of more ingenuous brow:  
I heed not those who pine for force  
A ghost of Time to raise,  
As if they thus could check the course  
Of these appointed days.

"Still is it true, and over true,  
That I delight to close  
This book of life self-wise and new,  
And let my thoughts repose  
On all that humble happiness,  
The world has since foregone,—  
The daylight of contentedness  
That on those faces shone!  
With rights, tho' not too closely scanned,  
Enjoyed, as far as known,—  
With will by no reverse unmanned,—  
With pulse of even tone,—  
They from to-day and from to-night  
Expected nothing more,  
Than yesterday and yesternight  
Had proffered them before.

"To them was life a simple art  
Of duties to be done,  
A game where each man took his part,  
A race where all must run;  
A battle whose great scheme and scope  
They little cared to know,  
Content, as men at arms, to cope  
Each with his fronting foe.

"Man now his Virtue's diadem  
Puts on and proudly wears,  
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,  
Like instincts, unawares:  
Blending their souls' sublimest needs  
With tasks of every day,  
They went about their gravest deeds,  
As noble boys at play.—

"And what if Nature's fearful wound  
They did not probe and bare,  
For that their spirits never swooned  
To watch the misery there,—  
For that their love but flowed more fast,  
Their charities more free,  
Not conscious what mere drops they cast  
Into the evil sea.

"A man's best things are nearest him,  
Lie close about his feet,

It is the distant and the dim  
That we are sick to greet:  
For floweres that grow our hands beneath  
We struggle and aspire,—  
Our hearts must die, except they breathe  
The air of fresh Desire.

"But, Brothers, who up Reason's hill  
Advance with hopeful cheer,—  
O! loiter not, those heights are chill,  
As chill as they are clear;  
And still restrain your haughty gaze,  
The loftier that ye go,  
Remembering distance leaves a haze  
On all that lies below."

Think not that we should have wearied of our own company in this Cave, had we been without a material book. In our mind is a library of other substance—and we are always in a state of *clairvoyance*. We have been reading Milnes now with the palm of our hand—but that is merely because the volume happens to be on the table—we see through Shakspeare, and Milton, and Spenser, and Wordsworth, in the niche yonder—nor need they be there—for with shut eyes we can read *in to ourselves* the *Paradise Lost*, and the *Excursion*, and the *Fairy Queen*, and the *Tempest*, in editions out of print, and that we never saw—what think you of that, Dupotet? Doctors Elliotson and Lardner, pray hold your peace.

We tie our black silk neckerchief round our eyes—till we are as blind as a mole, a bat, or as an impostor—turn you up "*Poems of many Years*"—correct us if we err in a single syllable—and hearken to Christopher in his Cave—spiritually not animally magnetized—reading the "*Lay of the Humble*"—with his thumb!

## THE LAY OF THE HUMBLE.

"I have no comeliness of frame,  
No pleasant range of feature;  
I am feeble, as when first I came  
To earth, a weeping creature;  
My voice is low whene'er I speak,  
And singing faint my song;  
But though thus cast among the weak,  
I envy not the strong.

"The trivial part in life I play  
Can have so light a bearing  
On other men, who, night or day,  
For me are never caring;  
That, though I find not much to bless,  
Nor food for exaltation,  
I know that I am tempted less,—  
And that is consolation.

"The beautiful the noble blood!  
I shrink as they pass by,—  
Such power for evil or for good  
Is flashing from each eye;  
They are indeed the stewards of Heaven,  
High-headed and strong-handed:  
From those, to whom so much is given,  
How much may be demanded!

"'Tis true, I am hard buffeted,  
Though few can be my foes,  
Harsh words fall heavy on my head,  
And unresisted blows;

But then I think, 'had I been born,—  
Hot spirit—sturdy frame—  
And passion prompt to follow scorn,—  
I might have done the same.'

"To me men are for what they are,  
They wear no masks with me;  
I never sickened at the jar  
Of ill-tuned flattery;  
I never mourned affections lent  
In folly or in blindness;  
The kindness that on me is spent  
Is pure, unasking, kindness.

"And most of all, I never felt  
The agonizing sense  
Of seeing love from passion melt  
Into indifference;  
The fearful shame, that day by day  
Burns onward, still to burn,  
To have thrown your precious heart away,  
And met this black return.

"I almost fancy that the more  
I am cast out from men,  
Nature has made me of her store  
A worthier denizen;  
As if it pleased her to caress  
A plant grown up so wild,  
As if the being parentless  
Made me the more *her* child.

"Athwart my face when blushes pass  
To be so poor and weak,  
I fall unto the dewy grass,  
And cool my fevered cheek;  
And hear a music strangely made,  
That you have never heard,  
A sprite in every rustling blade,  
That sings like any bird.

"My dreams are dreams of pleasantness,—  
But yet I always run,  
As to a father's morning kiss,  
When rises the round sun;  
I see the flowers on stalk and stem,  
Light shrubs, and poplars tall,  
Enjoy the breeze,—I rock with them,  
We are merry brothers all.

"I do remember well, when first  
I saw the great blue sea,—  
It was no stranger-face, that burst  
In terror upon me;  
My heart began, from the first glance,  
His solemn pulse to follow,  
I danced with every billow's dance,  
And shouted to their holla.

"The Lamb that at it's mother's side  
Reclines, a tremulous thing,  
The Robin in cold winter-tide,  
The Linnet in the Spring,  
All seem to be of kin to me,  
And love my slender hand,—  
For we are bound, by God's decree,  
In one defensive band.

"And children, who the worldly mind  
And ways have not put on,  
Are ever glad in me to find  
A blithe companion:  
And when for play they leave their homes,  
Left to their own sweet glee,  
They hear my step, and cry, 'He comes,  
Our little friend,—'tis he.'

"Have you been out some starry night,  
And found it joy to bend

Your eyes to one particular light,  
Till it became a friend?  
And then, so loved that glistering spot,  
That, whether it were far  
Or more or less, it mattered not,—  
It still was your own star.

"Thus, and thus only, can you know,  
How I, even scorned I,  
Can live in love, tho' set so low,  
And my ladie-love so high;  
Thus learn, that on this varied ball,  
Whate'er can breathe and move,  
The meanest, lornest, thing of all—  
Still owns its right to love.

"With no fair round of household cares  
Will my lone hearth be blest,  
Nor can the snow of my old hairs  
Fall on a loving breast;  
No darling pledge of spousal faith  
Shall I be found possessing,  
To whom a blessing with my breath  
Would be a double blessing:

"But yet my love with sweets is rife,  
With happiness it teems,  
It beautifies my waking life,  
And waits upon my dreams;  
A shape that floats upon the night,  
Like foam upon the sea,—  
A voice of Seraphim,—a light  
Of present Deity!

"I hide me in the dark arcade,  
When she walks forth alone,—  
I feast upon her hair's rich braid—  
Her half-unclasped zone:  
I watch the flittings of her dress,  
The bending boughs between,—  
I trace her footstep's fiery press  
On the scarcely ruffled green.

"Oh deep delight! the frail guitar  
Trembles beneath her hand,  
She sings a song she brought from far,  
I cannot understand;  
Her voice is *always* as from heaven,  
But yet I seem to hear  
Its music best, when thus 'tis given  
All music to my ear.

"She' has turned her tender eyes around  
And seen me crouching there,  
And smiles, just as that last full sound  
Is fainting on the air;  
And now, I can go forth so proud,  
And raise my head so tall—  
My heart within me beats so loud,  
And musical withal:—

"And there is summer all the while,  
Mid-winter though it be,—  
How should the universe not smile,  
When she has smiled on me?  
For though that smile can nothing more  
Than merest pity prove,  
Yet pity, it was sung of yore,  
Is not so far from love.

"From what a crowd of lovers' woes,  
My weakness is exempt!  
How far more fortunate than those  
Who mark me for contempt!  
No fear of rival happiness  
My fervent glory smothers,  
The zephyr fans me none the less  
That it is bland to others.



"Thus without share in coin or land,  
But well content to hold  
The wealth of Nature in my hand,  
One flail of virgin gold—  
My Love above me like a sun—  
My own bright thoughts my wings—  
Thro' life I trust to flutter on,  
As gay as aught that sings.

"One hour I own I dread—to die  
Alone and unbefriended—  
No soothing voice, no tearful eye—  
But that must soon be ended;  
And then I shall receive my part  
Of everlasting treasure,  
In that just world where each man's heart  
Will be his only measure."

What other pretty book is this? "The Seraphim, and other Poems, by Elizabeth Barnett, author of a Translation of Prometheus Bound." High adventure for a Lady—implying a knowledge of Hebrew—or if not—of Greek. No common mind displays itself in this Preface pregnant with lofty thoughts. Yet is her heart humble withal—and she wins her way into ours by these words—"I assume no power of art, except that power of love towards it, which has remained with me from my childhood until now. In the power of such a love, and in the event of my life being prolonged, I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses; but I never can feel more intensely than at this moment—nor can it be needful that any should—the sublime uses of poetry, and the solemn responsibilities of the poet."

We have read much of the volume, and glanced it all through, not without certain regrets almost amounting to blame, but far more with love and admiration. In "The Seraphim" there is poetry and piety—genius and devotion; but the awful Idea of the Poem—the Crucifixion—is not sustained—and we almost wish it unwritten. The gifted writer says—"I thought that, had Æschylus lived after the incarnation and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ, he might have turned, if not in moral and intellectual, yet in poetic faith, from the solitude of Caucasus to the deeper desertness of that crowded Jerusalem where none had any pity; from the 'faded white flower' of the Titanic brow, to the 'withered grass' of a Heart trampled on by its own beloved; from the glorying of him who gloried that he could not die, to the sublimer meekness of the Taster of death for every man; from the taunt stung into being by the torment, to His more awful silence, when the agony stood dumb before the love! And I thought how, 'from the height of this great argument,' the scenery of the Prometheus would have dwarfed itself even in the eyes of its poet—how the fissures of his rocks and the innumerable smiles of his ocean would have closed and waned into blankness,—and his demigod stood confest, so human a conception as to fall below the aspiration of his own humanity. He would have turned from

such to the rent rocks and darkened sun—rent and darkened by a sympathy thrilling through nature, but leaving man's heart untouched—to the multitudes, whose victim was their Saviour—to the Victim, whose sustaining thought beneath an unexampled agony, was not the Titanic 'I can revenge,' but the celestial 'I can forgive!'"

The poems that follow are on subjects within the compass of her powers—there is beauty in them all—and some of them, we think, are altogether beautiful. From the "Poet's Vow," "The Romaunt of Margaret," "Isobel's Child," compositions of considerable length, might be selected passages of deep pathos—especially from the last, in which the workings of a mother's love through all the phases of fear, and hope, and despair, and heavenly consolation, are given with extraordinary power, while there is an originality in the whole cast and conception of the strain that beyond all dispute proves the possession of genius. But they are all disfigured by much imperfect and some bad writing—and the fair author is too often seen struggling in vain to give due expression to the feelings that beset her, and entangled in a web of words. "I would fain hope to write hereafter better verses"—and we do not fear that her hopes will not be fulfilled—for she "hath that within which passeth show;" but will, we predict, some day shine forth with conspicuous splendour.

Some of the shorter compositions are almost all we could desire—and let us murmur some of them to ourselves in our Cave.

## MY DOVES.

"My little doves have left a nest  
Upon an Indian tree,  
Whose leaves fantastic take their rest  
Or motion from the sea:  
For, ever there, the sea-winds go  
With sunlit paces, to and fro.

"The tropic flowers looked up to it,  
The tropic stars looked down:  
And there my little doves did sit,  
With feathers softly brown,  
And glittering eyes that showed their right  
To general Nature's deep delight.

"And God them taught, at every close  
Of water far, and wind  
And lifted leaf, to interpose  
Their chanting voices kind;  
Interpreting that love must be  
The meaning of the earth and sea.

"Fit ministers! Of living loves,  
Their's hath the calmest sound—  
Their living voice the likeliest moves  
To lifeless noises round—  
In such sweet monotone as clings  
To music of insensate things!

"My little doves were ta'en away  
From that glad nest of theirs,  
Across an ocean foaming aye,  
And tempest-clouded airs.  
My little doves!—who lately knew  
The sky and wave, by warmth and blue!

"And now within the city prison,  
In mist and chillness pent,  
With sudden upward look they listen  
For sounds of past content—  
For lapse of water, swell of breeze,  
Or nut-fruit falling from the trees!

"The stir without the glow of passion—  
The triumph of the mart—  
The gold and silver's dreary clashing  
With man's metallic heart—  
The wheeled pomp, the pauper tread—  
These only sounds are heard instead.

"Yet still, as on my human hand  
Their fearless heads they lean,  
And almost seem to understand  
What human musings mean—  
(With such a plaintive gaze their eyne  
Are fastened upwardly to mine!)

"Their chant is soft as on the nest,  
Beneath the sunny sky:  
For love that stirred it in their breast,  
Remains undyingly,  
And 'neath the city's shade, can keep  
The well of music clear and deep.

"And love that keeps the music, fills  
With pastoral memories!  
All echoings from out the hills,  
All droppings from the skies,  
All flowings from the wave and wind,  
Remembered in their chant I find.

"So teach ye me the wisest part,  
My little doves! to move  
Along the city ways, with heart  
Assured by holy love,  
And vocal with such songs as own  
A fountain to the world unknown.

"T'was hard to sing by Babel's stream—  
More hard, in Babel's street!  
But if the soulless creatures deem  
Their music not unmeet  
For sunless walls—let us begin,  
Who wear immortal wings, within!

"To me, fair memories belong  
Of scenes that erst did bless;  
For no regret—but present song,  
And lasting thankfulness—  
And very soon to break away,  
Like types, in purer things than they!

"I will have hopes that cannot fade,  
For flowers the valley yields—  
I will have humble thoughts, instead  
Of silent, dewy fields!  
My spirit and my God shall be  
My sea-ward hill, my boundless sea."

Unambitious verses these—and haply the fair Elizabeth sets no great store by them—recurring in her day-dreams of fame to "The Seraphim." But they will live in the memory of many a gentle girl—and mothers will ask their daughters to recite them, that they may watch the workings of nature in the eyes loving innocence—and even fathers looking on and listening—

"May from their eyelids wipe the tear  
That sacred pity had engendered."

Surely Poetesses (is there such a word!) are very

happy, in spite of all the "natural sorrows, griefs, and pains," to which their exquisitely sensitive being must be perpetually alive. Tighe suffered woman's worst—wounded affections; nor was Hemans without a like affliction—but she who died first had a cheerful genius, and fancy led her heart into lands of enchantment, where her human life was lulled in repose, and its woes must have often and long been forgotten in the midst of visionary bliss. That other Sweetest Singer had children round her knees, and sufficient happiness it must have been for her, in that long desertion, to see

"How like a new existence to her heart  
Uprose those living flowers beneath her eyes,"

now flourishing, when she is gone, in the light of Heaven. Lætitia Landon—a name not to be merged—is a joyous spirit not unacquainted with grief—her genius was invigorated by duty—now it is guarded by love—and in good time—may gentler suns shine again on her laurelled head—returning to us from the "far country," that may even now be inspiring into her startled imagination the beauty of a "New Song."

And our Elizabeth—she too is happy—though in her happiness she loveth to veil with a melancholy haze the brightness of her childhood—and of her maidenhood—but the clouds we raise we can ourselves dispel—and far away yet beyond the horizon are those that may gather round the decline of her life.

#### THE DESERTED GARDEN.

"I mind me in the days departed,  
How often underneath the sun,  
With childish bounds I used to run  
To a garden long deserted.

"The beds and walks were vanished quite;  
And wheresoe'er had fallen the spade,  
The greenest grasses Nature led,  
To sanctify her right.

"I called it my wilderness,  
For no one entered there but I.  
The sheep looked in, the grass t' espy,  
And passed ne'ertheless.

"The trees were interwoven wild,  
And spread their boughs enough about  
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,  
But not a happy child.

"Adventurous joy it was for me!  
I crept beneath the boughs, and found  
A circle smooth of mossy ground  
Beneath a poplar tree.

"Old garden rose-trees hedged it in—  
Bedropt with roses waxen-white,  
Well satisfied with dew and light,  
And careless to be seen.

"Long years ago it might befall,  
When all the garden flowers were trim,  
The grave old gardener prided him  
On these the most of all;

"And Lady stately overmuch,  
Who moved with a silken noise,  
Blushed near them, dreaming of the voice  
That likened her to such!

"And these to make a diadem,  
She may have often plucked and twined;  
Half smiling as it came to mind,  
That few would look at them.

"Oh! little thought that Lady proud,  
A child would watch her fair white rose,  
When buried lay her whiter brows,  
And silk was changed for shroud!—

"Nor thought that gardener, full of scorn  
For men unlearn'd and simple phrase,  
A child would bring it all its praise,  
By creeping through the thorns:

"To me upon my low moss seat,  
Though never a dream the roses sent  
Of science or love's compliment,  
I ween they smelt as sweet.

"Nor ever a grief was mine, to see  
The trace of human step departed—  
Because the garden was deserted,  
The blither place for me!

"Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken  
Hath childhood 'twixt the sun and sword!  
We draw the moral afterward—  
We feel the gladness then!

"And gladdest hours for me did glide  
In silence at the rose-tree wall:  
A thrush made gladness musical  
Upon the other side.

"Nor he nor did I e'er incline  
To mar or pluck the blossoms white—  
How should I know but that they might  
Lead lives as glad as mine?

"To make my hermit-home complete,  
I brought clear water from the spring  
Praised in its own low murmuring,—  
And cresses glossy wet.

"And so, I thought my likeness grew  
(Without the melancholy tale)  
To gentle hermit of the dale,  
And Angelina too!

"For oft I read within my nook  
Such minstrel stories! till the breeze  
Made sounds poetic in the trees,—  
And then I shut the book.

"If I shut this wherein I write,  
I hear no more the wind athwart  
Those trees!—nor feel that childish heart  
Delighting in delight!

"My childhood from my life is parted;  
My footstep from the moss which drew  
Its fair circle round: anew  
The garden is deserted!

"Another thrush may there rehearse  
The madrigals which sweetest are—  
No more for me!—myself afar  
Do sing a sadder verse!—

"Ah me! ah me! when erst I lay  
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,  
I laughed to myself and thought  
"The time will pass away!"

"I laughed still, and did not fear  
But that, whene'er was past away  
The childish time, some happier play  
My womanhood would cheer.

"I knew time would pass away—  
And yet beside the rose-tree wall,  
Dear God!—how seldom, if at all,  
I looked up to pray!

"The time is past—and now that grows  
The cypress high among the trees,  
And I behold white sepulchres  
As well as the white rose—

"When wiser, meeker, thoughts are given,  
And I have learnt to lift my face,  
Remembering earth's greenest place  
The colour draws from heaven—

"It something saith for earthly pain,  
But more for Heavenly promise free,  
That I who was, would shrink to be  
That happy child again."

"Has not love," says Elizabeth in her Preface, "a deeper mystery than wisdom, and a more ineffable lustre than power! I believe it has. I venture to believe those beautiful and often-quoted words, 'God is love,' to be even less an expression of condescension towards the finite, than an assertion of essential dignity in Him, who is infinite." To illustrate that attribute she wrote "The Seraphim." But there is nothing in that poem so affecting as the following simple lines. They cannot be read without bringing to mind the sum of all consolation, "Come unto me all ye who labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

## THE SLEEP.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep—  
Now tell me if that any is,  
For gift or grace, surpassing this—  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep?'

"What would we give to our beloved?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved—  
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep—  
The senate's shout to patriot vows—  
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"What do we give to our beloved?  
A little faith, all undisproved—  
A little dust, to overweep—  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake!  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"Sleep soft beloved! we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away,  
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep!'

"O earth, so full of dreary noises!  
O men, with wailing in your voices!  
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And giveth His beloved, sleep!

"His dew drops mutely on the hill;  
His cloud above it saileth still,  
Though on its slope men toil and reap!  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
'He giveth His beloved, sleep.'

"Yea! men wonder while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
In such a rest his heart to keep;  
But angels say—and through the word  
I ween their blessed smile is heard—  
He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

"For me my heart that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the jugglers leap,  
Would now its wearied vision close,  
Would childlike on *His* love repose,  
Who giveth His beloved, sleep!"

"And friends!—dear friends!—when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,  
And round my bier ye come to weep—  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall—  
He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

Cowper has found at last the best of biographers in Southey; and Southey—should he see them—and surely he will—though we think he has somewhere said that he seldom reads the verses of the day—will not withhold his praise from the affecting and beautiful lines on Cowper's grave. Had they been anonymous, we should have attributed them to Caroline Bowles.

#### COWPER'S GRAVE.

"It is a place where poets crowned  
May feel the heart's decaying—  
It is a place where happy saints  
May weep amid their praying—  
Yet let the grief and humbleness,  
As low as silence, languish;  
Earth surely now may give her calm  
To whom she gave her anguish.

"O poets! from a maniac's tongue  
Was poured the deathless singing!  
O Christians! at your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging!  
O men! this man in brotherhood,  
Your weary paths beguiling,  
Groaned inly while he taught you peace,  
And died while ye were smiling!"

"And now, what time ye all may read  
Through dimming tears his story—  
How discord on the music fell,  
And darkness on the glory—  
And how, when one by one, sweet sounds  
And wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face,  
Because so broken-hearted—

"He shall be strong to sanctify  
The poet's high vocation,  
And bowed the meekest Christian down  
In meeker adoration:  
Nor ever shall he be in praise,  
By wise or good forsaken;  
Named softly, as the household name  
Of one whom God hath taken!

"With sadness that is calm, not gloom,  
I learn to think upon him;  
With meekness that is gratefulness,  
On God whose heaven hath won him—  
Who suffered once the madness-cloud,  
Toward His love to blind him;  
But gently led the blind along  
Where breath and bird could find him;

"And wrought within his shattered brain,  
Such quick poetic senses,  
As hills have language for, and stars,  
Harmonious influences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass,  
His own did calmly number;  
And silent shadow from the trees  
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

"The very world, by God's constraint,  
From falsehood's chill removing,  
Its women and its men became  
Beside him, true and loving!—  
And timid hares were drawn from woods  
To share his home caresses,  
Uplooking to his human eyes  
With silvan tendernesses.

"But while, in blindness he remained  
Unconscious of the guiding,  
And things provided came without  
The sweet sense of providing,  
He testified this solemn truth,  
Though frenzy desolated—  
*Nor man, nor nature satisfy,  
When only God created!*

"Like a sick child that knoweth not  
His mother while she blesses,  
And droppeth on his burning brow  
The coolness of her kisses;  
That turns his fevered eyes around—  
'My mother! where's my mother?'  
And if such tender words and looks  
Could come from any other!

"The fever gone, with leaps of heart  
He sees her bending o'er him;  
Her face all pale from watchful love,  
Th' unwearied love she bore him!  
Thus, woke the poet from the dream  
His life's long fever gave him,  
Beneath these deep pathetic eyes  
Which closed in death, to save him!

"Thus! oh, not *thus!* no type of earth  
Could image that awaking,  
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant  
Of seraphs, round him breaking—  
Or felt the new immortal throb  
Of soul from body parted;  
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew  
'My Saviour! not deserted!'

"Deserted! who hath dreamt that when  
The cross in darkness rested,  
Upon the Victim's hidden face  
No love was manifested?  
What frantic hands outstretched have e'er  
Th' atoning drops averted—  
What tears have washed them from the soul—  
That *one* should be deserted?

"Deserted! God could separate  
From his own essence rather:  
And Adam's sins have swept between  
The righteous Son and Father—  
Yea! once, Immanuel's orphaned cry,  
His universe hath shaken—  
It went up single, echoless,  
'My God, I am forsaken!'

"It went up from the Holy's lips  
Amid his lost creation,  
That of the lost, no son should use  
Those words of desolation;



That earth's worst frenzies, marring hope,  
Should mar not hope's fruition;  
And I, on Cowper's grave, should see  
His rapture, in a vision!

More to the mind than to the eye—or rather to some perception belonging to all the senses—is manifested the change that steals over nature towards the to-fall of the day—such change as is now going on among the mountains, and informs us, who have been taking no heed of time, of the very hour, which we could name within a few minutes as surely as if there were a clock to look at in the niche above our head. Is that the murmur of insects or of the sea? That hoarser noise, till now inaudible, is of the cataract behind the Castle, and it tells of Cliffs.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

BY ARCHÆUS.

1.

There are countenances far more indecent than the naked form of the Medicean Venus.

2.

How overpowering are the mingled murmur, clang, tramp, and rattle of a body of troops, with all their footsteps, horses, arms, artillery, and varied voices! How insignificant compared with this uproar the speech of a single mouth! Yet the whisper of one mouth sets in motion and drives on to death and devastation twenty such bodies, comprising, perhaps, a hundred thousand human lives.

3.

It is trivial to say that geometrical truth means only consistency with hypothesis, unless we add, that the hypothesis is necessary and immutable.

4.

Conceive an arch wanting only the keystone, and still supported by the centring, without which it would fall into a planless heap. It is now held up merely by the supports beneath it. Add the keystone, and it will stand a thousand years, although every prop should be shattered or fall in dust. Now, it is idle to say that this change in the principle of the structure was accomplished by the mere addition of one more stone. The difference is not only that of increase, but also that of almost magical transmutation. No stone before helped to hold up its neighbour, and each having its own prop, any one might have been removed without shaking the support of the others. Now, each is essential to the whole, which is sustained not from without but by an inward law. So is it with religion. It not only adds a new feeling and sanction

to those previously existing in the mind, but unites them by a different kind of force, and one for the reception of which all the invisible frame was prepared and planned, though it may stand for years unfinished, upheld by outward and temporary appliances, and manifesting its want of the true bond and centre which it has not yet received.

5.

How many ought to feel, enjoy, and understand poetry who are quite insensible to it! How many ought not to attempt to create it who waste themselves in the fruitless enterprise! It must be a sickly fly that has no palate for honey. It must be a conceited one that tries to make it.

6.

There can be poetry in the writings of few men; but it ought to be in the hearts and lives of all.

7.

Many have the talents which would make them poets if they had the genius. A few have the genius yet want the talent.

8.

No man is so born a poet but that he needs to be regenerated into a poetic artist.

9.

Luxurious and polished life, without a true sense for the beautiful, the good, and the great, is far more barren and sad to see than that of the ignorant and brutalized. Even as a mere wilderness would be less dreary to traverse than a succession of farms and gardens diligently and expensively cultivated to produce no crops but weeds.

10.

There are minds, or seem to be such, which we can only compare to a noble cathedral of vast size, beautiful proportions, and covered with graceful ornaments. Nothing that art can supply to devotion appears wanting till we approach the great door and try to enter, when we find the seeming building only a solid rock outwardly carved into that appearance.

11.

A botanist with a conscience will understand the saying, that no weeds grow on earth except in the heart of man.

12.

A fierce polemic often pulls down the temple in order to build a fortified wall for the defence of its site against all profane invaders. What worse could they have done to it! But if he merely uses the sacred shields and weapons, "armoury of the invincible knights of old," hung in the sanctuary, for the purpose of defending it against destroyers, he does the God service who, as the *Genius Loci*, will surely fight beside him.

13.

What is the one indispensable quality for a polemic

controversialist? Not learning, nor talents, nor orthodoxy, nor zeal. But the Spirit of Love, which implies an anxiety to find good in all, and to believe it where we cannot find it. God admits into his courts no advocates hired to see but one side of a question.

14.

We look with wonder at the spectacle which astronomy presents to us, of thousands of worlds and systems of worlds weaving together their harmonious movements into one great whole. But the view of the hearts of men furnished by history, considered as a combination of biographies, is immeasurably more awful and pathetic. Every water-drop of the millions in that dusky stream is a living heart, a world of worlds! How vast and strange, and sad and living a thing he only knows at all who has gained knowledge by labour, experience, and suffering; and he knows it not perfectly.

15.

All the ordinary intercourse of life is big and warm with poetry. The history of a few weeks' residence in a circle of human beings is a domestic epic. Few friendships but yield in their development and decay the stuff of a long tragedy. A summer day in the country is an actual idyll. And many a moment of common life sparkles and sings itself away in a light song; wounds as the poisoned barb of an epigram; or falls as a heavy mournful epitaph. But in all he who has an ear to catch the sound may find a continuous underflow of quiet melody, bursting sometimes into chorusses of triumph, sometimes into funereal chants. The reason why these archetypal poems of real life are so often unfit for the use of the poetic artist, is not their want of the true meaning of poetry, but their unsuitableness to the apprehension of any except the few, perhaps the one, immediately concerned. The poet must choose such a sequence of images as shall make the harmonious evolution of events and the significance of human life intelligible and manifest to all, not merely to a few recluse or scattered doers and sufferers.

16.

What an image of the transitoriness and endless reproduction of things is presented by the gumeistus plant, covered to-day with fresh white flowers, while the earth around is strewn with those which similarly opened but yesterday. The plant, however, abides and lasts, although its flowers fall and perish.

17.

Man is a substance clad in shadows.

18.

The firm foot is that which finds firm footing.

19.

The weak falters although it be standing upon rock.

20.

Sylburgius is a narrow fierce man; a kind of dark

lantern; a mass of iron blast, but still burning hot. With little vision or sense for the outward, and with but weak and scanty sympathies, he wants the awakening and suggesting influences of external beings, which might have given him a consciousness of Truths not immediately arising from his own character. As there is no predominance of Reflection in his mind, he has not been led to expand and deduce to their full extent the principles he acknowledges. But with some power of insight he sees that there is a Truth to be believed, and with strong zeal he clings to and hugs it as all that he can trust in. Propose to him any thing as additional and supplementary to this, and he thinks it something which you would substitute for his own peculiar possession, and so would rob under pretence of enriching him. And herein is the essence of the man's individuality,—namely, in his view of Truth as something which can be his property, and under his dominion, and therefore as limited, for so all property must be, and cut off from a larger field left open to be divided and possessed by others. He does not discern Truth as rather a Law, or Sovereign Constitution, to which we look up, than as areas of clay and sand which we may mete out and occupy; as the Law of the Land rather than the Land itself. Hence, in his maintenance of his Faith, there is all the tenacity, the self-assertion, the attitude of resistance, which men display in vindication of their material possessions. Noble art thou, O man! who canst possess Truth as thine own! How far nobler if thou wouldst be by Truth possessed, and so ennobled by the Sovereign to whom thou owest allegiance.

21.

Every man's follies are the caricature resemblances of his wisdom.

22.

If men were not essentially believing beings, falsehoods could have no effect on them; for a falsehood operates not as known to be false, but only as believed to be true. A falsehood, in its own name and character, is an impudent nothing. The fictions of the artist are only falsehoods, in so far as they depart from literal and partial truth in order to attain to the ideal and universal.

23.

A great truth sometimes sets the world in flames; and men afterwards commemorate the stoppage of the conflagration by some such dead monument as that which looks down on London, crowned with a dead brazen resemblance of the active living fire. But in another age the symbol may burst out again with the old life, and the brazen flames become real ones and kindle the land anew. Even the sepulchral images and signs of truth have a power to suggest and awaken the reality, so framed are men for truth, born into it as their element, vitally akin to it, and sensitive to the

least rumour or stir of it. For the consciousness of truth is nothing else but the finding of one's self in one's world, and of one's world in one's self, and of God in all.

24.

God, where the word expresses a mere tradition, custom, premise of a theory, or unknown power, is less than the least of realities; not so much as the African's lock of hair, or bunch of rags, which he calls his fetish; but rather the sound, shadow, or dream of this. When known, believed, loved, revered—vaster than the universe, nay, than man; more than the Infinite and Eternal, even the Author and Fount of these, and of the reasonable mind that knows them.

25.

They who deride the name of God are the most unhappy of men, except those who make a trade of honouring Him. And how many of the self-styled, world-applauded holy are mere traffickers in the temple, setting so much present self-denial against so much future enjoyment!

26.

God is the only voluntary Being to whom we cannot, without absurdity and self-contradiction, attribute aught arbitrary and self-willed. And, to doubt that we can know and comprehend the principles by which he acts, is to deny both that our reason is a gleam of his light, and that he has ever revealed himself to us at all.

27.

As a sublime statute manifests its maker's thought, so God's creation displays his mind. But conceive, that while the rude mass is shaped into the lineaments of a man, it grows more and more conscious of the advancing work, so that each new outward line and trait is accompanied by a new and livelier inward sense of the artist's design, and, consequently, of his character, and we have a faint image of the scheme which the history of the world unfolds.

28.

We are, indeed, clay in the hands of the potter; but what a weight of new meaning, what a revolutionary transmutation, transorganization of the whole image arises, when we only add, in one word, that we are conscious clay. I may mould a plastic lump of earth or putty in my fingers for an hour, shaping it into a hundred forms, a cube, a ball, a crescent, a pyramid. At last the fancy seizes me to give it the semblance of a child: and, at the moment when I have rudely shaped the limbs, they begin to heave and glow with life; the lips breathe, the faint eyes open, and fix on me with a gaze of thought and emotion. I thrill with fearful joy and awe. Is the clay to me any longer a mass which I can mould and juggle at with pleasure? Alas! it is now a sacred, an immeasurable thing; itself a man; almost a god. Its sensa-

tions quiver into my heart. I am no longer a potter—but a parent.

29.

There is one class of men in whom the higher powers of insight, love, and faith, appear to want a sufficient apparatus of the meaner faculties, the quick perception and sturdy boldness required for working in this world of work. There are others of whom the reverse is true. They are *Torsos*—trunks and arms, but no heads. They have quick apprehensions and ready vigour; but in the higher movements of the spirit are confused, inert, crippled. The business of life for each is to supply what each wants; to strengthen the deep roots for the nourishment of the apparent and excessive branches; and to take care that the hidden and imperishable root shall struggle forth into the production of adequate stem and boughs, leaves, blossoms, and fruit. So each may murmur peacefully in the breeze, and calmly shade the soil; and each shall wave amid the storms with the roar of all its awakened being—brows, and a mantled head, dark with mysterious umbrage, propped upon an unshaken and columnar stem.

30.

Lies are the ghosts of truths—the masks of faces.

31.

*Dulcidius* is an extreme example of a kind of man not uncommon in an age like ours, of hectic, stultent sympathies, and præter-human humanities. He shuts his eyes to all that annoy him, or would, if noticed, annoy him, in the existence of mankind; and you can work him no sorer injury than to say or do any thing which disturbs his waking dream. If men are not exempt from labours and sorrows, yet, in his eyes, they ought to be; and we must cheat ourselves and others with the pleasant delusion that it really is so; and must forget the miseries which we cannot altogether escape from. In face of the gravest calamities and toils he turns away his head with a wink and smirk, as if to let us know that he is in the secret, and that these horrors are but empty bugbears to frighten children. With a harlequin's leap, and a clown's grin, he whisks out of the throng, and press, and fierce contention; and chirps, or chatters that if people would only stand still, or lounge about and sip sugar and water, all evils under the sun would disappear. If men stare with blank consternation at the spot of a shipwreck or a massacre, he tries to draw off their attention, and raise their spirits with a puppet-show, or a penny trumpet. And, to one wrestling in the agonies of conscience, or nerved for severe and heroic effort, he proposes, with an air of the jauntiest kindliness, the relaxation of a farce, a masquerade, or a stroll in a green field. On this earth, where men so often wander amid graves and charnel houses, and hospitals, wrapped in funeral

mantles—or stand upon the lonely stormy ridges, sentinels armed for fight—he skips along with a Jew's harp, and a smelling bottle, as if these were divine preservatives, Moly and Hæmony, against all sense of ill and danger. Say to him that, after all his quips and gentleneases, a living foot of blood and bone must have something firmer than cobwebs pearled with dew to stand upon, and must spurn those who would deny it any better support, and he is not indignant—he is too soft and sweet a thing for that—but fretted and hurt with a sense of undeserved wrong, and is unhappy till he has accomplished a formal reconciliation, to be celebrated with a hecatomb of sugar plums.

In support of his filagree and tinsel fancies, Dulcibus has no lack of arguments, which sound plausible and specious, and bubble over with ingenuity and prettiness. But his reasonings buzz and twinkle like summer flies, and after all, leave each of them only a puny speck of dirt behind. Would not one fancy that he is some wealthy fop, who has never known the pressure of difficulty? Yet he has had his pains and crosses; has lost an arm and an eye; and with a face seamed with heavy wrinkles, and a head of snow-white hair, he goes prating, and quirking, and simmering, and flaunting away in all the good-humoured vacancy of a milliner's girl in the midst of her shreds and gauzes, or a doating country barber with his soap-froth and gossip. What stern, hard fierceness, what fantastic bigotry would be as melancholy and repulsive as the sight of this dreary baseless levity, and tawdry benevolence!

So says the high and pure, but somewhat narrow and haughty moralist. But is there not another side to the question? In a world where there are grains of dust as well as mountains, and where the thistle-down hangs upon the oak, may there not be room for weak and trivial men beside the noblest and most earnest? A fool with cap and bells may jingle away his life at the elbow of Rome-crowned Charlemagne. There are doubtless hours of desperate conflict for the gravest interests of mankind, when the slight and empty spirits are necessarily trampled down like sparrows' eggshells, or swept away like sparrows' feathers, by the holy will of the hero and the prophet. The chaff must fly when the storm blows; and the frogs of the pool, when its waters redden with blood of men, are squelched unpitied under the hoofs of the war-horses. So be it, for it must be so. But in quiet times, and the long interspaces of history, there is leave and license for the growth of weeds, and weedlike creatures, which also have their use. For this weed is an old woman's remedy, and that a child's plaything. The idle creepers grow up round the grey stone effigy for a century; but when the hour comes, and the figure feels new life, and wakes and starts, and flashes out with eyes and sword, it snaps the fettering growth

like worsted threads, and they perish rightfully. But while the poor and puffed-up worthlessness of our neighbour does no more harm than offend our more serious thoughts, or jar on our sensitive retiredness, it is justice to pardon him, and charity to endeavour to feel with him, and help him on. Fireflies are not stars, but neither are they mere nothings. We cannot steer by them, we must not worship them; but we need not crush them. The smallest, paltriest human creature may have pains and conflicts to maintain himself, even in his small paltriness, equal for him to the inward strivings of a Luther or a Shakspeare.

## 32.

There are looks and gestures of quiet, unheard of women, a house-keeper, a governess, a sodden washer-woman, and of men as commonplace as any whom Holborn, or Manchester, or May Fair generates, in which a thoughtful eye will read tragedies to draw deeper, bitterer tears than Shakspeare's Othello, Goethe's Tasso, or all the woes of Euripides. I have stood in a group of peasants before a painted crucifixion, and there were looks of sympathy which mine perhaps reflected. But I heard a hard heavy breathing behind me, and turning, I saw a woman who had brought her sorrows thither, not found them there. She stood with dull and heavy eyes on beholding the painted grief of the Holy Virgin Mother. I never knew what was her calamity. She too, doubtless, was mourning for a son, perhaps for his crimes. But I felt that to me sublime religion and perfect art were nothing while I saw so close to me a living genuine misery.

## 33.

The forests of utterance, with all their rustling raving seas of leaves, grow out of the deep and silent soil, the immeasurably deep boundlessly silent bosom of old earth. Yet the living utterances are better than the sublime silence; but for which also they could not be.

## 34.

If men's reason were laid to sleep, no doubt they would do by instinct many more as at present of the things to which instinct is equal. The instinctive powers are lost sight of under the presence of the rational consciousness, as the stars disappear in sunshine. Hence we may explain some of the startling ingenuities of savages. But the delights and capacities of the conscious spirit, instinct never can supply. For instinct is intelligence incapable of self-consciousness.

## 35.

Whatever has been seen of Fair and Excellent was first conceived in the sacred darkness of the Unseen. But because vitally, irrepressibly, fair and excellent, therefore, must it needs go forth, and so be seen in its true beauty.



## 36.

It is not a part, small or great, but the very whole of a man's work, having within himself (as all have) a world of dusky unembodied greatness, to bring this to utterance, first within his heart, clearly, honestly, and therefore, as must needs be, slowly; and next at ripe seasons, and with due precautions, by bold unconquerable flaming mouth and deed outwardly to utter it. His utterance must be this thing, and no other which he has truly intimately found within himself. Often this cannot to himself be altogether clear and evident till he has begun to impart it. And thus as the whole race of man is still but individual man, multiplied and completed, so all human history is but the striving towards full and mature utterance of that dark and seething reality which lies hidden and more or less turbulent in every breast. But as the true utterance of all the truth is the work and consummation of man's life, so the false utterance of the true, or the true utterance of the false, is, in one form or other, the whole of what is ruinous, chaotic, execrable.

Further, it is manifest that at the highest point to which man can reach there will always be something beyond him, higher, larger, holier, which he cannot yet utter, and can only yearn towards and apprehend. This is necessarily the greatest of all greatnesses, which he,—not as yet knows, but knows of, forebodes, dreamingly clutches. To hurry headlong towards the expression of this which lies as yet altogether inexpressible, profanes and mars the divine work, with regard to it now the only divine work possible, of learning, feeling, embracing, not apprehending, but comprehending it. Unseasonable idle speech, and such upon this matter all must be, scares and irritates the plastic gods, the high working powers in all; for whom the universe and our lives are a pliant material, and with whom our will is, at its best, a patient and devout fellow-worker and learner. Hence the meaning and sanctity of silence. But that same mute mysterious developement, which may be going on for years, and decades of years, in any one soul, and for ages on ages in the soul of man, comes out at last to inevitable utterance; and the word of some one heart expresses for a thousand years after him the feeling of countless millions. Thus do we find that the utterance of truth out of the infinite into the heart of man makes his real inward story; and the utterance of the same out of his heart into the world is all his outward work and duty.

## 37.

All the instruments that men employ are so many symbols, and, as it were, materializations of corresponding faculties; as the works which, by means of these instruments, we perform, are expressions of our analogous tendencies, affections, and wants. The knife

not only divides all separable subjects, but exhibits, and, as it were, prolongs into the outermost region of things about us that dividing faculty of which the rending hands are intermediate agents. So the lever, that is, lifter, embodies and applies our inward capacity of elevating, and consummates the work of our arms and shoulders. The rope which knots two things together is but the permanent gripe of one long tenacious finger, which does not relax when the flesh fingers fall loose in weariness or sleep; and it thus displays and exemplifies the uniting power inherent in men's spirits. But as these physical tools can work only with the palpable and visible, and the spirit has another world of its own, neither to be touched nor seen by means of the bodily senses, there must, in this inner and better region, be kindred operations in which the powers that the material images manifest and apply, work for themselves and without tools. Thus to separate by mental scission is to distinguish; to tie or lash together, is, in the region of mere thought, to combine notions or conceptions by an act of fancy; and to lift is, in the language of oracles, to raise an object out of dark and flat confusion into clear and individual existence; that is, to realize it for the mind. Now, in proportion as men use many and complete tools, they are advanced in mechanical civilization. But their higher spiritual culture has been forwarded only in the degree in which they have learnt the true laws and aims of these inward powers, which are at once the main-springs and the archetypes of all our instruments.

## 38.

If man be a reality, no empty vision in the dreaming soul of nature, but, as who shall doubt he is, inwardly substantial and personal, that which he most earnestly desires, which best satisfies his whole being, must be real too.

## 39.

Only by an act of arbitrary self-will dare we fancy that we belong to a system founded on the arbitrary self-will of any being, however superior to us in power.

## 40.

The fundamental affirmation of all reasonable and, therefore, of all right religion, the highest of truths revealed to man, is this, that the infinite, eternal, and absolute Being, wills all good, and only good, and that by good is meant not merely whatever we may dare to fancy that he might choose to will, but that which suits the wants, and completes, in the fullest form, the existence of all other beings. Every doctrine opposed to this is superstitious fanaticism or blasphemous scoffing.

## 41.

That men would be better than they are if they always chose good instead of evil is evident. But that they would be better, or indeed could have a rational

existence, if they had not the power of choosing evil instead of good, is the most foolish and presumptuous of fancies.

42.

You may indeed add sugar to vinegar, but cannot make it wine again.

43.

A man without earnestness is a mournful and perplexing spectacle. But it is a consolation to believe, as we must of any such a one, that he is in the most effectual and compulsive of all schools; not only with the sad sublimity of the stars above him, and the haggard yet ever teeming earth beneath his feet, graves, houses, and temples around him, and the voices of hatred and pain, love and devotion, sounding in his ears, but also with a heart, however weak and dull, essentially capable of feeling and understanding the meaning of all these things. He is at worst a boy, slow at learning to read, and thinking more of toys and cakes than of books, but assuredly neither an idiot, nor incurably deaf, blind, and dumb. He is horrid and disastrous to look upon as we pass him by, but most when we see him coloured by the crimson glare of our own passionate vehemence. Every step forward which we really make, gives us a new mysterious power to draw him too on.

44.

Voltaire thought he was looking through a handsome French window at God and the universe, and painting pictures of them, while in truth the glass was a mirror, and he saw and copied only his own scoffing face.

45.

The religion of all Pagans, indiscriminately, has often been written of by zealous Christians in the worst spirit of Paine and Voltaire.

46.

Whether is it nobler to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage-garden, or to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise?

47.

Seldom does a truly divine poet arise and teach all the poor toiling men in the land how far nobler an epic is the life of every one of them—did he but know it—than that of the imaginary Ulysses. The *Odyssey* is but the little that a man could learn, fancy, and feign of the life of a man. How far is this excelled by the all that the life of a man—of every man—is!

48.

It is no uncommon mistake to suppose that exaggeration is essential or at least proper to fiction. The truth is rather the reverse. A principal use and justification of fiction is to reduce and harmonize the seeming exaggerations of real life.

49.

Facts are often extravagant and monstrous, because

we do not know the whole system which explains and legitimises them. But none have any business in fiction which are not intelligible parts of the artificial whole that they appear in.

50.

Religion, conscience, affection, law, science, poetry, including the kindred arts, are for ever rectifying the disorders and miseries of mankind. But the mode in which the poetic art does this is by presenting a mankind, a world of its own, in which good and evil, true and false, fair and ugly, harmonious and discordant, and all such analogous pairs of contrasts, are mingled by just and intelligible principles of combination, and point to their own solution—not indeed a solution always for the understanding, but always one adequate for the feelings, and purifying and exalting them.

51.

Faith is a better than that which appears, is no less required by art than by religion.

52.

The three great perversions of education are those which tend to make children respectively—Dwarfs—Monkeys—Puppets. The Dwarfs are the prodigies, the over-sharpened, over-excited, over-accomplished, stunted men. In these, as there is no fulness and steadiness, such as belong only to mature life, and yet there is the appearance of these, the very principle of the thing is a quackery and falsehood. The Monkeys are the spoilt; the indulged petted creatures of mere self-will and appetite, in whom the human as distinguished from the animal is faint and undeveloped. The weakness of mind which trains such children, and delights in them, is that which led the ladies of another generation to keep natural and genuine apes for their amusement. The Puppets are produced by the plan of deadening, petrifying the mind, teaching words by rote, compelling obedience for its own sake, and not for that of a future moral freedom. These are the things that move in public only as the wires of masters and committees guide. But, because the life cannot be altogether crushed and turned back, it asserts itself secretly in a sense of benumbed misery and corroding hatred. The first class spoken of are those in whom a true ideal is misapplied. The second, those in whom none is aimed at. The third, those in whom the ideal pursued is altogether false and wretched.

53.

Speech is as a pump by which we raise and pour out the water from the great lake of Thought—whither it flows back again.

54.

There is a kind of social civilization which rounds the rough and broken stones into smooth shapeliness, but also into monotonous uniformity. There is also a farther and better kind which again roughens the peb-

bles, not, however, to reproduce their former rude diversities, but to engrave them with divine heads and figures and significant mottoes.

55.

When we see the place to which some natural Reality is degraded by the hands of man,—the stately tree to be a dead wayside post, the fierce and fleet wild ass of the desert to be a broken and starved drudge,—we cannot but reflect that this wreck was once great and goodly, and possessed a wondrous inward endowment of independent life and power, was born out of the eternal Infinite into the sad and narrow round of Time, where men, its fellow-denizens of Time, have thus crushed and ruined it. But poor as is the place and function of each living thing which men enchain and use, when thus no longer existing for and by itself, yet the human order of its existence, with all its wants and contrivances, is an immeasurably higher one than any of these systems to which the weaker, meaner beings of earth originally belong. In this superiority of Man's destiny and rights lies the justification of his subjecting to his own purposes that which, for its purposes, he thus frustrates and dislocates.

56.

All France, under Louis XIV., was beaten and bribed into courtiership. Poetry, Law, Theology, all wore court-suits, and smoothed themselves into flatterers and liars. The Muses became maids of honour, and stage-confidants to royal mistresses; Religion was only permitted to appear masked in the abhorred disguise of a state chaplain, or a gold-laced trumpeter of sovereign worthlessness; and Truth and Conscience, in the mean-while, were fasting at Port-Royal, pining in the Bastille, fighting in the Cevennes, or emigrating to Spitalfields. Honesty could not have where to lay its head, when Falsehood, Cruelty, and insane Vanity had for their lacqueys and pimps Racine, Bossuet, and Molière. The Regent Orleans was but Louis XIV. in undress and half intoxicated, and Louis XV. the same type, drunk to stupidity. But while the family was sinking from generation to generation into utter lethargy, the nation was awakening from its sleep, till rising and finding itself starved, bruised, and shackled, it burst the remaining bonds, and strangled forever the corpse-like royalty which it found lying beside it.

57.

Life of any kind is a confounding mystery; nay, that which we commonly do not call life, the principle of existence in a stone or a drop of water, is an inscrutable wonder. That, in the infinity of time and space any thing should be, should have a distinct existence, should be more than nothing! The thought of an immense abysmal Nothing is awful, only less so than that of All and God; and thus a grain of sand being a fact, a reality, rises before us into something pro-

digious, immeasurable—a fact that opposes and counterbalances the immensity of non-existence. And if this be so, what a thing is the life of man, which not only is, but knows that it is; and not only is wondrous, but wonders!

58.

The beauty of physical Nature strikes us with an immediate impression of harmony and completeness. There is also a sense of harmony, the result of reflection engaged on scientific truth; and there is a livelier and deeper consciousness of the same kind, in which our personal sympathies and reverential awe of all personality are combined with the feeling of the beautiful, excited by whatever is fair, elevated, and harmonious in human will and character. In the aspect of the highest human beauty, the immediate impression produced by physical (that is involuntary) Nature, is inseparably united with this last or sympathetic emotion; and the mere beauty of form and colour is regarded as symbolic of the inward and supersensuous loveliness. On the other hand, in the visions of outward things, the evening or nightly sky, the meditative melancholy of a silent autumnal landscape, the blue sea rolling its foam into a rocky bay, the virgin shamefacedness of Nature in forest-nook, we spontaneously transfer in feeling and language something of a purely human quality to that which is properly below the human, but unchangeably connected with it, and pierced in all directions and bound together by the roots of our nobler life.

59.

We paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

60.

Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

61.

The more sides a man has to his mind, the more certain he may be of receiving blows on all of them from one party or other.

62.

Persons immediately and universally recognised as laudable, must be either in the main negative characters, or capable of practising a good deal of falsehood and spurious sympathy in their intercourse with others.

63.

For a weak man to sympathise with weakness is easy, as for a strong man to sympathise with strength; but it is hard for the weak to sympathise with the strong. Far harder for the strong to sympathise with the weak, to bow down to weakness, and to say to it, "Be thou my better strength."

64.

The candles of man's night are doubtless burning out, but, like Alfred's candle-clocks, their decay mea-

sures the wearing on of the night itself. When they sink into the socket, lo! it is not dark, but day.

65.

The Caliph Omar, who destroyed the Alexandrian library, the second in succession from Mahomet, and under whom many empires, and Jerusalem itself, were added to Islam, was journeying on the borders of the Egyptian desert, and heard of the fame of a holy and wise hermit, who lived retired in a cave of the rocks amid the sandy waste. Him he resolved to visit, hoping to learn from him where was concealed the buried treasure of the old idolatrous Kings of Egypt. When the Caliph, attended by several tall and dark Arabs, and by Amrou, the conqueror of Egypt, entered the cavern, he found the hermit seated on a rude bench at a stone table, which supported a written volume. His eyes were bent downwards as if in thought rather than study, and the Arabs were surprised to see a man of low stature, with long and silvery hair floating round a face not like theirs, tawny and scorched, but smooth and ruddy. The large and light grey eyes were raised at their approach with a look of mild abstraction; and Amrou, who had conversed with many men of wisdom at Alexandria, was struck by the breadth of his head, the clear polish of the forehead, the well-cut and rather small nose, and the large, lightly-closed mouth, which seemed to quiver with feeling, and to be ready for the lively utterance of countless and sage proverbs and comparisons.

"Sage," said the Caliph, "I see that thou wouldst not approve of the act of justice by which I have destroyed the storehouse of Pagan errors, called the Library, in the city of Iskander! Thou hast a book before thee, and I see some others in that half-open chest, which do not resemble the Volumes of believers."

"In my youth, O Caliph! I read many books in that Library which thou hast destroyed, and by the study of these, and their clear presence in my mind, I became capable of sustaining, and even of profiting, by this solitude in which I live, without companions and with few writings."

"What profit couldst thou derive from those infidel volumes? The Koran teaches the one God, and to know him is to know all."

"The Koran indeed teaches truly that there is one God; and because we know that he exists, we should be careful to understand him as displayed in all his works. Of these the noblest is man, and of his mind we have so many several pictures in every book, however mistaken its doctrines; and in books can we also learn more clearly and fully to understand what other works of God inferior to man, but still most wonderful, reveal his will and power."

"Ah! shameless unbeliever!" exclaimed Omar, and stroked his beard, "now would I order thee to be slain

upon the spot, but that I have need of thy wisdom for the good of the faithful and of the true faith. Tell me where are concealed the riches of the Pharaohs, and I will spare thy life."

"I know not that I can teach thee this, but what I can show thee, thou shalt know." Then turning to Amrou, the fierce and conquering general of the Moslem armies—"Fetch me, I pray thee, a handful of sand from the desert, at the mouth of the cave." The warrior started, and his eyes turned disdainfully on the hermit. But they sunk under his quiet gaze, and Amrou went and brought the sand. The hermit received it into his palm, and turning to the Caliph, desired him to pick out a single grain, and lay it on the blade of Amrou's dagger. The bright weapon which had so often been red with blood, was drawn from its sheath, and the Caliph held it in his hand. Then following the hermit alone into the dark interior of the cave, he placed upon the blade, held horizontally, a single grain of sand. On this, he fixed his eyes. In the deep gloom, the grain brightened like a spark of fire, and grew larger and larger, even as the brightest planet of evening, and it paused not in its expansion, till it seemed a luminous ball of mild pale fire.

"Look steadily," said the hermit, "fear not; and tell me what thou seest."

"I see," said the Caliph, "a small goat-skin tent, under the shade of rocks, among palm-trees and wild vines. A man, naked save his girdle, sleeps in the cool, with his head upon a dark and sad-looking woman's lap, and two children are not far off. A thorn has pierced the foot of the infant girl, and the boy, her brother, is endeavouring to draw it from the flesh. Her tears fall upon his cheek, and his hand is red with her blood."

"Look again, and tell me what thou seest."

"I see a mountain covered with trees, fields, and villages, and, by Allah! with Pagan temples. But lo! an earthquake heaves the whole, and half the houses are overthrown or swallowed up. The survivors arm themselves for battle, and a fierce conflict rages for the enjoyment of those of their possessions which remain. Fire spreads through the ruined vineyards, woods, and houses; and by its light many men are slain, and women and children make captives. Some of those combatants, O Dervish, are sons of the giants, and the maidens whom I look upon are lovely as the damsels of Paradise."

"Look now again. What seest thou?"

"A lonely waste. The grey desert spreads far and wide, save where a dark sea beats heavily on its coast. Not a ship, not a camel, not a house is there. But among heaps of carved stones and fallen pillars, such as might build a royal city, a white-haired, withered man sits with his eyes upon the ground. A vulture is



perched upon a mound near, and looks at him; and a jackal eyes him from a shattered tomb, and gnaws a scull. The wind of the desert has blown the sand over his feet, and almost to his knees, but he cares not to rise and free himself. Dervish! God must have fallen asleep in heaven above that place, and left it to die utterly."

"What dost thou now behold?"

"I see around a broad bay of the ocean, a range of green hills with streams and torrents, and gardens reaching to the skies. Amid these are palaces, with pillars built doubtless by the genii, and along the wide terraces in front of the buildings, sons of wisdom, and daughters of beauty are walking or leaning. One is a storyteller, who has gathered round him a crowd of listeners, young and old. Another seems to have just shaped a figure of a woman out of stone. She is more than half naked, but looks as if none dare think her so. On the torch which she holds up in her hand, a flame of green fire burns like a bright star in the sunshine round her. A band of children are wreathing flowers and laying them before the Pagan image, which, not smiling, seems to delight in their smiles. The workman looks dissatisfied, though rejoicing as a bridegroom who has won his bride, but mourns that he cannot offer to her more precious gifts than all his substance. Elsewhere, I see living figures glancing among the trees. To the quay which borders the shore, some barks with deep blue sails are hastening; and one even now touches the porphyry wall, and pours out gold and spices—by Allah! I smell the sweetness of Yamen—on the smooth stones. Nay, as the sun goes down, I hear the faint song of the mariners, and the music of stringed instruments tinkling in reply from the distant mountain side."

"Is there nought more than this?"

"Yea, high upon the mountain I see a mosque of another fashion than ours, surrounded by a place of tombs, with many graves and cypresses. High above them all rises a shape, silvery as the flashing of a scymitar, or of water, gigantic, kingly, with a mantled head, and long folds covering his whole form. But he stretches his great moving hands over the palaces and bay, and flakes of pale fire fall from them, and kindle every window and capital of a pillar, and flash from every face, and shoot again upwards, and beam as stars in the dark sky. The mantled genie looks not like any one of the spirits of the past, but as if they were all combined in him."

"Look once more, O Caliph!"

"Juggler! there is but a grain of sand."

"Thine eyes are weary of looking, not the visions of displaying themselves. Thou canst see no more this day. But if all this be visible in a grain of sand by the open and fresh eye of man, what sights beyond this

thinkest thou that there must be in a man himself? Of these sights, a portion are in every book recorded."

"Slave!" said the Caliph—"tell me not of books, but of hidden treasures, or I will have thee impaled ere an hour is past."

"I have told thee of far more than thou thoughtest. The treasures of the Pharaohs would show thee little of what thou hast seen in that grain of sand. Farewell, O Caliph! I have been ordained but to live till I had seen and known thee, and then to depart. In that world where the hearts of men shall be more open to each other than their books are here, it will be read in mine that I hold thee ignorant and headstrong, but still a man, and, therefore, capable of good. Farewell! I am but a grain of sand; hide my corpse under those of the desert before me."

The hermit sank on the rocky floor of the cave, at Omar's feet, quite dead.

From the British Critic.

*The Life of John Jay, First Chief Justice of the United States, and Governor of New York.* By his son, William Jay. 2 vols. 8vo. New York. 1837.

The authors of great events have seldom taken the pains to record them. The Duke of Wellington would never read Col. Napier's history of the war in Spain, lest he should be led into a literary controversy more troublesome\* than a winter campaign in La Mancha. What a rarity would be Queen Elizabeth's diary at Tilbury Fort, or the rough notes of Themistocles before the battle of Salamis! His unequalled versatility of talent, and the consciousness that he was acting in the world's foremost theatre, have made Cæsar an exception; yet his incomparable work was designed probably but as a preparatory sketch for some maturer composition. "Ceteri," wrote Hirtius, when this purpose had been frustrated by the dagger of Brutus, "quam bene atque emendate, nos etiam quam facile atque celeriter eos perfecit, scimus."

In this, as in every other respect, we seem destined to reverse the maxims of our fathers. Talleyrand, imitating the less distinguished miscreants, Vidocq and Barrington, has left a written detail of his intrigues. Chateaubriand has recorded the impression which the same half century has made on a man of honour and a Christian. The increase of correspondence has enabled us to study the character of some of our distinguished men in their undress, at home, and among their associates. The contrast between persons seen in this manner, "au naturel," and the constrained attitudes put on for exhibition, is self-evident. Yet as the world moves on, society seems to defile

\*Perceval's Remarks on Colonel Napier, p. 59.

and soil the verdure to which it is admitted: men write letters to their wives and children as if the public looked over their shoulders; and diaries become pamphlets, dedicated to their executors. For ourselves, we protest against reading any private journal, which we do not know to have been destined to the fire; for it is not a great book with a lock and key to it, which can ensure the inimitable simplicity of Sir Walter Scott's diary . . . the soliloquy of the great novelist is perfect, till on a sudden he turns round to predict our remarks, when we read the confessions of the well-seeming baronet of Abbotsford.

This fashion of writing private papers for the public, the authors of the American Revolution have carried to a fearful extent. Marshall's *Life of Washington*, "insane molis," is entitled to a painful pre-eminence. Dr. Franklin's philosophical fame is attested by three quarto volumes of correspondence. Thomas Jefferson invented a copying machine, that not a word of his chit-chat to his friends might be lost to posterity. The public may be as thankful for the weakness of wrist which sometimes clogged his pen, as a school-boy when he hears that above 100 books of Livy are wanting. These collections are not without interest. Taken as the testimony of friends to the importance of their writers, they are natural; and the insight which they afford into the springs of action, are at times valuable. But that such documents should be preserved by their writers—that Jefferson, the stern republican, without heart or affection, should write frivolities to women with a polygraph pen, or send them letters marked by the copying press,—is, except in the case of Doddridge, without example on this side of the Atlantic.

The phenomenon may probably be referred to the change which took place in men's habits when attorneys were called to legislate, and book-keepers made treaties. The remark applies in a measure to the valuable work before us; but its subject was too sensible a man to enter in his "letter book" what he was not willing should be heard in Broadway, and that he might not come naked before the world, he seems to have sat in full dress at home. His letters are certainly very wanting in vivacity; but we have not the less respect for the man because we find he disliked to gossip about secrets of state, and that his own services were the last topic on which he loved to dwell. Those services, however, appear to have been valued by the better part of his countrymen; and if Washington be the great captain of the United States—Franklin, their philosopher—and Jefferson, their successful politician—the praise of being a most honest and disinterested labourer for the public good belongs to no man more pre-eminently than to the first chief justice of the Union, John Jay.

His family, though not sordid, was without distinc-

tion. It was of French extraction: his grandfather, had fled after the revocation of the edict of Nantz; and so little did the emigrants forget the tie of kindred, that his boyhood was spent in a village and at a school where French was still vernacular. Thus did the future diplomatist acquire an accomplishment which could scarcely have been expected from the son of a retired New York merchant. At fourteen he was sent to Columbia (then King's) college, at New York; and before he left it, must have convinced the "High Tory" divine who presided there what combustible ingredients lay buried in the then tranquil soil of the colonies.

"A number of students being assembled in the college hall, some of them, either through a silly spirit of mischief, or in revenge for some fault imputed to the steward, began to break the table. The president, attracted by the noise, entered the room, but not so speedily as to find the offenders in the act. He immediately arranged the students in a line, and beginning at one end, asked, 'Did you break the table?' The answer was, 'No.' 'Do you know who did?' Passing along the line, the same questions and answers were asked and received, till he came to Mr. Jay, who was the last but one in the line. To the first question he replied as the others had done, and to the second he answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Who was it?' 'I do not choose to tell you, sir,' was the unexpected reply. The young gentleman below him returned the same answers. The president expostulated and threatened, but in vain. The contumacious students were called before a board of the professors, where Mr. Jay made their defence . . . . The defence was overruled, and the delinquents were sentenced to be suspended and rusticated. Mr. Jay returned to college at the expiration of his sentence; and Dr. Cooper, by the kindness of his reception, suffered him to perceive that he had not, by his conduct, forfeited any part of his good opinion."—vol. i. p. 15.

Our young Brutus had soon an opportunity of signalizing himself in a wider sphere. In the year 1774, six years after he had been called to the bar, was passed the Boston Port Bill. This was the consummation of those measures by which the British Parliament proposed to tax its colonies. The attempt had been openly made nine years earlier by the Stamp Act, and its abandonment encouraged the Americans to oppose the commercial regulations by which the same end was attained more covertly. The other colonies had thought it sufficient to abstain from taxed commodities; but the boldness of the people of Boston, in destroying a vessel of tea, the property of the East India Company, provoked the parent state to interdict their trade, and suspend the provincial charter of Massachusetts. The announcement of this measure was the signal for a rising from Maine to Georgia. A meeting of the disaffected was held at New York: a committee was organized; and from the pen, apparently, of Jay, one of its members, proceeded nearly the earliest proposal for a general congress. The result is well known. A congress met at Philadelphia

in September, 1774. Jay represented his native city, New York. "He was in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and, it is believed, the youngest member of the house."—(vol. i. p. 30.) But he seems to have been more disposed to moderation than his elders. Though no man was more likely to rise to notoriety by turbulent attempts—though he was the author of the address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, a composition which "Jefferson, while still ignorant of the author, declared to be a production of the finest pen in America,"—yet the measure which he had most at heart was one which, if it did not prevent, might, as he hoped, excuse rebellion. "On the 8th of July," 1775, "Congress individually signed a petition to the King. This measure originated with Mr. Jay, and was carried by him against a very strong opposition in Congress." He "maintained that if the people were called to take up arms against their sovereign, they ought to be persuaded that such a measure was unavoidable, and that the conviction that no proper efforts to prevent such an event had been omitted, would reconcile the consciences of many to a course of conduct which would *otherwise* be inconsistent with their oaths of allegiance. The petition was lawful and respectful."—(vol. i. p. 36.) How Mr. Jay would have defended the "*otherwise*," which was such a peacemaker to his conscience, we pretend not to understand; but his scruples contrast well with the recklessness of many of his colleagues. Jefferson thus describes the petition:—"The disgust against its humility was general; and Mr. Dickinson's delight at its passage—(the petition had been of his drawing)—was the only circumstance which reconciled them to it. The vote being passed, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, and concluded by saying, 'there is but one word, Mr. President, in the paper which I disapprove, and that is the word *congress*.' On which Ben Harrison rose and said, 'There is but one word, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *congress*.'"

Little favour as Mr. Jay's scruples found with the violent partisans around him, they will recommend him to the esteem of good men in less turbulent times. Whether he was right in thinking rebellion necessary to the safety of himself and his fellow-countrymen—whether God's Providence could not have found a course for preventing oppression, without even a seeming violation of oaths—whether the most successful revolution is not germinant with its own punishment, while it is given to faith and patience to choose the good and refuse the evil; these are questions too large to be at present opened. One admission however we may freely make—that of all popular movements none admits of greater excuse than the American insurrection. There was but a single person in Great Britain who had any right to censure it; that person the one,

whose conduct by a strange obliquity has been the subject of greatest complaint, the king. Nation against nation, and assembly against assembly—we think there was no just ground for the feeling in this country against America; a feeling which made the war as popular in its outset, as it was loathed in its consequences. A few words will explain our meaning.

The rights of Englishmen depend on a set of laws, written or verbal, some of them drawn from general principles of justice, and some from accidental peculiarities of our various forefathers. The basis of the constitution thus derived is not any express code which the nation has ratified, much less those principles of abstract right in which philosophers seldom agree, and which demagogues never respect, but—the only thing on which any durable liberty has been ever built—the principle of *prescription*. The British Constitution, like all other valuable social institutions, has grown gradually out of the arrangements of Providence, and was not developed by the hand of man. At this day our national security and happiness—the liberty which, as Englishmen, we yet retain—our freedom from the various discomforts which beset the republics of the new world, or the monarchies of the old—are attributable not to those bungling alterations which the social fabric underwent during the hurricane of 1833, but to the old institutions which outlived it. We are satisfied, not because of Lord John Russell's bill, but notwithstanding it. Even the American Constitution, strange to say, owes its present stability, not to the wisdom of its designers, but to that basis of ancient principle and practice on which it was reared. Transplanted to Mexico it has failed altogether.

The British legislature therefore is not designed to create new rights, but to enforce old ones. It is an authorized expositor of what is already the Constitution. This is shown by the very terms of the complaint so often heard, that proposed measures are unconstitutional. The expression implies some fixed basis which ought to be respected. In theory then the business of parliament is to apply old principles to new emergencies, not by virtue of any authority delegated to it by the people, but as being itself part of the prescriptive system which it maintains. To this the sounder part of the American colonists made no opposition. They allowed the Imperial Parliament to be the authoritative expositor of the ancient laws. Their quarrel lay properly with the people, not with the king—not with his Majesty and the three estates, but with the House of Commons.

Among the most beneficial of our political principles is that which guarantees private property, and ordains that whatever is needed for public purposes should be obtained, not by force, but by the voluntary concession of its owners. If any abstract principle

were the basis of British rights it would unquestionably be Mr. Jay's favourite maxim that "those who own the country ought to govern it."—vol. i. p. 70. *Representation of property*, though it has no natural connection with the legislative power, is connected by usage with that of granting contributions. This it was on which the bulk of Americans insisted. They maintained that according to the theory of the British Constitution they ought to be taxed by their own assemblies. In this Lord Chatham supported them. "Parliament," he said, in 1766, "has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time I assert the authority of this kingdom to be sovereign and supreme in any circumstance of government and legislature whatever. Taxation is no part of the governing or legislative power." The House of Commons and British nation judged differently; with them therefore the contest was waged, and it was their power which would have been increased by success.

The rights here assigned to the British legislature contrast curiously with those of a body to which in a measure it served as a model, the American Congress. The functions of these two legislative bodies have this difference, that Parliament *ought* not to change fundamental laws, and Congress *cannot*. The constitution however is often treated by Parliament as Holy Scripture by the Church of Rome; it is compelled to bear that meaning which is put upon it by the last enactments of the infallible body. In vain do the judges declare what was heretofore the authorized and constitutional notion; their decision goes for no more than the consent of antiquity with the papacy, the dictum of the living expositor is infallible. Parliament, says Lord Coke, can do any thing but make a man a woman or a woman a man. Not so the American Congress. It puts its meaning indeed upon the authorized constitution, but its decision may be reversed by a higher authority. The judges may declare its enactments to be inconsistent with the fundamental laws. It appeals to them, exactly as the Church of England does to the ancient Fathers, as an authority which it is not to guide but to follow. The judges therefore are evidently the great conservative point of the American Constitution; and much moment was attached to Washington's selection of a chief justice when he entered upon the office of President in 1788. His choice fell upon Jay.

Already had Mr. Jay displayed the integrity and decision which fitted him for such a post. After filling various offices at home, among them that of chief justice of the State of New York, he had been sent as ambassador from the United States to Spain. His familiarity with the French language may have pointed him out for this service, as we find that he had been employed in the very first intercourse between the colonies and a foreign power. This had occurred in the

year 1775, one year only after the formation of the American Congress, and eight months before it ventured on the declaration of independence.

"About the month of November, Congress was informed that a foreigner was then in Philadelphia, who was desirous of making to them an important and confidential communication. This intimation having been several times repeated, a committee, consisting of Mr. Jay, Dr. Franklin and Mr. Jefferson, was appointed to hear what the foreigner had to say. These gentlemen agreed to meet him in one of the committee rooms in Carpenters' Hall. At the time appointed they went there, and found already arrived an elderly lame gentleman, having the appearance of an old wounded French officer. They told him they were authorized to receive his communication. Upon which he said, 'that his most Christian majesty had heard with pleasure of the exertions made by the American colonies in defence of their rights and privileges; that his majesty wished them success, and would, whenever it should be necessary, manifest more openly his friendly sentiments towards them.'

"The committee requested to know his authority for giving these assurances. He answered only by drawing his hand across his throat, and saying, 'Gentlemen, I shall take care of my head.' They then asked, what demonstration of friendship they might expect from the king of France. 'Gentlemen,' answered the foreigner, 'if you want arms you shall have them; if you want ammunition you shall have it; if you want money you shall have it!' The committee observed, that these assurances were indeed important, but again desired to know by what authority they were made. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'repeating his former gesture, I shall take care of my head;' and this was the only answer they could obtain from him. He was seen in Philadelphia no more. It was the opinion of the committee that he was a secret agent of the French court, directed to give them indirect encouragement, but in such a manner that he might be disavowed if necessary. Mr. Jay stated that his communications were not without their effect on the proceedings of Congress."—vol. i. p. 39, 40.

Notwithstanding these assurances, the French government did not commit themselves to an acknowledgment of American Independence until after the capture of General Burgoyne at Saratoga in 1777, and Spain, at this time their close ally, was still slower in bestowing her sanction on colonial insurrection. But as Spain was now at war with England, the Americans naturally hoped for her co-operation, and Mr. Jay undertook to break ground there in 1779. After a disastrous voyage, he landed at Cadiz, January 22nd, 1780, "not only an entire stranger, but without letters of introduction or bills of credit."—p. 106.

His object when he reached Madrid was to obtain a loan from the Spanish government, and the difficulty of the task may be best estimated by the extremity of the need which dictated it.

"Shortly after Mr. Jay's departure from America, Congress ordered bills to be drawn on him for more than half a million of dollars, payable six months after sight, in the hope that before that time he would have obtained a subsidy from the Spanish court. With these bills supplies were purchased for the army, and the holders sent them to their European correspondents,



who presented them to Mr. Jay for payment. That Congress should have ventured on such a measure, not only without knowing that Mr. Jay could procure money in Spain, but even before they had heard of his arrival there, proves the desperate situation of their finances at the period of the revolution, and their conviction that the means of continuing the contest were to be provided for at every hazard. Similar bills were drawn upon Mr. Laurens, who had sailed as American minister for Holland; and unfortunately they arrived before the minister, who being captured by a British cruiser, was consigned to the Tower of London."—page 108.

Confinement in the "towers of Julius" was not much worse than freedom at Madrid without money. Spain had not even recognised the existence of the United States, and as a previous condition she claimed the surrender of the navigation of the Mississippi; a sacrifice in which nothing could induce Jay to concur. The expedient which he adopted shall be stated in his son's words:

"Anxious to save the credit of his country, and regardless of personal consequences, he now took a step no less remarkable for its boldness and decision, than for its variance with his usual habits of prudence. He resolved to accept all bills that should be presented to him, thus making himself personally responsible for their payment. This was done for the purpose of preserving the credit of the United States for at least the ensuing six months, and in the hope that within that time supplies would be obtained from either Spain or France. On the 22nd of September his acceptances amounted to 50,000 dollars. He then applied to the French court for assistance, and was informed that none could be afforded. It was not long however before he received from France, through Dr. Franklin, 25,000 dollars. This relief, small as it was, revived his hopes, and strengthened the resolution he had taken, and he continued to accept every bill that was presented."—page 109.

This willingness to run risks in the service of his country, contrasts strikingly with the prudence and frugality of Jay's personal habits; a frugality which Jefferson, if we rightly read his cypher,\* seems to have thought a fit subject for a sneer, but which is obviously essential to the honest representative of a republic. Jay was now to fill this office in a yet more important scene. Relieved from his Spanish embarrassments by the success of Washington, he arrived at Paris in June, 1782, where, in conjunction with Mr. Adams and Dr. Franklin, he was empowered to conclude a peace with Great Britain.

One circumstance made this task peculiarly critical:—"When you come to find by your instructions," wrote Gouverneur Morris,† "that you must ultimately obey the dictates of the French Minister, I am sure there is something in your bosom, which will revolt at the ser-

\* Vide Jefferson's Memoirs, ii. 326.

† "A high-flying monarchy man," according to Jefferson; apparently because he did not choose to submit to the French party.

vility of the situation."—p. 130. Congress, however, had acquiesced in this demand, and Mr. Jay's opposition to it seems to have been the ground of that bitter hatred which he ever afterwards experienced from the French party in the United States. Dr. Franklin submitted to it without reluctance, blinded, probably, by that hostility towards Great Britain which led him into the littleness of recalling private insults, when he appeared as the representative of a nation. But Jay, though his hereditary partialities might be supposed to favour the country of his ancestors, soon penetrated the designs of the French ministry. The independence of the United States once admitted by England, they would stand in no need of the assistance of France and Spain. The necessity of conciliating their allies would not thenceforth oblige them to continue the war, nor would they, as the price of independence, be compelled to accept a disadvantageous peace. To obtain a recognition, therefore, previous to the treaty, was the object of America; an object to which England, weary of the war, offered no opposition. What then was the obstacle? Mr. Jay suspected that it was raised by the French Minister of War, the Count de Vergennes. His suspicions were soon confirmed by an intercepted letter from M. Marbois, the French Chargé d'Affairs, at Philadelphia, which betrayed the purposes of the French government in delaying the negotiation. Fresh proof was derived from the attempts of Vergennes's secretary to induce the negotiators to forego the Newfoundland fisheries and the navigation of the Mississippi, and from a private mission of the same party to England. Convinced at length of the treachery\* which was intended, Mr. Jay induced his colleagues to sign a private treaty with Great Britain without the consent of the French minister. "Eh bien, mon amie," said next day the Spanish ambassador at Paris, tapping him good naturedly on the shoulder, "vous avez très bien fait."

Notwithstanding the success of his diplomacy, Mr. Jay seems to have had little relish for the employment, and declining any further engagement of the same kind, he entered, May, 1784, upon the office of Foreign Secretary to Congress. He could scarcely have been placed in a position where the deficiencies of the Union were more apparent. The people refused to pay their private debts to the subjects of Great Britain, the several states supported them, while the general government had no power to enforce obedience, or to fulfil its engagements towards foreigners. It was at this time that Jay is asserted, though without truth, to have meditated the revival of monarchy in the United States. The idea is expressly negated by

\* Mr. Jay seems to have suspected a much deeper plot on the part of the French, amounting even to a partition of the United States. It rested on the authority of a "Mr. Pultney," probably Sir William Pulteney, who was at Paris with his daughter at the time he mentions.

his confidential correspondence with Washington. "Shall we have a king? Not in my opinion, while other expedients remain untried. Might we not have a Governor-General, limited in his prerogatives or duration? Might not Congress be divided into an Upper and a Lower House, the former appointed for life, the latter annually?"—vol. i. p. 256.

Of these proposals a large part was carried into effect when the present constitution of the United States was adopted in the year 1788, and the dissolution of the Union, if not prevented, has been at least deferred. Nothing is more creditable to those eminent men to whom the change was owing, than that the detestation of injustice contributed as largely to their attempt as the apprehension of anarchy. In 1785 Mr. Jay "presented to Congress an elaborate report, in which he entered into a minute examination of the acts of the several states, and showed conclusively that Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia, South Carolina, and New York, had each been guilty of violating the provisions of the treaty" with Great Britain. "Congress, in accordance with the advice of their secretary, called on the States to repeal such of their laws as were repugnant to the treaty: but unhappily they had no power to enforce the call. There was no federal judicature to which the injured and oppressed foreigner could appeal for protection against the vindictive and unjust enactments of the state legislatures."—p. 239, 241.

A democracy has no conscience. "I think," said Washington, when the degrading conduct of the local governments was brought before him, that "there is more wickedness than ignorance mixed with our councils.—Virtue, I fear, has in a great degree taken its departure from our land, and the want of disposition to do justice is the source of the national embarrassments."—p. 254. This fear was not likely to be removed by the conduct of the legislature of his own state, when ten years later it instructed its representative, Monroe, to move for the abrogation of that "article of the treaty of peace, which secured to British creditors the right of recovering in the United States their honest debts."—p. 314. "We have probably had too good an opinion of human nature in forming our confederation" are his emphatic words.—p. 247. The sole remedy appeared to be a federal government, which should be less immediately dependant on the will of the majority. Such a measure was proposed in 1787 by a congress consisting of the ablest men in the United States. Jay contributed greatly to its success, as well by his personal exertions in the legislature of New York, as by his contributions to "The Federalist," a publication in which he was joined by Alexander Hamilton, the ablest, probably, of American statesmen, and by Madison, who afterwards courted popular favour by reversing his present mea-

asures. Their united efforts were successful; the federal constitution was accepted; Washington became first President, and Jay Chief Justice.

From the duties of this important office he was called in 1794 to undertake a special embassy to England. The fever of French revolutionism was at that moment raging in North America, and but for Washington's personal influence she would have been entangled in the hostilities of Europe. He was nobly seconded by Jay, who, in contempt of the threats and violence of the partisans of France, conducted his embassy with honesty and success, and obtained for his country the advantages of a commercial treaty with Great Britain. On the state of parties in England he looked with a discerning eye; he saw the great popularity of the king, and the hearty concurrence which the nation gave to the war with France.—vol. ii. pp. 247, 250. His own inclinations, as he explains them to Washington, were favourable to those proposals for a negotiation with France, which were made in parliament during his stay in London, and were productive of the conferences at Lisle.

"The minister would, I think, have stood on stronger ground if he had taken the first good opportunity of saying explicitly in the House of Commons that it was France who declared war against Great Britain, and not Great Britain who declared war against France, and that the government was disposed and ready to make peace, whenever France would do it on terms compatible with honour, &c."—vol. ii. p. 249.

Mr. Jay was well received in England; Lord Grenville treated him with marked attention; and some of the most interesting letters in these volumes are from persons with whom he became acquainted in London. On his return to America in June, 1795, public reasons induced him to exchange his situation as Chief Judge for the less lucrative office of Governor of New York. To this post he had been elected some years before, but had been excluded by a political manœuvre,—falsification of votes,—on the part of the democrats.

Of his own high-minded repugnance to such practices,—the distinguishing merit of his character,—he gave a signal instance while Governor of New York. John Adams had by that time succeeded Washington in the Presidential chair, but with the political principles had not inherited the influence of his predecessor. Temporary circumstances, also, had alienated some of his partisans, so that the Presidential election in 1800 seemed likely to bring in Jefferson and anti-federalism. A greater evil could scarcely be inflicted on a nation than to place this bad man, a "fanatic in politics and infidel in religion," in its highest office. But from the equal division of other votes, it soon appeared that the result would depend upon New York, which, by leaving the appointment of Presidential electors to its local assembly, gave its whole influence commonly to

a single candidate. At this critical moment the Federalists lost their preponderance in the annual election for the New York legislature. One resource only was open to them. Some months must elapse before the new assembly would come into existence, while the old one, though its session had expired, was not extinct. If reassembled by the governor it could transfer the appointment of presidential electors from the state legislature to the people in districts, always a popular measure, and the division of votes thus produced would be almost as fatal to Jefferson as their concentration against him.

No appeal could be more trying than that made on this occasion to the governor. Providence seemed to have put in his hands his country's preservation. He was too good a man to be influenced by the personal hatred entertained for him by Jefferson, but he must have anticipated the various evils which resulted from a systematic attempt to undo what Washington and himself had effected. His conduct in other instances, more especially his opposition during the following year to the encroachments upon his legitimate authority, shows that he was not actuated by pusillanimity, and it is impossible therefore not to honour him for rejecting the proposal to reassemble the local legislature, as being, in his own words, "a measure for party purposes, which it would not become me to adopt."—vol. i. p. 414.

If such an example were needed anywhere it was under a republican government, of which the inherent vice is its want of fixed principles. When the voice of the people is admitted to be the voice of God, what human institutions can be too sacred to be assailed, or what divine laws? Reason and authority are equally unavailing, when the last decision of the majority is the standard of equity. It were well if this affected only the political arrangements of a republic, if such changes as that which Jay at this time prevented, and which twenty-four years afterwards,\* under somewhat similar circumstances, he lived to witness, were alone to be apprehended. But it is the tendency of democracies to trample on natural as well as civil rights; to alter the standard of justice as well as of law. Of this the United States have given sufficient indication. It was one of their cardinal principles, (Jefferson brings it forward with no little éclat,) that the king did not possess the right which the usage of England gave him, to grant allotments of the unoccupied soil of the colonies. "All the lands, they said, within the limits which any society has circumscribed around itself are assumed by that society, and subject to its allotment." (*Jeff. Memoirs*, i. 117.) That the crown of England possessed any right to dispose of the countries of which its sub-

jects took possession we do not maintain; in this case the usage of Christendom is manifestly oppressive. But did the Americans abide by their declaration of rights? Their own new charters were hardly dry when they compelled the Indians to sell, at a nominal price, the territory of which their "particular society" had been in possession for countless centuries; so that in the same pages with this Bill of Rights to the American soil may be found Jefferson's concurrence in its infraction. (*Jeff.* i. 309.) The very debt incurred by the Americans in maintaining their own lands was thus paid by means of the expulsion of others. We are not at present concerned with the injustice of this, but with its inconsistency. Other cases (that of the Cherokees) might be more openly oppressive, but the calmness with which recent principles were forgotten best illustrates the habits of Democracy.

Jefferson's correspondence makes us acquainted with another example of the same kind. When Louisiana was ceded to the United States, its French inhabitants desired the same liberty which the British government had left to the Canadians whom it had conquered—the right of using their own laws. Perhaps the Canadians were too indulgently treated, yet the principle of interfering as little as possible with private liberty was excellent. But what said President Jefferson, whose whole life had been spent in maintaining the right of the several states to self-government. Through his creature, the Governor, he disallowed the decision of the local legislature, and proposed to swamp the French majority by settling 30,000 American volunteers within the limits they had "circumscribed around" themselves. (*Jeff. Mem.* iv. 65.) The laws of nature would then doubtless have regained their authority, and the sentence of the majority would have been once more the voice of God.

These remarks proceed from no hostility to America, where there are as many probably who disapprove the injustice of the majority as in Great Britain. The popular unfairness is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are the more to be pitied because their very opinions are under bondage. They have not even the privilege to complain. We know nothing more galling to a generous mind than to be compelled to assent to the shallow sophisms of the vulgar, to restrain its thoughts to that sluggish motion with which inferior spirits can keep pace, and to submit to be the "man of the age." It is from the humiliation thus imposed on its public servants that the statesmen of America afford so lamentable a contrast to the heroes of its revolution. Not that we trace its effect on individual character, but we think the Americans themselves cannot review the generation which sprang up in more independent habits of thought without perceiving the de-

\* Vide Basil Hall's North America.



generacy. "Memoriam quoque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus si tam in nostra potentia esset oblivisci quam tacere."

The life of Jay affords many bitter traces of this feeling. And we are ourselves too near the danger to overlook them. Already do our republican periodicals insult us by the assumption that those who differ from the rabble must either be dishonest or infatuate. Let a man dissent from the popular cant of this shallow age, no matter how deeply conversant with the thoughts of the mightiest spirits of our race, no matter how refined his taste, how extensive his knowledge, how elevated his genius, and the pedants of the *Mechanics' Institute* will at once pronounce that he is of narrow and limited understanding. Now this assuredly is but the yell of the savage before he begins his work of blood. Were the majority really on the side of the liberty-mongers of the day, to differ from them would involve a bodily as well as a mental persecution. During the madness of the Reform Bill it was as dangerous for a Tory to vote in Roxburghshire as for a negro at Philadelphia, witness the motto of the Minto family, "Burke Sir Walter;" and the House of Commons has just shown that if men are not murdered as well as insulted during the next election, it will not be for want of impunity. As yet neither O'Connell nor the Lord Advocate have carried matters so far as the enlightened citizens of Missouri, and Lynch law has been more effective than Jedburg justice. But that it may be well understood to what point things are tending, we give, in parallel columns, a scene at Philadelphia and in the county of Limerick.

"I said one day to an inhabitant of Pennsylvania, 'Be so good as to explain to me how it happens that in a state founded by Quakers, and celebrated for its toleration, freed Blacks are not allowed to exercise civil rights. They pay the taxes: is it not fair that they should have a vote?'"

"'You insult us,' replied my informant, 'if you imagine that our legislators could have committed so gross an act of injustice and intolerance.'"

"'What, then the Blacks possess the right of voting in this country?'"

"'Without the smallest doubt.'"

"'How comes it then that in the polling-booth this morning I did not perceive a single negro in the whole meeting?'"

"'This is not the fault of the law; the negroes have an undisputed right of voting;

but they voluntarily abstain from making their appearance.'"

"'A very pretty piece of modesty on their parts,' rejoined I."

"'Why the truth is that they are not disinclined to vote, but they are afraid of being maltreated: in this country the law is sometimes unable to maintain its authority without the support of the majority. But in this case the majority entertains very strong prejudices against the Blacks, and the magistrates are unable to protect them in the exercise of their legal privileges.'"

"'What, then the majority claims the right not only of making the laws, but of breaking the laws it has made?'" *Tocqueville's America. Reece's Translation.*

blows from missiles and sticks now put in requisition by the storming party. The police charged to the rescue with fixed bayonets, and relieved the gentlemen and agents of Mr. O'Brien from their imminently perilous situation, or otherwise, in a few minutes, there is no doubt they would each and all have been sacrificed by the sanguinary miscreants, whose object was evidently slaughter on the instant.

"Mr. L. O'Brien withdrew from the contest, and would not prosecute a poll when his agents and voters were in peril of their lives. It was understood that he was at this moment in a majority in the morning's poll."—*Times*, Aug. 14, 1837.

In neither of these cases has there been any attempt to remedy so monstrous a state of things; "he that is in the lion's clutches knows it were useless." The Whigs continue to descant on the peace, order, and happiness of Ireland under the Mulgrave rule, as though the enormity we have described had been in one of his lordship's novels, not in a county which he was bound to protect; the perfect equality of their unrivalled constitution remains the favourite subject of congratulation at Philadelphia.

That a happier state of things as yet prevails in this country is owing, under Providence, to two causes—local institutions and an endowed Church. Did space permit, a curious contrast might be drawn between the conduct of our republicans in endeavouring to disturb our local liberties, and the opposition of the American democrats to centralization. The cause is the same, different as is the effect. The central government in America is less subject to the immediate control of the populace than the local legislatures; our agitators find officials in London more flexible than the independent institutions which have hitherto ramified through the national fame. Hence the wish or attempt to subject the magistracy and police to the home office, to put a minister of public instruction over schools, to abandon the poor to the three kings of Somerset House; political privileges being the alleged gain, the real loss, personal freedom.

But we turn to that, to which the work before us invites, the national effect of our ecclesiastical institutions. The good man whose life is detailed in these volumes had been brought up a churchman, and in the Episcopal communion he died. In 1801 he retired from public life, glad apparently to escape from the overbearing tyranny of the prevalent demagogues, and



fixed himself in a retired situation about fifty miles from New York. Here the newspapers could reach him but once a week to remind him of "the vanity of expecting that from the perfectibility of human nature and the lights of philosophy, the multitude will become virtuous and wise or their demagogues candid and honest."—(vol. i. p. 431.) "As to myself," he says in an interesting letter to Mr. Wilberforce, "both gratitude and resignation have strong claims to my attention. To find myself at this period of my life, and after so many years spent in affairs which naturally caused solicitude, placed by Providence in my present tranquil comfortable situation, is particularly grateful to my feelings." After mentioning some domestic trials, he resumes, "to you it will be an obvious reflection, that checkered scenes belong to a state of probation: and that being here as birds on their passage, this is not the proper place for us to build our nests."—vol. i. p. 432.

He had formed a right estimate of the only durable possession which man can raise, when he was "instrumental in erecting an Episcopal Church" in the neighbourhood of his new dwelling. And here it is natural to observe the source of that temper and moderation which marked his course. Whether men believe in religion or not—whether they suppose it but the disguise which is assumed in public, or are acquainted with its private benefits—yet that it does in fact exercise large influence over mankind is what cannot be controverted. Be it their weakness or their wisdom, men are bound together by the tie of a common faith, and its absence is a diminution of their national identity. When it is asked, then, why Jay, not of English ancestry, whose family had undergone real suffering from despotic power, displayed a fairness and moderation so unusual around him, we answer, that he was a member of the English Church. Had this "cheap defence of nations" taken firmer root, the battle of Bunker's Hill would never have been fought, nor Washington sacked by a hostile armament.

Yet it must not be supposed that Jay was a well-instructed Churchman. How could he be so? The Church of England had indeed spread her branches over her colonies, but she had never taken root there. Headmits, indeed, "that Episcopacy was of Apostolic institution"—vol. i. p. 435; but of the real office of a bishop he seems to have been about as ignorant as our countrymen of the privileges of a Mohawk chieftain.

To this state of things succeeded the revolutionary war; the bitterness of politics was added to that of schism; and such was the hostility towards those families which were by position most connected with the English Church, that "at this day," says Jefferson in 1813, "unpopularity continues attached to their names. A Randolph, a Carter, or a Burwell, must have great

personal superiority over a common competitor to be elected by the people."—*Jefferson's Cor.*

At length the infection of English alliance passed away. We rejoice to find the Virginian Church flourishing like a palm-tree.

To hasten to our immediate subject, the national influence of a Church independent by its endowments of popular caprice, and exempted by its Episcopal order from popular control. Of all preservatives of liberty, none is more important than the barrier thus formed against any sudden movement of the popular will. The insulation of a large portion of the most cultivated part of society from the ordinary current, its addiction to pursuits which lie apart from men's daily business, affords a constant corrective to those impulses by which the popular mind is led astray. It is the lake which moderates the else overflowing ebullitions of the tide of life—the fly-wheel which gives stability to the irregular impulses of society. Opinions receive gradually a new stamp—politicians learn the effect of principles—even political economists acquire wisdom. Where can this be more clearly evidenced than in North America? That a species of religion prevails in that country we do not question. Men cannot live in comfort without some faith which may enable them to die. But its religious system is the disciple, not the instructress of the people. It does not lead, but follow. It is but the echo of their voice—how can it alter the tide by which it is borne? Is there a crime, which is sanctioned by the law of the multitude;—Christianity shuts herself up for a season like Tamerlane while the streets of Aleppo were flowing with blood, and discusses abstract questions instead of checking the excesses of her subjects.

"Frangimur heu fatis inquit, ferimurque procella.

Nec plura locutus

Sepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas."

Whence comes it that in "religious America," when excesses have been committed, worse than the massacre at Thessalonica, no St. Ambrose has arisen to control the people? It was a natural complaint in the civil authority, "there is no bringing a people to justice;" but where was the Church, which is bound by its office to war with the passions of the multitude?

That the Church of this country has often withstood a popular delusion, we learn from the confession of its enemies. In 1833, the majority of the clergy, though anxious to see the representative system freed from corruption, yet opposed the reckless and unnecessary violation of private rights and established usage. In the popular publications of that day, the clergy, we must all remember, were charged with setting themselves in opposition to the public will, and were menaced with the national vengeance. Now that the delusion has

passed away, the clergy are but the more respected for their independence. What is the history of the Non-jurors—the best part of our Church during the last century—but a refusal to partake in popular crimes? We doubt not that there are those in America, who would be equally willing to witness for the truth by their private sufferings, but how could they bear the same testimony against national apostasy? It is the existence of a priesthood neither immediately dependent on popular bounty, nor amenable to popular will, which alone can produce this salutary effect.

Strange it is that to the blessings which such an institution has conferred on this country, our colonies have not been admitted. There was a time, indeed, when something better might have been hoped. In the year 1713, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel expressed its belief, that during the next year two bishops would be settled in our Western Colonies. What had happened during the previous thirteen years since Dr. Bray had given birth to an interest in the cause of missions, might at that moment have warranted expectations of the most sanguine success. But the next year saw power conferred upon a party systematically opposed to the extension of the Church. While the star of Walpole was in the ascendant, while Hoadley predominated over the clergy, what efforts could be expected? Sir Robert Walpole is said to have declared, that he did not venture on so dangerous an experiment as that of taxing the colonies, but he took a surer mode of destroying their attachment to the mother state, when he prevented the enterprising Berkeley from making the Bermudas the focus of their religious and intellectual growth. Unhappily during that very period, when the moral blight of latitudinarian indifference overspread the land, did the colonial system of Great Britain receive its direction. It bore token to the unwholesome atmosphere around it. So deep rooted was the evil that its very propriety was hardly questioned, and even Secker could consent to withhold the advantage of Church offices from the continent of America, if the attempt was supposed to be hostile to the administration of the day. For more than half a century did this state of things continue, and it was not till the celebrated resolutions which were moved by Mr. Wilberforce, in 1793, that the duty of a Christian government towards its dependences was even in form admitted.

The public judgment is now happily improved. But any efficient attempts to evangelize our wide-spread empire, are as much prevented as ever by sectarian jealousy. What indifference did in the last century, is done in this by misdirected zeal. That even the Dissenters ought not, on their own principles, to oppose a systematic attempt for the foundation of the Church throughout our wide dominions—that their jealousy is

little less unreasonable on their own principles than on ours, we may show on some other occasion. Meanwhile let us express our deep regret that our own rulers are still forgetful of that simplest of all truths, that Churches, like individuals, must live by FAITH. The Ministry and the Radicals have agreed between them, it seems, that no provision shall be made for a Bishop in Lower Canada. But does not Canada contain Christian souls in the unity of our Church? Ought they to be deprived of the blessings of ancient order? Such an income is not provided as befits a lord—but is a nation to be without its Apostle? Cannot He who founded the Church raise up friends for its support, or can no munificence be expected till men have ceased to be Christians? Where had been our own succession, if such cowardly policy had prevailed? Our ministers cannot be more careless about the Church than a well-remembered ruler at Corinth, and among its peddling Jews must have been many a forgotten maligner no less bitter than the member for Kilkenny. When will the time come that the Church of England, the noblest institution which it has pleased God to exhibit to mankind, shall go forth without fear upon its appointed task—trusting to its commission, not its wealth—not to acts of parliament, but to the precepts of its Founder—and determined that British speech and British law shall not be more widely spread over the globe, than its own sacred deposit—the everlasting line of the Apostles?

*For the Museum.*

SEPTEMBER 10, 1838.

Dear Sir,—

Will you be good enough to publish the enclosed in the next number of your "Museum." It will serve as an appendix to the article from the "Quarterly Review" on steam navigation. I wish our American claim on this subject to be recorded in some permanent work,—especially as in the proceedings at New York, on the arrival of the "Great Western," it was entirely overlooked.

Very respectfully yours, &c.

JOS. HOPKINSON.

MR. LITTELL.

LOG-BOOK OF THE FIRST STEAM SHIP THAT CROSSED THE ATLANTIC.

Without entertaining the least disapprobation of the interest which the American public has exhibited in the late voyages of the British steamers across the Atlantic, although the manifestation of this feeling has, in some instances, been so extravagant as to approach the ridiculous, I must protest against our losing sight, in this blaze of admiration, of our own claim to this honour,

nor forget that the same thing was achieved by our countryman, Moses Rogers, twenty years ago, when steamboats, even for internal navigation, were very scarce in Great Britain. It is true, that the experiment of Captain Rogers was much more imperfect and unsatisfactory than that of the "Great Western;" but it was the first, and he has the indisputable merit of leading the way in this great achievement, which he conducted with the courage and skill that such an attempt required. The whole business of steam navigation and steam machinery has improved immeasurably since that day. Passages in our rivers and bays are now made in less than half the time which they then occupied. The difference between the performance of the "Savannah" and the "Great Western," is not greater than that between the "Old Phoenix" and the "New Philadelphia." The former began her trips with going from this city to Bordentown (30 miles,) on one day and returning the next, making the passage, each way, in from four to five hours. It is now done in a period from two to two and a half hours; and the same boat, when need requires, passes over it three times in a day, without any derangement of her machinery.

The log-book of the Great Western has been published, and read with interest. This led me to desire an examination of the log-book of Captain Rogers, on his voyage in the steam ship "Savannah," from Savannah in Georgia, to Liverpool; thence to Stockholm, and thence to St. Petersburg, returning to the city of Washington. I have obtained it from one of his family, and trust it will be found an interesting document to Americans. I have examined every entry, and now give the results in relation to the use of steam.

The steam ship "Savannah," commanded by Captain Moses Rogers, started from New York for Savannah, on the 28th March, 1819. There being fresh breezes, the steam was not used for five days—arrived at Savannah on the 6th of April, having used the steam four days. On the 14th of April, left Savannah for Charleston, with the steam, and arrived there the next day. 30th April, returned to Savannah by the steam.

11th of May, a trial was made of the machinery, previous to her starting on her great voyage.

22nd May, started from Savannah, with steam. On the 18th June her coal was all consumed, having up to that time, used the steam *ten days*. On the 20th of June she arrived at Liverpool, of course, with her sails. On the 16th July, she took in 36 tons of coal. On the 21st she dropped down the river—on 23d, got under way, with steam, for St. Petersburg, going six knots an hour—9th of August, arrived at Elsinore—having used her steam *six days* on the passage.

She was there detained in quarantine, until the 14th, when she started for St. Petersburg, going first to Stockholm, where she arrived on the 22nd, having used her steam *six days* out of the eight.

On the 1st of September, the American Minister, Mr. Hughes, and his lady, and all the foreign ministers and their ladies at Stockholm, came on board—got under way, with steam, and took them to (*illegible*) and returned.

5th September, left Stockholm for St. Petersburg, arrived at Cronstadt on the 9th, having used the steam the whole passage. 15th September, went from Cronstadt to St. Petersburg, with steam. On the 18th September, got under way, with steam, having the American and foreign ministers on board. The boat was

exercised in the harbour on the 21st and on other days, and on the 22nd the Lord High Admiral visited her.

On the 14th of December, the "Savannah" returned to the United States, and entered the Chesapeake Bay—and on the 16th came to the wharf at the city of Washington, where the writer of this article saw her.

This ship was eight days on her passage from New York to Savannah—she was from the 22nd of May to the 30th of June, on her passage from Savannah to Liverpool, having expended her coal on the 18th—from Liverpool to Elsinore, seventeen days—from Elsinore to Stockholm, between two and three days—from Stockholm to Cronstadt, four days. In the whole voyage from Savannah to St. Petersburg, she used steam twenty-six days.

In a late number of the "London Quarterly Review," re-published in the September number of "Littell's Museum," there is a very able and interesting article on "Atlantic Steam Navigation." The author has made himself well acquainted with the facts of his subject, and reasons from them in a powerful and interesting manner. In the conclusion, he mentions the voyage of the "Savannah," but omits the name of her captain, which was probably not known to him. He candidly says—"But the vessel to which the real honour of first crossing, such as it is, must doubtless be awarded, was 'The Savannah.'" H.

From the Examiner.

*Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham.* Edited by the Executors of his Son, John, Earl of Chatham, and published from the Original Manuscripts in their possession. Vol. I. Murray.

This work is given to the public by Mr. Taylor and Mr. Wright, the great grandsons of the great Pitt—"to illustrate an eventful period of England's story, and to develop the character of an Heroic Statesman." The first volume only lies before us, which, though deficient in many matters of interest it might have been expected to illustrate, is yet a book of much and undoubted value.

At page 444, Mr. Andrew Mitchell, the British representative at Berlin, reports to Pitt the opinion which was held of him by the great and sagacious Frederick of Prussia. "One must confess that England has laboured long, and suffered much, to produce Mr. Pitt; but at length she is delivered of a MAN."

"A few days before his Prussian Majesty left the camp of Schmoteiffen, in order to fight the Russians, talking at table of England, he said:—'*Il faut avouer que l'Angleterre a été long-tems en travail, et qu'elle a beaucoup souffert pour produire Monsieur Pitt; mais enfin elle est accouchée d'un HOMME.*' Such a testimony, from such a prince, crowns you with honour, and fills me with pleasure."

The first and greatest of the Pitts had indeed deserved all the praise couched under that emphatic epithet; and the fame that followed him after death, and has graven his name on the heart of every Englishman solicitous for the honour of England, is unfliningly asso-

ciated with qualities that can have no better or more impressive exponent than the simple and unaffected phrase of Frederick of Prussia, that their possessor was ever, in deed and word, A MAN.

If the eloquence of Lord Chatham were sought to be expressed by a single word, we know of none more appropriate than to say that it was MANLY. It was the resuscitation of the eloquence of freedom, which had slept since the Commonwealth. From among the taudry and affected Bolingbrokes, the knavish Harleys and Walpoles and Townshends, the stupid Pulteneys, the intriguing Pelhams, the fawning Butes, there rose a figure of grand and severe simplicity, of undaunted resolution and fearlessness, of astonishing intensity and reality, in the person of the Earl of Chatham. In him had met, for perhaps the first time, some of the best traits of the philosophic Brutus and the fiery Cassius. His lofty superiority to gain, and the austere beauty of his private life, kept vulgar calumny in awe; while the sudden, vehement, spontaneous passions of his eloquence reflected with a thousand-fold force the feelings and passions of every unbiassed man, whether high or low, that happened to come within its reach. It has been said of him that his "common sense" had the "effect of inspiration"—in other words, it was by the force and intensity, rather than by the novelty, of his ideas, that he electrified his hearers. *He spoke out, like a man.* He had the same thoughts that the masses round him might have had, but in a thousand times greater clearness, strength, and vividness—and this gave him a surprising influence over what other statesmen of his day had fearfully fled from, or madly opposed,—the force of public opinion. For he it was, who first fairly and unflinchingly launched himself, as a public man, on that stormy yet safest sea. While the Pelhams skulked under the skirts of aristocracy, the Walpoles fattened in nests of filthiest corruption, the Butes crawled at the feet of kings or heirs apparent,—Lord Chatham, hated by the oligarchy and hateful to the sovereign, yet forced himself, with erect head and undaunted heart, into the public councils, by the mere dint of unerring appeal to the great and despised middle classes of his countrymen, and because he had dared to put faith in the honour and good sense of the common people. Let this be his noblest excuse for whatever minor errors he may have committed—or if more excuse is needed, let not his bodily sufferings, severe and seldom ceasing, be forgotten; nor the deeper miseries of his last years; nor, above all, that grand and glorious blaze of patriotic light, in the midst of which, it may be truly said, his spirit was carried up into its native heaven.

In so short a notice as this of so great a man, it would be unbecoming even to glance at those errors. We may simply say that he seems, in the whirl of practical

statesmanship, to have now and then sacrificed wisdom to vigour—that he was clearly wrong in acquiescing in the patched up treaty with Spain—that he manifested an extraordinary change of opinion respecting subsidies—and scarcely treated the Duke of Newcastle as such a poor intriguer deserved.

---

#### ONE USE OF AFFLICTION.

Have you never seen a bird perched upon the lower branches of a tree, disturbed from his resting place by some noise or approaching peril, and tempted to fly a little higher; and again, by recurring alarm, a little higher, till he reaches the topmost bough, then spreads his wings and flies away? It is easy to apply all this to the troubles of the Christian, and the happy effect which they have in raising the grounds of his repose, or in making him nearer the safer resting place, till, having reached it, he only waits the final signal to soar on high!

---

#### MISFORTUNE.

My face and heart will wear many a scar and wrinkle before the arrival of autumn. However bright the sunset of my evening, the storms of the morning will leave their lingering tears to glitter on the leaves.

---

#### SOCIETY.

No one thing living in society can be independent. The world is like a watch-dog, which fawns upon you, or tears you to pieces.

---

*From the Dublin University Magazine.*

#### NO SURRENDER.

*Air—"Blue Bonnets over the Border."*

March! march! shoulder to shoulder—boys,  
Firm, in the ranks that no treason can sunder.  
Ne'er met hearts or hands bolder,—boys,  
Round the true banner, that never went under.

Shall we fearless smile,  
Ne'er shall we falter while  
Freedom hath such gallant sons to defend her.  
Oh! there is magic still,  
Every true heart to thrill,  
In our old battle cry, Never surrender!

Fame, fame, fame to the trophied dead;  
Honour to those in the dark grave, who moulder.  
Pure, pure the blood, that each hero shed  
Freedom to raise,—and shall we not uphold her?  
Bright be each warrior's fame,  
Cloudless each honoured name,  
Peace to the grave of each noble defender;  
Those who have wisely thought,  
Those who have bravely fought,  
Those who have welcomed death, scorning surrender.



*From the Dublin University Magazine.*

### FARDOROUGH, THE MISER.—PART III.

The tryste between Connor and Una was held at the same place and hour as before, and so rapid a progress had love made in each of their hearts, that we question if the warmth of their interview, though tender and innocent, would be apt to escape the censure of our stricter readers. Both were depressed by the prospect that lay before them, for Connor frankly assured her that he feared no earthly circumstance could ever soften his father's heart, so far as to be prevailed upon to establish him in life.

'What then can I do, my darling Una? If your father and mother wont consent—as I fear they wont—am I to bring you into the miserable cabin of a day labourer? for to this the son of a man so wealthy as my father is, must sink. No, Una dear, I have sworn never to bring you to poverty, an' I will not.'

'Connor,' she replied, somewhat gravely, 'I thought you had formed a different opinion of me. You know but little of your own Una's heart, if you think she wouldn't live with you in a cabin a thousand an' a thousand times sooner than she would live with any other in a palace. I love you for your own sake, Connor; but it appears you don't think so.'

Woman can never bear to have her love undervalued, nor the moral dignity of a passion which can sacrifice all worldly and selfish considerations to its own purity of attachment unappreciated. When she uttered the last words, therefore, tears of bitter sorrow, mingled with offended pride, came to her aid. She sobbed for some moments, and again went on to reproach him with forming so unfair an estimate of her affection.

'I repeat that I loved you for yourself only, Connor, and think of what I would feel, if you refused to spend your life in a cottage with me. If I thought you wished to marry me, not because I am Una O'Brien, but the daughter of a wealthy man, my heart would break, and if I thought you were not true-minded, and pure-hearted, and honourable, I would rather be dead than united to you at all.'

'I love you so well, and so much, Una, that I doubt I'm not worthy of you—an' it's fear of seein' you brought down to daily labour that's crushing an' breaking my heart.'

'But, dear Connor—what is there done by any cottager's wife that I don't do every day of my life? Do you think that my mother lets me pass my time in idleness, or that I myself could bear to be unemployed even if she did; I can milk, make butter, spin, sew, wash, knit, and clean a kitchen;—why, you have no notion,' she added, with a smile, 'what a clever cottager's wife I'd make.'

'Oh Una,' said Connor, now melted into tenderness

greater than he had ever before felt; 'Una dear, it's useless—it's useless—I can't, no, I couldn't—an' I will not live without you, even if we were to beg together—but what is to be done!'

'Now, while my brother John is at home is the time to propose it to my father and mother, who look upon him with eyes of such affection and delight that I am half-inclined to think their consent may be gained.'

'Maybe, darling, his consent will be as hard to gain as their own.'

'Now,' she replied fondly, 'only you're a hard-hearted thing that's afraid to live in a cottage with me, I could tell you some good news—or rather you doubt me—an' fear that I wouldn't live in one with you.'

A kiss was the reply, after which he said—

'With you, my dear Una, now that you're satisfied, I would live and die in a prison—with you, with you—in whatever state of life we may be placed, *with* you, but *without* you—never, I could not—I could not—'

'Well, we are young, you know, and neither of us proud—and I am not a lazy girl—indeed I am not; but you forget the good news.'

'I forget that, and every thing else but yourself, darling, while I'm in your company; O heavens! if you were once my own, and that we were never to be separated!'

'Well, but the good news!'

'What is it, dear!'

'I have mentioned our affection to my brother, and he has promised to assist us. He has heard of your character, and of your mother's, and says that it's unjust to visit upon you—'

She paused—'you know my dear Connor that you must not be offended with anything I say.'

'I know, my sweet treasure, what you're going to say,' replied Connor with a smile; 'nobody need be delicate in sayin' that my father loves the money, and knows how to put guinea to guinea; that's no secret. I wished he loved it less, to be sure, but it cannot be helped; in the meantime, *ma colleen dhas dhun*—oh, how I love them words! God bless your brother, he must have a kind heart, Una dear, and he must love you very much, when he promises to assist us.'

'He has, and will; but Connor, why did you send such a disagreeable, forward, and prying person, as your father's servant to bring me your message? I do not like him—he almost stared me out of countenance.'

'Poor fellow,' said Connor, 'I feel a good dale for him, and I think he's an honest, good-hearted boy, an' besides, he's in love himself.'

'I know he was always a starrer, and I say again I don't lik him.'

'But as the case stands, dear Una, I have no one else to trust to—at all events, he's in our secret, and the best way, if he's not honest, is to keep him in it; at last if we put him out of it now, he might be talkin' to our disadvantage.'

'There's truth in that, and we must only trust him with as little of our real secrets as possible; I cannot account for the strong prejudice I feel against him, and have felt for the last two years. He always dressed above his means, and once or twice attempted to speak to me.'

'Well, but I know he's in love with some one, for he told me so; poor fellow, I'm bound, my dear Una, to show him any kindness in my power.'

After some further conversation, it was once more decided that Fardorougha should, on the next day, see the Bodagh and his wife, in order to ascertain whether their consent could be obtained to the union of our young and anxious lovers. This step, as the reader knows, was every way in accordance with Fardorougha's inclination. Connor himself would have preferred his mother's advocacy to that of a person possessing such a slender hold on their good will as his other parent. But upon consulting with her, she told him that the fact of the proposal coming from Fardorougha might imply a disposition on his part to provide for his son. At all events, she hoped that contradiction, the boast of superior wealth, or some fortunate collision of mind and principle might strike a spark of generous feeling out of her husband's heart, which nothing, she knew, under strong excitement, such as might arise from the bitter pride of the O'Briens, could possibly do. Besides, as she had no favourable expectations from the interview, she thought it an unnecessary and painful task to subject herself to the insults which she apprehended from the Bodagh's wife, whose pride and importance towered far and high over those even of her consequential husband.

This just and sensible view of the matter, on the part of the mother, satisfied Connor, and reconciled him to the father's disinclination to be accompanied by her to the scene of conflict; for in truth, Fardorougha protested against her assistance with a bitterness which could not easily be accounted for.

'If your mother goes, let her go by herself,' said he; 'for I'll not interfare in't if she does. I'll take the dirty Bodagh and his fat wife my own way, which I can't do if Honor comes to be snibbin' an' makin' little o' me afore them. Maybe I'll pull down their pride for them better than you think, an' in a way they're not prepared for; them an' their jantin' ear!'

Neither Connor nor his mother could help being highly amused at the singularity of the miserable pomp and parsimonious display resorted to by Fardorougha, in preparing for this extraordinary mission. Out of

an old strongly locked chest he brought forth a *gala* coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last twenty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *outré*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured, in it. Next came a pair of knee breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg. Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to the knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and brimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in those habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person when dressed, we shall endeavour at all events to present him with a loose outline. In the first place, his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size, and as he had become much stooped, its tail, which, at the best, had been preposterously long, now nearly swept the ground.—To look at him behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which piece of exquisite taste, he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his small-clothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a fullgrown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and buttermilk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his forefinger and thumb.

Bodagh Buie, his wife, and their two children, were very luckily assembled in the parlour, when the nondescript figure of the deputy wooer made his appearance on that part of the neat road which terminated at the gate of the little lawn that fronted the hall-door. Here there was another gate to the right that opened into the farm or kitchen yard, and as Fardorougha hesitated which to enter, the family within had an opportunity of getting a clearer view of his features and person.

'Who is that quare figure standin' there,' enquired the Bodagh; 'did you ever see sich a — ah thin, who can he be!'

'Somebody comin' to some o' the sarvings, I sup-

pose,' replied his wife; 'why, thin, it's not unlike little Dick *Craitha*, the fairyman.'

In sober truth, Fardorougha was so completely disguised by his dress, especially by his hat, whose shallowness and want of brim gave his face and head so wild and eccentric an appearance, that we question if his own family, had they not seen him dress, could have recognised him! At length he turned into the kitchen-yard, and addressing a labourer whom he met, asked—

'I say, nabour, which is the right way into Bodagh Buie's house?'

'There's two right ways into it, an' you may take either o' them—but if you want any favour from him, you had better call him *Mr. O'Brien*. The Bodagh's a name was first given to his father, an' he bein' a d-ecenter man, does'nt like it, although it sticks to him; so there's a lift for you, my hip-striddled little codger.'

'But which is the right door o' the house?'

'There it is, the kitchen—peg in—that's *your* in-thrance, barrin' you're a gentleman in disguise—an' if you be, why turn out again to that other gate, strip off your shoes, and pass up ginteely on your tippy-toes, and give a thundherin' whack to the green ring that's hangin' from the door. But see, friend,' added the man, 'maybe you'd do one a sarvice!'

'How,' said Fardorougha, looking earnestly at him; 'what is it?'

'Why, to lave us a lock o' your hair before you go,' replied the wag, with a grin.

The miser took no notice whatsoever of this, but was turning quietly out of the yard, to enter by the lawn, when the man called out in a commanding voice—

'Back here, you codger—tundher an' thump—back I say—you wont be let in that way—thramp back, you leprechaun, into the kitchen—eh? you wont—well, well, take what you'll get—an' that'll be the way back agin.'

'Twas at this moment that the keen eye of Una recognised the features of her lover's father, and a smile which she felt it impossible to subdue, settled upon her face, which became immediately mantled with blushes. On hurrying out of the room she plucked her brother's sleeve who followed her to the hall.

'I can scarcely tell you, dear John,' she said, speaking rapidly, 'it's Fardorougha O'Donovan, Connor's father; as you know his business, John, stay in the parlour; she squeezed his hand, and added with a smile on her face, and a tear in her eye; 'I fear it's all over with me—I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but stay, John dear, an' fight my battle—poor Una's battle.'

She ran up stairs, and immediately one of the most

beggarly, sordid, and puailaninous knocks that ever spoke of starvation and misery was heard at the door.

'I will answer it myself,' thought the amiable brother; 'for if my father or mother does, he surely will not be allowed in.'

John could scarcely preserve a grave face, when Fardorougha presented himself.

'Is *Misther* O'Brien widin,' enquired the usurer, shrewdly availing himself of the hint he received from the servant.

'My father is,' replied John; 'have the goodness to step in.'

Fardorougha entered immediately, followed by young O'Brien, who said,

'Father, this is Mr. O'Donovan, who, it appears, has some important business with the family.'

'Don't be mistherin' *me*,' replied Fardorougha, helping himself to a seat; 'I'm too poor to be misthered.'

'With this family!' exclaimed the father in amazement; 'what business can Fardorougha Donovan have with *this* family, John?'

'About our childhre,' replied the miser; 'about my son and your daughter.'

'An' what about them,' enquired Mrs. O'Brien; 'do you dar to minton them in the same day together?'

'Why not,' said the miser; 'ay, an' on the same night too.'

'Upon my reputaytion, Mr. O'Donovan, you're extramely kind—now be a little more so, and let us understand you,' said the Bodagh.

'Poor Una,' thought John, 'all's lost; he will get himself kicked out to a certainty.'

'I think it's time we got them married,' replied Fardorougha; 'the sooner it's done the better and the safer for both o' them—especially for the *colleen*.'

'*Dar a Lorha*, he's cracked,' said Mrs. O'Brien; 'sarra one o' the poor sowl but's cracked about his money.'

'Poor sowl, woman alive! wor you never poor yourself?'

'Yis I wor; an' I'm not ashamed to own it; but, *Chierna*, Frank,' she added, addressing her husband, 'there's no use in spakin' to him.'

'Fardorougha,' said O'Brien, seriously, 'what brought you here?'

'Why, to tell you an' your wife the state that my son, Connor, and your daughter's in about one another; an' to advise you both, if you have sinse, to get them married afore worse happens. It's *your* business more nor *mine*.'

'You're right,' said the Bodagh, aside to his wife; 'he's sartinly deranged. Fardorougha,' he added, 'have you lost any money lately?'

'I'm losin' every day,' said the other; 'I'm broke assistin' them that won't thank me, let alone paying me as they ought.'

'Then you have lost nothing more than usual!'

'If I didn't, I tell you there's a good chance of losin' it before me;—can a man call any money of his safe that's in another man's pocket!'

'An' so you've come to propose a marriage between your son and my daughter, yet you lost no money, an' you're not mad!'

'Divil a morsel o' me's mad—but you'll be so if you refuse to let this match go an.'

'Out wid him—a *shan roghara*,' shouted Mrs. O'Brien, in a state of most dignified offence; '*Damho orth*, you ould knave, is it the son of a misert that has fleeced an' robbed the whole counthry side that we 'ud let our daughter, that resaved the finish to her education in a Dubling boordin' school, marry wid!—*Fic na hoiah* this day!'

'You had no sich scruple yourself, ma'am,' replied the bitter usurer; 'when you bounced at the son of the ould Bodagh Buie, an' every one knows what *he* was.'

'He!' said the good woman; 'an' is it runnin' up comparishments betuxt yourself an' him you are afther? Why, Saint Pether wouldn't thrive on your money, you nager.'

'Maybe Saint Pether thriv on worse—but have'n't you thriv as well on the Bodagh's, as if it had been *honestly* come by; I defy you an' the world both—to say that ever I tuck a penny from any one, more than my right. Lay that to the mimory of the ould Bodagh, an' see if it'll fit. It's no *light guinea*, any how.'

Had Fardorougha been a man of ordinary standing and character in the country, from whom an insult *could* be taken, he would no doubt have been by a very summary process expelled the parlour. The history of his querulous and irascible temper, however, was so well known, and his offensive eccentricity of manner, a matter of such established fact, that the father and son, on glancing at each other, were seized with the same spirit, and both gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

'Is it a laughin' stock you're makin' of it,' said Mrs. O'Brien, highly indignant.

'Faith, achora, it may be no laughin' stock afther all,' replied the Bodagh.

'I think, mother,' observed John, 'that you and my father had better treat the matter with more seriousness. Connor O'Donovan is a young man not to be despised by any person at all near his own class of life who regards the peace and welfare of a daughter.—His character stands very high; indeed, in every way unimpeachable.'

The bitter scowl which had sat upon the small dark

features of Fardorougha, when replying to the last attack of Mrs. O'Brien, passed away as John spoke.—The old man turned hastily round, and surveying the eulogist of his son, said,

'God bless you, asthore, for thim words; and they're thrue—thru as the gospel, arrah what are you both so proud off! I defy you to get the aquil of my son in the barony of Lisnamona, either for face, figure or timper! I say he's fit to be a husband for as good a girl as ever stood in your daughter's shoes; an' from what I hear of her, she's as good a girl as ever the Almighty put breath in; God bless you, young man! you're a credit yourself to any parents.'

'An' we have nothin' to say against your son, nor against your wife either,' replied the Bodagh; 'an' if your own name was as clear—if you wor looked upon as they are—tut, I'm spakin' nonsense! How do I know whether ever your son and my daughter spoke a word to one another or not.'

'I'll go bail Oona never opened her lips to him,' said her mother; 'I'll go bail she had more spirit.'

'An' I'll go bail she can't live widout him, an' will have him whether *you* like it or not,' said Fardorougha.

'Mother,' observed John, 'will you and my father come into the next room for a minute—I wish to say a word or two to each of you; and will you, Fardorougha, have the goodness to sit here till we return!'

'Devil a notion,' replied O'Donovan, 'I have of stirrin' my foot till the thing's settled one way or other.'

'Now,' said young O'Brien, when they had got into the back parlour, 'it's right that you both should know to what length the courtship between Una and Connor O'Donovan has gone.'

'Courtship! *Fich na hoiah!* sure she wouldn't go to court wid the son o' that ould schamer.'

'I'm beginning to fear that it's too thrue,' observed the Bodagh; 'and if she has—but let us hear John.'

'It's perfectly true, indeed, mother, that *she has*,' said the son. 'Yes, and they are both this moment pledged, betrothed, promised, *solemnly* promised, to each other; and in my opinion the old man within is acting a more honourable part than either of you give him credit for.'

'Well, well, well,' exclaimed the mother; 'who afther that would ever thrust a daughter! The girl that we rared up as tindher as a chicking, to go to throw herself away upon the son of ould Fardorougha Donovan, the misert. Confusion to the ring ever he'll put an her! I'd see her *stretched*\* first.'

'I agree with you in that, Bridget,' said the husband; 'if it was only to punish her thrachery and desate, I'll take good care a ring will never go on them—but how do you know all this, John!'

'From Una's own lips, father.'

\* Dead.



The Bodagh paced to and fro in much agitation; one hand in his small-clothes pocket, the other twirling his watch key as rapidly as he could. The mother, in the mean time, had thrown herself into a chair, and gave way to a violent fit of grief.

'And you have this from Una's own lips?'

'Indeed, father, I have; and it is much to her credit that she was candid enough to place such confidence in her brother.'

'Pledged and promised to one another! Bridget, who could believe this?'

'Believe it! I don't believe it—it's only a scheme of the hussey to get him. Oh, thin, Queen of heaven, this day, but it's black news to us!'

'John,' said the father, 'tell Una to come down to us.'

'Father, I doubt that's rather a trying task for her. I wish you wouldn't insist.'

'Go off, sir; she must come down immediately. I'll have it from her own lips, too.'

Without another word of remonstrance the son went to bring her down. When the brother and sister entered the room, O'Brien still paced the floor. He stood, and turning his eyes upon his daughter with severe displeasure, was about to speak, but he appeared to have lost the power of utterance; and after one or two ineffectual attempts, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

'See, see,' said the mother, 'see what you have brought us to. Is it thrue that you're promised to Fardorough's son?'

Una tottered over to a chair, and the blood left her cheeks; her lips became dry, and she gasped for breath.

'Why don't you think it worth your while to answer me?' continued the mother.

The daughter gave a look of deep distress and supplication at her brother; but when she perceived her father in tears, her head sank down upon her bosom.

'What! what! Una,' exclaimed the Bodagh, 'Una —' But ere he could complete the question, the timid creature fell senseless upon the floor.

For a long time she lay in that friendly trance; for such, in truth it was to a delicate being, subjected to an ordeal so painful as that she was called upon to pass through. We have, indeed, remarked that there is in the young, especially in those of the softer sex, a feeling of terror, and shame, and confusion, when called upon by their parents to disclose a forbidden passion, that renders its avowal perhaps the most formidable task which the young heart can undergo. It is a fearful trial for the youthful, and one which parents ought to conduct with surpassing delicacy and tenderness, unless they wish to drive the ingenuous spirit into the first steps of falsehood and deceit.

'Father,' said John, 'I think you may rest satisfied

with what you witness; and I am sure it cannot make you or my mother happy to see poor Una miserable.'

Una, who had been during the greater part of her swoon supported in her weeping and alarmed mother's arms, now opened her eyes, and after casting an affrighted look about the room, she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and exclaimed, as distinctly as the violence of sobbing grief would permit her:

'Oh, mother dear, have pity on me; bring me up stairs and I will tell you.'

'I do, I do pity you,' said the mother, kissing her; 'I know you'll be a good girl yet, Oona.'

'Una,' said her father, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, 'was I ever harsh to you, or did I —'

'Father dear,' she returned, interrupting him, 'I would have told you and my mother, but that I was afraid.'

There was something so utterly innocent and artless in this reply, that each of the three persons present felt sensibly affected by its extreme and childlike simplicity.

'Don't be afraid of me, Una,' continued the Bodagh, 'but answer me truly, like a good girl; and I swear upon my reputaytion, that I won't be angry. Do you love the son of this Fardorough?'

'Not, father, because he's Fardorough's son,' said Una, whose face was still hid in her mother's bosom; 'I would rather he wasn't.'

'But you *do* love him?'

'For three years he has scarcely been out of my mind.'

Something that might be termed a smile crossed the countenance of the Bodagh at this intimation.

'God help you for a foolish child,' said he; 'you're a poor counsellor when left to defend your own cause.'

'She won't defend it by a falsehood, at all events,' observed her trustworthy and affectionate brother.

'No, she wouldn't,' said the mother; 'and I did her wrong awhile ago, to say that she'd scheme any thing about it.'

'And are you and Connor O'Donovan promised to aich other?' enquired the father again.

'But it wasn't I that proposed the promise,' returned Una.

'Oh, the desperate villain,' exclaimed her father, 'to be guilty of such a thing; but you took the promise Una—you did—you did—I needn't ask.'

'No,' replied Una.

'No!' re-echoed the father; 'then you did not give the promise.'

'I mean,' she rejoined, 'that you needn't ask.'

'Oh, faith, that alters the case extramely. Now Una, this—all this promising that has past betune you and Connor O'Donovan, is mere folly. If you prove to be the good obadient girl that I hope you are, you'll

put him out of your head, and thin you can give back to one another whatever promises you made.'

This was succeeded by a silence of more than a minute. Una at length arose, and with a composed energy of manner, that was evident by her sparkling eye and bloodless cheek, she approached her father, and calmly kneeling down, said slowly but firmly:

'Father, if *nothing else* can satisfy you, *I will* give back my promise; but then, father, it will break my heart, for I know—I feel—how I love him, and how I'm loved by him.'

'I'll get you a better husband,' replied her father—'far more wealthy and more respectable than he is.'

'I'll give back the promise,' said she; 'but the man is not living, except Connor O'Donovan, that will ever call me wife. More wealthy! more respectable!—oh, it was only *himself* I loved. Father, I'm on my knees before you, and before my mother. I have only one request to make—oh, don't break your daughter's heart!'

'God direct us,' exclaimed her mother; 'it's hard to know how to act. If it would go so hard upon her, sure—'

'Amen,' said her husband; 'may God direct us to the best. I'm sure God knows,' he continued, now much affected, 'that I would rather break my own heart than your's, Una. Get up, dear—rise. John, how would *you* advise us?'

'I don't see what serious objection after all,' replied the son, 'either you or my mother can have to Connor O'Donovan. He is every way worthy of her, if he is equal to his character; and as for wealth, I have often heard it said that his father was a richer man than yourself.'

'After all,' said the mother, 'she might be very well wid him.'

'I'll tell you what I'll do then,' said the Bodagh—'let us see the ould man himself, and if he settles his son dacently in life, as he can do if he wishes, why I won't see that poor, foolish, innocent girl breaking her heart.'

Una, who had sat with her face still averted, now ran to her father, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept aloud, but said nothing.

'Ay, ay,' said the latter, 'it's very fine now that you have every thing your own way, you girsha; but, sure, you're all the daughter we have, achora, and it would be too bad not to let you have a *little* of your own opinion in the choice of a husband. Now go up stairs, or where you please, till we see what can be done with Fardorougha himself.'

With smiling face and glistening eyes Una passed out of the room, scarcely sensible whether she walked, ran, or flew, while the others went to renew the discussion with Fardorougha.

'Well,' said the miser, 'you found out, I suppose, that she can't do widout him?'

'Provided we consent to the marriage,' asked the Bodagh, 'how will you settle your son in life?'

'Who would I settle in life if I wouldn't settle my only son?' replied the other; 'who else is there to get all I have?'

'That's very true,' observed the Bodagh; 'but state plainly what you'll do for him on his marriage.'

'Do you consent to the marriage all of yees?'

'That's not the question,' said the other.

'Divil a word I'll answer till I know whether yees do or not,' said Fardorougha. 'Say at once that you consent, and thin I'll spake—I'll say what I'll do.'

The Bodagh looked enquiringly at his wife and son. The latter nodded affirmatively. 'We do consent,' he added.

'That shows your own sinse,' said the old man.

'Now what fortune will you portion your *colleen* wid?'

'That depends upon what *you'll* do for your son,' returned the Bodagh.

'And that depends upon what *you'll* do for your daughter,' replied the sagacious old miser.

'At this rate we're not likely to agree.'

'Nothin's asier; you have only to spake out; besides it's your business, bein' the colleen's father.'

'Try him, and name something fair,' whispered John.

'If I give her a farm of thirty acres of good land, stocked and all, what will *you* do for Connor?'

'More than that, five times over; I'll give him all I have. An' now, when will we marry them? Throth it was best to make things clear,' added the knave, 'and undherstand one another at wanst. When will we marry them?'

'Not till you say out openly and fairly the exact sum of money you'll lay down on the nail—an' that before ever a ring goes upon them.'

'Give it up, acushla,' said the wife, 'you see there's no schrewin' a promise out of him, let alone a penny.'

'What 'ud yees have me do!' said the old man, raising his voice. 'Won't he have all I'm worth! who else is to have it! Am I to make a beggar of myself to please you? Can't they live on your farm till I die, an' thin it'll all come to them?'

'And no thanks to you for that, Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh. 'No, no; I'll never buy a pig in a poke. If you won't act ginerously by your son, go home, in the name of goodness, and let us hear no more about it.'

'Why, why?' said the miser, 'are yees mad to miss what I can lave him? If you knew how much it is, you'd snap—; but, God help me, what am I sayin'? I'm poorer than any body thinks. I am—I am; an' will starve among you all, if God hasn't sed it. Do

you think I don't love my son as well, an' a thousand times better than you do your daughter? God alone sees how my heart's in him—in my own Connor, that never gave me a sore heart—my brave, my beautiful boy!

He paused, and the scalding tears here ran down his shrunk and furrowed cheeks, whilst he wrung his hands, started to his feet, and looked about him like a man encompassed by dangers that threatened instant destruction.

'If you love your son so well,' said John, mildly, 'why do you grudge to share your wealth with him? It is but natural and it is your duty.'

'Natural! what's natural!—to give away—is it to love him you mane? It is, it's *unnatural* to give it away. He's the best son—the best—what do you mane, I say!—let me alone—let me alone—I could give him my blood, my blood—to such a boy; but, you want to kill me—you want to kill me, an' thin you'll get all; but he'll cross you, never fear—my boy will save me—he's not tired o' me—he'd give up fifty girls sooner than see a hair of his father's head injured—so do your best, while I have Connor I'm not afraid of yees. Thanks be to God that sent him,' he exclaimed, dropping suddenly on his knees—'oh, thanks be to God that sent him to comfort an' protect his father from the schemes and villany of them that 'ud bring him to starvation for their own ends.'

'Father,' said John, in a low tone, 'this struggle between avarice and natural affection is awful. See how his small grey eyes glare, and the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips. What is to be done?'

'Fardorougha,' said the Bodagh, 'it's over; don't distress yourself—keep your money—there will be no match between our childre.'

'Why! why won't there?' he screamed—'why won't there, I say! Haven't you enough for them until I die? Would you see your child breakin' her heart? Bodagh, you have no nather in you—no bowels for your *colleen dhas*. But I'll spake for her—I'll argue wid you till this time to-morrow, or I'll make you show feelin' to her—an' if you don't—if you don't—'

'Wid the help o' God, the man's as mad as a March hare,' observed Mrs. O'Brien, 'and there's no use in losin' breath wid him.'

'If it's not insanity,' said John, 'I know not what it is.'

'Young man,' proceeded Fardorougha, who evidently paid no attention to what the mother and son said, being merely struck by the voice of the latter—'young man, you're kind, you have sinse and feelin'—spake to your father—don't let him destroy his child—don't ax him to starve me, that never did him harm. He loves you—he loves you, for he can't but love you—sure, I know how I love my own darlin' boy; oh, spake to him—here I go down on my two knees to you, to

beg, as you hope to see God in heaven, that you'll make him not brake his daughter's heart! She's your own sister—there's but the two of yees, an' oh, don't desert her in this throuble—this heavy, heavy, throuble!'

'I won't interfere farther in it,' replied the young man, who, however, felt disturbed and anxious in the extreme.

'Mrs. O'Brien,' said he, turning imploringly, and with a wild haggard look to the Bodagh's wife, 'I'm turnin' to you—you're her mother—oh think, think—'

'I'll think no more about it,' she replied. 'You're mad, an' thank God, we know it. Of course it'll run in the family, for which reasing my daughter 'ill never be joined to the son of a madman.'

He then turned as a last resource to O'Brien himself. 'Bodagh, Bodagh, I say,' here his voice rose to a frightful pitch, 'I enthrate, I ordher, I command you to listen to me! Marry them—don't kill your daughter, an' don't, don't, don't dare to kill my son. If you do I'll curse you till the marks of your feet will scorch the ground you tread on. Oh,' he exclaimed, his voice now sinking, and his reason awaking, apparently from exhaustion, 'what is come over me? what am I sayin'?—but it's all for my son, my son.' He then rose, sat down, and for more than twenty minutes wept like an infant, and sobbed, and sighed, as if his heart would break.

A feeling very difficult to be described, hushed his amazed auditory into silence; they felt something like pity towards the unfortunate old man, as well as respect for that affection which struggled with such moral heroism against the frightful vice that attempted to subdue this last surviving virtue in the breast of the miser.

On his getting calm, they spoke to him kindly, but in firm and friendly terms communicated their ultimate determination, that in consequence of his declining to make an adequate provision for his son, the marriage could by no means take place. He then got his hat, and attempted to reach the road which led to the little lawn, but so complete was his abstraction, and so exhausted his faculties, that it was not without John's assistance he could reach the gate which lay before his eyes. He first turned out of the walk to the right, then crossed over to the left, and felt surprised that a wall opposed him in each direction.

'You are too much disturbed,' said John, 'to perceive the way, but I will show you.'

'I suppose I thought it was at home I was,' he replied, 'bekase at my own house one must turn aither to the right or to the left, as, indeed, I'm in the custom of doin'.'

Whilst Fardorougha was engaged upon this ill-managed mission, his wife, who felt that all human efforts at turning the heart of her husband from his

wealth must fail, resolved to have recourse to a higher power. With this purpose in view, she put on her Sunday dress, and informed Connor that she was about to go for a short time from home.

'I'll be back if I can,' she added, 'before your father; and, indeed it's as good not to let him know anything about it.'

'About what, mother? for I know as little about it as he does.'

'Why, dear, I'm goin' to get a couple o' masses sed, for God to turn his heart from that cursed *airaghid* it's fixed upon. Sure it houlds sich a hard grip of his poor sowl, that it'll be the destruction of him here an' here-after. It'll kill him afore his time, an' then I thrimble to think of his chance above.'

'The object is a good one, sure enough, an' it bein' for a spiritual purpose, I suppose the priest won't object to it.'

'Why would he, dear, an' it for the good of his sowl. Sure, when Pat Lanigan was jealous, his wife got three masses sed for him; and wid the help o' God, he was cured sound an' clane.'

Connor could not help smiling at this extraordinary cure for jealousy, nor at the simple piety of a heart, the strength of whose affection he knew so well. After her return she informed the son, that in addition to the masses to be said against his father's avarice, she had some notion of getting another said towards his marriage with Una.

'I was goin',' she proceeded, 'to slip it in along wid your father's business, but I thought it wouldn't be fair or honest to trick his reverence that way upon the bare price of the two he is to say; for although it 'ud be killin' two birds wid one stone, still it mighn't bring about the match in regard o' the roguery on my part.'

'God help you, mother,' said Connor, laughing; 'for I think you're one of the innocentest women that ever lived; but whisht!' he added, 'here's my father—God grant that he may bring good news!'

When Fardorougha entered he was paler or rather sallow than usual; and, on his thin, puckered face, the lines that marked it were exhibited with a distinctness greater than ordinary. His eyes appeared to have sunk back more deeply into his head; his cheeks had fallen farther into his jaws; his eyes was gleamy and disturbed; and his whole appearance bespoke trouble and care, and the traces of a strong and recent struggle within him.

'Father,' said Connor, with a beating heart, 'for heaven sake, what news—what tidings? I trust—I trust in God it's good.'

'They have no bowels, Connor—they have no bowels, thim O'Briens.'

'Then you didn't succeed.'

'The father's as great a *bodagh* as him he was called after—they're a bad pack—an' you musn't think of any one belongin' to them.'

'But tell us, man dear,' said the wife, 'what passed—let us know it all.'

'Why they would do nothin'—they wouldn't hear of it. I went on my knees to them—ay to every one of them, barrin' the colleen herself; but 'twas all no use—it's to be no match.'

'And why, father, did you go on your knees to any of them,' said Connor; 'I'm sorry you did *that*.'

'I did it on your account, Connor, an' I'd do it agin on your account, poor boy.'

'Well, well, it can't be helped.'

'But tell me, Fardorougha,' inquired Honor, 'was any of the fault your own—what did *you* offer to do for Connor?'

'Let me alone,' said he, peevishly; 'I wont be crass questioned about it. My heart's broke among you all—what did *I* offer to do for Connor? The match is knocked up I tell you—and it must be knocked up. Connor's young, an' it'll be time enough for him to marry this seven years to come.'

As he said this, the fire of avarice blazed in his eyes, and he looked angrily at Honor, then at the son; but while contemplating the latter, his countenance changed from anger to sorrow, and from sorrow to a mild and serene expression of affection.

'Connor, avick,' said he, 'Connor, sure you'll not blame *me* in this business? sure you won't blame your poor, heart-broken father let him say what they will, sure you wont, avilish!'

'Don't fret on my account, father,' said the son; 'why should I blame you? God knows you're *strivin'* to do what you would wish for me.'

'No, Honor, I knew *he* wouldn't; no,' he shouted, leaping up, 'he wouldn't make a saicrefize o' me! Connor, save me, save me,' he shrieked, throwing his arms about his neck; 'save me; my heart's breakin'—some-thin's tearin' me different ways inside; I can cry, you see; I can cry, but I'm still as hard as a stone; it's terrible this I'm sufferin'—terrible all out for a weak ould man like me. Oh, Connor, avick, what 'ill I do! Honor, achora, what 'ill become o' me—am'nt I strugglin', strugglin' against it, whatever it is; don't yees pity me! Don't ye, avick machree, don't ye, Honor! oh don't yees pity me!'

'God pity you!' said the wife, bursting into tears; 'what will become of you! pray to God, Fardorougha, pray to him. No one alive can change your heart but God. I want to the priest to-day, to get two masses said to turn your heart from that cursed money. I didn't intind to tell you, but I do, bekase it's your duty to pray now, above all times, an' to back the priest as well as you can.'

'It's the best advice, father, you could get,' said the son, as he helped the trembling old man to his seat.

'An' who bid you thin to go to lavish money that way?' said he, turning snappishly to Honor, and relapsing again into the peevish spirit of avarice; 'Saver o'



Heaven, but you'll kill me, woman, afore you have done wid me. How can I stand it, to have my hard-earned—an' for what! to turn *my* heart from money! I don't want to be turned from it—I don't wish it! Money!—I have no money—nothin'—nothin'—an' if there's not betther decreed for me, I'll be starved yet—an' is it any wondher! to be robbin' me the way you're doin'!"

His wife clasped her hands, and looked up towards heaven in silence, and Connor, shaking his head despairingly, passed out to join Flanagan at his labour, with whom he had not spoken that day. Briefly, and with a heavy heart, he communicated to him the unsuccessful issue of his father's interference, and asked his opinion as to how he should conduct himself under circumstances so disastrous to his happiness and prospects. Bartle advised him to seek another interview with Una, and for that purpose, offered, as before, to ascertain, in the course of that evening, at what time and place she would see him. This suggestion, in itself so natural, was adopted, and as Connor felt, with peculiar acuteness, the pain of the situation in which he was placed, he manifested little tendency to conversation, and the evening consequently passed heavily and in silence.

Dusk, however, arrived, and Bartle prepared himself to execute the somewhat difficult commission he had so obligingly undertaken. He appeared, however, to have caught a portion of Connor's despondency, for, when about to set out, he said 'that he felt his spirits sunk and melancholy; just,' he added, 'as if some misfortune, Connor, was afore either or both of us; for my part, I'd stake my life that things will go *ashaughran* one way or other, an' that you'll never call Una O'Brien your wife.'

'Bartle,' replied the other, 'I only want you to do my message, an' not to be prophesyin' ill—bad news comes too soon, without your tellin' us of it aforehand. God knows, Bartle dear, I'm distressed enough as it is, and want my spirits to be kept up rather than put down.'

'No, Connor, but you want somethin' to divart your mind off of this business altogether, for a while; an' upon my saunies it 'ud be a charity for some friend to give you a fresh piece of fun to think of—so keep up your heart, how do you know but I may do that much for you myself! But I want you to lend me the loan of a pair of shoes; divil a tathther of these will be together soon, barrin' I get them mended in time; you can't begrudge that, any how, an' me wearin' them on your own business.'

'Nonsense, man—to be sure I will; stop an' I'll bring them out to you in half a shake.'

He accordingly produced a pair of shoes, nearly new, and told Bartle that if he had no objection to accept of them as a present, he might consider them as his own.

This conversation took place in Fardorough's barn,  
VOL. XXXIV.—OCTOBER, 1838.

where Flanagan always slept, and kept his small deal trunk.

He paused a moment when this good-natured offer was made to him, but as it was dark no particular expression could be discovered on his countenance.

'No!' said he vehemently; 'may I go to perdition if I ought.—Connor—Connor O'Donovan—you'd turn the div—'

'Hut, Bartle, don't be angry—whin I offered them, I didn't mean to give you the slightest offence; it's enough for you to tell me you won't have them without gettin' into a passion.'

'Have what? what are you spakin' about?'

'Why—about the shoes; what else?'

'Yes, faith, sure enough—well, ay, the shoes!—don't think of it, Connor—I'm hasty; too much so, indeed, an' that's my fault. I'm like all good natured people in that respect; however I'll borry them for a day or two, till I get my own patched up some way. But, death alive, why did you get at this sason o' the year three rows of sparables in the soles o' them?'

'Bekase they last longer, of coorse; and now, Bartle, be off, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till I see you agin.'

Connor's patience, or rather his impatience that night was severely taxed. Hour after hour elapsed, and yet Bartle did not return. At length he went to his father's sleeping room, and informed him of the message he had sent through Flanagan to Una.

'I will sleep in the barn to-night, father,' he added; 'an' never fear, let us talk as we may, but we'll be up early enough in the morning, plase God. I couldn't sleep, or go to sleep, till I hear what news he brings back to us; so do you rise and secure the door, an' I'll make my shake down wid Bartle for this night.'

The father, who never refused him any thing unpecuniary, (if we may be allowed the word,) did as the son requested him, and again went to bed, unconscious of the thundercloud which was so soon to burst upon them both.

Bartle, however, at length returned, and Connor had the satisfaction of hearing that his faithful Una would meet him the next night, if possible, at the hour of twelve o'clock, in her father's haggard. Her parents, it appeared, had laid an injunction upon her never to see him again; she was watched too, and unless when the household were asleep, she found it altogether impracticable to effect any appointment whatsoever with her lover. She could not even promise with certainty to meet him on that night, but she desired him to come, and if she failed to be punctual, not to leave the place of appointment for an hour. After that, if she appeared not, then he was to wait no longer. Such was the purport of the message which Flanagan delivered him.

Flanagan was the first up the next morning, for the purpose of keeping an appointment which he had with

Biddy Neil, whom we have already introduced to the reader. On being taxed with meanness by this weak but honest creature, for having sought service with the man who had ruined his family, he promised to acquaint her with the true motive which had induced him to enter into Fardorough's employment. Their conversation on this point, however, was merely a love scene, in which Bartle satisfied the credulous girl, that to an attachment for herself of some months' standing, might be ascribed his humiliation in becoming a servant to the oppressor and destroyer of his house. He then passed from themselves and their prospects to Connor and Una O'Brien, with whose attachment for each other, as the reader knows, he was first made acquainted by his fellow servant.

'It's terrible, Biddy,' said he, 'to think of the black and revengeful heart that Connor bears to Bodagh Buie and his family, merely because they refuse to let him marry Una. I'm afeared, Biddy darlin', that there'll be dark work about it on Connor's side; an' if you hear of any thing bad happenin' to the Bodagh, you'll know where it comes from.'

'I don't b'lieve it, Bartle, nor I won't b'lieve it—not, any way, till I hear that it happens. But what is it he intends to do to them?'

'That's more than I know myself,' replied Bartle; 'I axed as much, an' he said till it was done nobody would be the wiser.'

'That's quare,' said the girl, 'for a better heart than Connor has, the Saver o' the world never made.'

'You think so, agra, but wait; do you watch, and you'll find that he won't come in to-night. I know nothin' myself of what he's about, for he's as close as his father's purse, an' as deep as a draw-well, ay, an' as fair-faced as the devil when he wants to tempt a priest; but this I know, that he has black business on his hands, whatever it is. Be the crass, I thrimble to think of it!'

Flanagan then got tender, and after pressing his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, they separated, he to his labour in the fields, and she to her domestic employment, and the unusual task of watching the motions of her master's son.

Flanagan, in the course of the day, suggested to Connor the convenience of sleeping that night *also* in the barn. The time of meeting, he said, was too late, and his father's family, who were early in their hours both night and morning, would be asleep even before they set out. He also added, that lest any of the O'Briens or their retainers should surprise him and Una, he had made up his mind to accompany him, and act as a *vidette* during their interview.

Connor felt this devotion of Bartle to his dearest interests, as every grateful and generous heart would.

'Bartle,' said he, 'when we are married, if it's ever in my power to make you aisy in life, may I never prosper

if I don't do it; at all evints, in some way I'll reward you.'

'If you're ever able, Connor, I'll have no objection to be beholdin' to you; that is, if you're *ever able*, as you say.'

'And if there's a just God in heaven, Bartle, who sees my heart, however things may go against me for a time, I say I *will* be able to sarve you, or any other friend that deserves it. But about sleepin' *in* to-night—of coorse I would'nt be knockin' up my father, and disturbin' my poor mother for no rason; so of coorse, as I said, I'll sleep in the barn; it makes no difference one way or other.'

'Connor,' said Flanagan, with much solemnity, 'if Bodagh Buie's wise, he'll marry you an' his daughter as fast as he can.'

'An' why, Bartle?'

'Why, for rasons you know nothin' about. Of late he's got very much out o' favour, in regard of not comin' *in* to what *people* wish.'

'Spake plainer, Bartle; I'm in the dark now.'

'There's work goin' on in the counthry, that you and every one like you ought to be *up* to; but you know nothin', as I said, about it. Now Bodagh Buie, as far as I hear—for I'm in the dark myself nearly as much as you—Bodagh Buie holds out against them; an' not only that, I'm tould, but gives them hard words, an' sets them at defiance.'

'But what has all this to do with me marryin' his daughter?'

'Why, he wants some one badly to stand his friend wid them; an' if you were married to her, you should on his account become one o' thim; begad as it is you ought, for to tell you the truth there's talk—strong talk too, about payin' him a nightly visit that mayn't sarve him.'

'Then, Bartle, *you're* consarned in this business.'

'No, faith, not yet; but I suppose I must, if I wish to be *safe* in the counthry; an' so must you too, for the same rason.'

'And, if not *up*, how do you know so much about it?'

'From one o' themselves, that wishes the Bodagh well; ay, an' let me tell you, he's a marked man, an' the night was appointed to visit him; still it was put back to thry if he could be managed, but he couldn't; an' all I know about it is that the time to remember him is settled, an' he's *to get it*, an', along wid other things, he'll be ped for turnin' off—however I can't say any more about *that*.'

'How long is it since you knew this?'

'Not long—only since last night, or you'd 'a got it before this. The best way, I think, to put him on his guard 'ud be to send him a scrape of a line wid no name to it.'

'Bartle,' replied Connor, 'I'm as much beholden to

you for this, as if it had been myself or my father that was marked. God knows you have a good heart, an' if you don't sleep sound, I'm at a loss to know who ought.'

'Ma *chuirp an' dioual* but it's hard to tell *who* has a good heart, Connor; I'd never say any one has till I'd see them well thried.'

At length the hour for setting out arrived, and both, armed with good oaken cudgels, proceeded to Bodagh Buie's haggard, whither they arrived a little before the appointed hour. An utter stillness prevailed around the place—not a dog barked—not a breeze blew, nor did a leaf move on its stem, so calm and warm was the night. Neither moon nor stars shone in the firmament, and the darkness seemed kindly to throw its dusky mantle over this sweet and stolen interview of our young lovers. As yet, however, Una had not come, nor could Connor, on surveying the large massy farm-house of the Bodagh, perceive any appearance of light, or hear a single sound, however faint, to break the stillness in which it slept. Bartle, immediately after their arrival in the haggard, separated from his companion, in order, he said, to give notice of interruption, should Una be either watched or followed.

'Besides, you know,' he added, 'sweethearts like nobody to be present but themselves, when they do be spakin' soft to one another. So I'll jist keep dodgin' about, from place to place, wid my eye an' ear both open, an' if any intherloper comes I'll give yees the hard word.'

Heavily and lazily creep those moments during which an impatient lover awaits the approach of his mistress; and woe betide the wooer of impetuous temperament who is doomed, like our hero, to watch a whole hour and a half in vain. Many a theory did his fancy body forth, and many a conjecture did he form as to the probable causes of her absence. Was it possible that they watched her even in the dead hour of night? Perhaps the grief she felt at her father's refusal to sanction the match, had brought on indisposition; and,—oh, harrowing thought! perhaps they had succeeded in prevailing upon her to renounce him and his hopes for ever. But no; their affection was too pure and steadfast to admit of a supposition so utterly unreasonable. What then could have prevented her from keeping an appointment so essential to their future prospects, and to the operations necessary for them to pursue? Some plan of intercourse—some settled mode of communication must be concerted between them, a fact as well known to herself as to him.

'Well, well,' thought he, 'whatever's the reason of her not coming, I'm sure the fault is not her's; as it is, there's no use in waitin' this night any longer.'

Flanagan, it appeared, was of the same opinion, for in a minute or two he made his appearance, and urged

their return home. It was clear, he said, that no interview *could* take place that night, and the sooner they reached the barn and got to bed the better.'

'Folly me,' he added; 'we can pass through the yard, cross the road before the hall-door, and get over the stile, by the near way through the fields that's behind the orchard.'

Connor, who was by no means so well acquainted with the path as his companion, followed him in the way pointed out, and in a few minutes they found themselves walking at a brisk pace in a direction that led homewards by a shorter cut. Connor's mind was too much depressed for conversation, and both were proceeding in silence, when Flanagan started in alarm, and pointed out the figure of some one walking directly towards them. In less than a minute the person, whoever he might be, had come within speaking distance, and, as he shouted out 'who comes there?' Flanagan bolted across the ditch along which they had been going, and disappeared.

'A friend,' returned Connor, in reply to the question.

The other man advanced, and with a look of deep scrutiny peered into his face. 'A friend,' he exclaimed; 'faith, it's a quare hour for a friend to be out. Who are you, eh? Is this Connor O'Donovan?'

'It is; but you have the advantage of me.'

'If your father was here he would know Phil Curtis, any way.'

'I ought to 'a known the voice myself,' said Connor; 'Phil, how are you? an' what's bringin' *yourself* out at this hour?'

'Why, I want to buy a couple o' milk cows in the fair o' Kilturbit, an' I'm goin' to catch my horse, an' make ready. It's a stiff ride from this, an' by the time I'm there it 'ill be late enough for business, I'm thinkin'. There was some one wid you; who was it?'

'Come, come,' said Connor good-humouredly, 'he was out coortin', and doesn't wish to be known; and Phil, as you *had* the luck to meet me, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to breathe that you seen me near Bodagh Buie's to-night; I have various reasons for it.

'It's no sacret to me as it is,' replied Curtis; 'half the parish knows it; so make your mind asy on that head. Good night, Connor! I wish you success, any how; you'll be a happy man if you get her; although from what I hear has happened, you have a bad chance, except herself stands to you.'

The truth was, that Fardorough's visit to the Bodagh, thanks to the high tones of his own shrill voice, had drawn female curiosity, already suspicious of the circumstances, to the key-hole of the parlour-door, where the issue and object of the conference soon became known. In a short time it had gone among the servants, and from them was transmitted in the course

of that and the following day, to the tenants and day-labourers; who contrived to multiply it with such effect, that, as Curtis said, it was indeed no secret to the greater part of the parish.

Flanagan soon rejoined Connor, who, on taxing him with his flight, was informed, with an appearance of much regret, that a debt of old standing due to Curtis had occasioned it.

'And upon my saunies, Connor, I'd rather any time go up to my neck in wather than meet a man that I owe money to, whin I can't pay him. I knew Phil very well, even before he spoke, and that was what made me cut an' run.'

'What!' said Connor, looking towards the east, 'can it be day-light so soon?'

'Begad it surely cannot,' replied his companion. 'Holy mother above, what is this?'

Both involuntarily stood to contemplate the strange phenomenon which presented itself to their observation; and, as it was certainly both novel and startling in its appearance, we shall pause a little to describe it more minutely.

The night, as we have already said, was remarkably dark, and warm to an unusual degree. To the astonishment, however, of our two travellers, a gleam of light, extremely faint, and somewhat resembling that which precedes the rising of a summer sun, broke upon their path, and passed on in undulating sweeps for a considerable space before them. Connor had scarcely time to utter the exclamation just alluded to, and Flanagan to reply to him, when the light around them shot farther into the distance, and deepened from its first pale hue into a rich and gorgeous purple. Its effect, however, was limited within a circle of about a mile, for they could observe that it got faint gradually from the centre to the extreme verge, where it melted into utter darkness.

'They must mean something extraordinary,' said Connor; 'whatever it is, it appears to be behind the hill that divides us from Bodagh Buie's house. Blessed earth! it looks as if the sky was on fire!'

The sky indeed presented a fearful but sublime spectacle. One spot appeared to glow with the red-white heat of a furnace, and to form the centre of a fiery cupola, from which the flame was flung in redder and grosser masses, that darkened away into wild and dusky indistinctness, in a manner that corresponded with the same light, as it danced in red and frightful mirth upon the earth. As they looked, the cause of this awful phenomenon soon became visible. From behind the hill was seen a thick shower of burning particles rushing up into the mid air, and presently the broad point of a huge pyramid of fire, wavering in terrible and capricious power, seemed to disport itself far up in the very depths of the glowing sky. On looking again upon the earth they perceived that this ter-

rible circle was extending itself over a wider circumference of country, marking every prominent object around them with a dark blood-red tinge, and throwing those that were more remote into a visionary but appalling relief.

'*Dhar Christha,*' exclaimed Flanagan, 'I have it; *this* I spoke about has paid Bodagh Buie the visit they promised him.'

'Come round the hip o' the hill,' said Connor, 'till we see where it really is; but I'll tell you what, Bartle, if you be right, woe betide you; all the water in Europe wouldn't wash you free in my mind, of being connected in this same Ribbon business that's spread through the country. As sure as that sky—that fearful sky's—above us, you must prove to me an' others, how you came to know that this hellish business was to take place. God of heaven! let us run—surely it couldn't be the dwelling-house!'

His speed was so great that Bartle could find neither breath nor leisure to make any reply.

'Thank God,' he exclaimed; oh, thank God it's not the house, and their lives are safe; but, blessed Father, there's the man's whole haggard in flames.'

'Oh, the *retarnal* villains!' was the simple exclamation of Flanagan.

'Bartle,' said his companion, 'you heard what I said this minute!'

Their eyes met as he spoke, and for the first time O'Donovan was struck by the pallid malignity of his features. The servant gazed steadily upon him, his lips slightly but firmly drawn back, and his eye, in which was neither sympathy nor alarm, charged with the spirit of a cool and devilish triumph.

Connor's blazed at the bare idea of his villany, and, in a fit of manly and indignant rage, he seized Flanagan and hurled him headlong to the earth at his feet. 'You have hell in your face, you villain,' he exclaimed; and if I thought that—if I did—I'd drag you down like a dog, an' pitch you head-foremost into the flames!'

Bartle rose, and in a voice wonderfully calm, simply observed, 'God knows, Connor, if I know either your heart or mine, you'll be sorry for this tratment you've given me for no rason. You know yourself that, as soon as I heard anything of the ill-will against the Bodagh, I told it to you, in order—mark that—in order that you might let *him* know it the best way you thought proper, an' for *that* you've knocked me down!'

'Why, I believe you may be right, Bartle—there's truth in that—but I can't forgive you the *look* you gave me.'

'That red light was in my face, maybe; I'm sure if that wasn't it, I can't tell—I was myself wondherin' at your own looks, the same way; but then it was that quare light that was in your face.'



'Well, well, maybe I'm wrong—I hope I am. Do you think we could be of any use there?'

'Of use! an' how would we account for bein' there at all, Connor? how would *you* do it, at any rate, wid-out maybe bringin' the girl into blame.'

'You're right agin, Bartle; I'm not half so cool as you are; our best plan is to go home——'

'And go to bed; it is; an' the sooner we're there the better; sowl, Connor, you gev me a murderin' crash.'

'Think no more of it—think no more of it—I'm not often hasty, so you must overlook it.'

It was, however, with an anxious and distressed heart that Connor O'Donovan reached his father's barn, where, in the same bed with Flanagan, he enjoyed towards morning a brief and broken slumber that brought back to his fancy images of blood and fire, all so confusedly mingled with Una, himself, and their parents, that the voice of his father, calling upon them to rise, came to him as a welcome and manifest relief.

At the time laid in this story, neither burnings nor murders were so familiar nor *patriotic*, as the fancied necessity for working out political purposes has recently made them. Such atrocities, in these bad and unreformed days, were certainly looked upon as criminal, rather than meritorious, however *unpatriotic* it may have been to form so erroneous an estimate of human villany. The consequence of all this was, that the destruction of Bodagh Buie's property created a sensation in the county, of which, familiarized as we are to such crimes, we can entertain but a very faint notion. In three days a reward of five hundred pounds, exclusive of two hundred from government, was offered for such information as might bring the incendiary, or incendiaries, to justice. The Bodagh and his family were stunned as much with amazement at the occurrence of a calamity so incomprehensible to them, as with the loss they had sustained, for that indeed was heavy. The man was extremely popular, and by many acts of kindness had won the attachment and good-will of all who knew him, either personally or by character. How then account for an act so wanton and vindictive? They could not understand it; it was not only a crime, but a crime connected with some mysterious motive, beyond their power to detect.

But of all who became acquainted with the outrage, not one sympathized more sincerely and deeply with O'Brien's family than did Connor O'Donovan; although of course that sympathy was unknown to those for whom it was felt. The fact was, that his own happiness became in some degree involved in their calamity; and, as he came in to breakfast on the fourth morning of its occurrence, he could not help observing as much to his mother. His suspicions of Flanagan, as to possessing some clue to the melancholy business, were by no means removed. On the

contrary, he felt that he ought to have him brought before the bench of magistrates who were conducting the investigation from day to day, and, with this determination, he himself resolved to state fully and candidly to the bench, all the hints which had transpired from Flanagan respecting the denunciations said to be held out against O'Brien, and the causes assigned for them. Breakfast was now ready, and Fardorougha himself entered, uttering petulant charges of neglect and idleness against his servant.

'He deserves *no* breakfast,' said he; 'not a morsel; it's robbing me by his idleness and schaming he is. What is he doin', Connor? or what has become of him? He's not in the field nor about the place.'

Connor paused.

'Why, now that I think of it, I didn't see him to-day,' he replied; 'I thought he was mendin' the slap at the Three-Acres. I'll thry if he's in the barn.'

And he went accordingly to find him. 'I'm afraid, father,' said he, on his return, 'that Bartle's a bad boy, an' a dangerous one; he's not in the barn, an' it appears, from the bed, that he didn't sleep there last night. The thruth is, he's gone; at last he has brought all his clothes, his box, an' everything with him; an' what's more, I suspect the rason of it; he thinks he has let out too much to me; an' *dhar ma chorp*, it 'ill go hard but I'll make him let out more.'

The servant-maid, Biddy, now entered and informed them that four men, evidently strangers, were approaching the house from the rear, and ere she could add anything further on the subject, two of them walked in, and seizing Connor informed him that he was their prisoner.

'Your prisoner!' exclaimed his mother, getting pale; 'why what could our poor boy do to make him your prisoner? He never did hurt or harm to the child unborn.'

Fardorougha's keen grey eye rested sharply upon them for a moment; it then turned to Honor, afterwards to Connor, and again gleamed bitterly at the intruders—'What is this,' said he, starting up; 'what is this? you don't mane to rob us?'

'I think,' said the son, 'you must be undher a mistake; you surely can have no business with *me*. It's very likely you want some one else.'

'What is your name?' enquired he who appeared to be the principal of them.

'My name is Connor O'Donovan; an' I know no rason why I should deny it.'

'Then you are the very man we come for,' said the querist, 'so you had better prepare to accompany us; in the mean time you must excuse us if we search your room. This is unpleasant, I grant, but we have no discretion, and must perform our duty.'

'What do you want in this room?' said Fardorougha; 'it's robbery you're on for—it's robbery you're on for—in open day-light, too; but you're late; I lodged the last

of that and the following day, to the tenants and day-labourers; who contrived to multiply it with such effect, that, as Curtis said, it was indeed no secret to the greater part of the parish.

Flanagan soon rejoined Connor, who, on taxing him with his flight, was informed, with an appearance of much regret, that a debt of old standing due to Curtis had occasioned it.

'And upon my saunies, Connor, I'd rather any time go up to my neck in wather than meet a man that I owe money to, whin I can't pay him. I knew Phil very well, even before he spoke, and that was what made me cut an' run.'

'What!' said Connor, looking towards the east, 'can it be day-light so soon?'

'Begad it surely cannot,' replied his companion. 'Holy mother above, what is this?'

Both involuntarily stood to contemplate the strange phenomenon which presented itself to their observation; and, as it was certainly both novel and startling in its appearance, we shall pause a little to describe it more minutely.

The night, as we have already said, was remarkably dark, and warm to an unusual degree. To the astonishment, however, of our two travellers, a gleam of light, extremely faint, and somewhat resembling that which precedes the rising of a summer sun, broke upon their path, and passed on in undulating sweeps for a considerable space before them. Connor had scarcely time to utter the exclamation just alluded to, and Flanagan to reply to him, when the light around them shot farther into the distance, and deepened from its first pale hue into a rich and gorgeous purple. Its effect, however, was limited within a circle of about a mile, for they could observe that it got faint gradually from the centre to the extreme verge, where it melted into utter darkness.

'They must mean something extraordinary,' said Connor; 'whatever it is, it appears to be behind the hill that divides us from Bodagh Buie's house. Blessed earth! it looks as if the sky was on fire!'

The sky indeed presented a fearful but sublime spectacle. One spot appeared to glow with the red-white heat of a furnace, and to form the centre of a fiery cupola, from which the flame was flung in redder and grosser masses, that darkened away into wild and dusky indistinctness, in a manner that corresponded with the same light, as it danced in red and frightful mirth upon the earth. As they looked, the cause of this awful phenomenon soon became visible. From behind the hill was seen a thick shower of burning particles rushing up into the mid air, and presently the broad point of a huge pyramid of fire, wavering in terrible and capricious power, seemed to disport itself far up in the very depths of the glowing sky. On looking again upon the earth they perceived that this ter-

rible circle was extending itself over a wider circumference of country, marking every prominent object around them with a dark blood-red tinge, and throwing those that were more remote into a visionary but appalling relief.

'*Dhar Christha*,' exclaimed Flanagan, 'I have it; *thim* I spoke about has paid Bodagh Buie the visit they promised him.'

'Come round the hip o' the hill,' said Connor, 'till we see where it really is; but I'll tell you what, Bartle, if you be right, woe betide you; all the water in Europe wouldn't wash you free in my mind, of being connected in this same Ribbon business that's spread through the country. As sure as that sky—that fearful sky's—above us, you must prove to me an' others, how you came to know that this hellish business was to take place. God of heaven! let us run—surely it couldn't be the dwelling-house!'

His speed was so great that Bartle could find neither breath nor leisure to make any reply.

'Thank God,' he exclaimed; oh, thank God it's not the house, and their lives are safe; but, blessed Father, there's the man's whole haggard in flames.'

'Oh, the *netarnal* villains!' was the simple exclamation of Flanagan.

'Bartle,' said his companion, 'you heard what I said this minute?'

Their eyes met as he spoke, and for the first time O'Donovan was struck by the pallid malignity of his features. The servant gazed steadily upon him, his lips slightly but firmly drawn back, and his eye, in which was neither sympathy nor alarm, charged with the spirit of a cool and devilish triumph.

Connor's blazed at the bare idea of his villany, and, in a fit of manly and indignant rage, he seized Flanagan and hurled him headlong to the earth at his feet. 'You have hell in your face, you villain,' he exclaimed; and if I thought that—if I did—I'd drag you down like a dog, an' pitch you head-foremost into the flames!'

Bartle rose, and in a voice wonderfully calm, simply observed, 'God knows, Connor, if I know either your heart or mine, you'll be sorry for this treatment you've given me for no rason. You know yourself that, as soon as I heard anything of the ill-will against the Bodagh, I told it to you, in order—mark that—in order that you might let *him* know it the best way you thought proper, an' for *that* you've knocked me down!'

'Why, I believe you may be right, Bartle—there's truth in that—but I can't forgive you the *look* you gave me.'

'That red light was in my face, maybe; I'm sure if that wasn't it, I can't tell—I was myself wondherin' at your own looks, the same way; but then it was that quare light that was in your face.'

'Well, well, maybe I'm wrong—I hope I am. Do you think we could be of any use there?'

'Of use! an' how would we account for bein' there at all, Connor? how would *you* do it, at any rate, wid-out maybe bringin' the girl into blame.'

'You're right agin, Bartle; I'm not half so cool as you are; our best plan is to go home——'

'And go to bed; it is; an' the sooner we're there the better; sowl, Connor, you gev me a murderin' crash.'

'Think no more of it—think no more of it—I'm not often hasty, so you must overlook it.'

It was, however, with an anxious and distressed heart that Connor O'Donovan reached his father's barn, where, in the same bed with Flanagan, he enjoyed towards morning a brief and broken slumber that brought back to his fancy images of blood and fire, all so confusedly mingled with Una, himself, and their parents, that the voice of his father, calling upon them to rise, came to him as a welcome and manifest relief.

At the time laid in this story, neither burnings nor murders were so familiar nor *patriotic*, as the fancied necessity for working out political purposes has recently made them. Such atrocities, in these bad and unreformed days, were certainly looked upon as criminal, rather than meritorious, however *unpatriotic* it may have been to form so erroneous an estimate of human villany. The consequence of all this was, that the destruction of Bodagh Baie's property created a sensation in the county, of which, familiarized as we are to such crimes, we can entertain but a very faint notion. In three days a reward of five hundred pounds, exclusive of two hundred from government, was offered for such information as might bring the incendiary, or incendiaries, to justice. The Bodagh and his family were stunned as much with amazement at the occurrence of a calamity so incomprehensible to them, as with the loss they had sustained, for that indeed was heavy. The man was extremely popular, and by many acts of kindness had won the attachment and good-will of all who knew him, either personally or by character. How then account for an act so wanton and vindictive? They could not understand it; it was not only a crime, but a crime connected with some mysterious motive, beyond their power to detect.

But of all who became acquainted with the outrage, not one sympathized more sincerely and deeply with O'Brien's family than did Connor O'Donovan; although of course that sympathy was unknown to those for whom it was felt. The fact was, that his own happiness became in some degree involved in their calamity; and, as he came in to breakfast on the fourth morning of its occurrence, he could not help observing as much to his mother. His suspicions of Flanagan, as to possessing some clue to the melancholy business, were by no means removed. On the

contrary, he felt that he ought to have him brought before the bench of magistrates who were conducting the investigation from day to day, and, with this determination, he himself resolved to state fully and candidly to the bench, all the hints which had transpired from Flanagan respecting the denunciations said to be held out against O'Brien, and the causes assigned for them. Breakfast was now ready, and Fardorougha himself entered, uttering petulant charges of neglect and idleness against his servant.

'He deserves *no* breakfast,' said he; 'not a morsel; it's robbing me by his idleness and schaming he is. What is he doin', Connor? or what has become of him? He's not in the field nor about the place.'

Connor paused.

'Why, now that I think of it, I didn't see him to-day,' he replied; 'I thought he was mendin' the slap at the Three-Acres. I'll thry if he's in the barn.'

And he went accordingly to find him. 'I'm afraid, father,' said he, on his return, 'that Bartle's a bad boy, an' a dangerous one; he's not in the barn, an' it appears, from the bed, that he didn't sleep there last night. The thruth is, he's gone; at last he has brought all his clothes, his box, an' everything with him; an' what's more, I suspect the rason of it; he thinks he has let out too much to me; an' *dhar ma chorp*, it 'ill go hard but I'll make him let out more.'

The servant-maid, Biddy, now entered and informed them that four men, evidently strangers, were approaching the house from the rear, and ere she could add anything further on the subject, two of them walked in, and seizing Connor informed him that he was their prisoner.

'Your prisoner!' exclaimed his mother, getting pale; 'why what could our poor boy do to make him your prisoner? He never did hurt or harm to the child unborn.'

Fardorougha's keen grey eye rested sharply upon them for a moment; it then turned to Honor, afterwards to Connor, and again gleamed bitterly at the intruders—'What is this,' said he, starting up; 'what is this! you don't mane to rob us!'

'I think,' said the son, 'you must be undher a mistake; you surely can have no business with *me*. It's very likely you want some one else.'

'What is your name?' enquired he who appeared to be the principal of them.

'My name is Connor O'Donovan; an' I know no rason why I should deny it.'

'Then you are the very man we come for,' said the querist, 'so you had better prepare to accompany us; in the mean time you must excuse us if we search your room. This is unpleasant, I grant, but we have no discretion, and must perform our duty.'

'What do you want in this room?' said Fardorougha; 'it's robbery you're on for—it's robbery you're on for—in open day-light, too; but you're late; I lodged the last

penny yestherday; that's one comfort; you're late—you're late.'

'What did my boy do,' exclaimed the affrighted mother; 'what did he do that you come to drag him away from us?'

This question she put to the other constable, the first having entered her son's bed-room.

'I am afraid, ma'am, you'll know it too soon,' replied the man; 'it's a heavy charge, if it proves to be true.'

As he spoke, his companion re-entered the apartment, with Connor's Sunday coat in his hand, from the pocket of which he drew a steel and tinder-box.

'I'm sorry for this,' he observed; 'it corroborates what has been sworn against you by your accomplice, and here I fear comes additional proof.'

At the same moment the other two made their appearance, one of them holding in his hand the shoes which Connor had lent to Flanagan, and which he wore on the night of the conflagration.

On seeing this, and comparing the two circumstances together, a fearful light broke on the unfortunate young man, who had already felt conscious of the snare into which he had fallen. With an air of sorrow and manly resignation he thus addressed his parents:—

'Don't be alarmed; I see that there is an attempt made to swear away my life; but, whatever happens, you both know that I am innocent of doin' an injury to any one. If I die, I would rather die innocent than live as guilty as he will that must have my blood to answer for.'

His mother, on hearing this, ran to him, and with her arms about his neck, exclaimed,

'Die! die! Connor darlin'—my brave boy—my only son—why do you talk about death? what is it for? what is it about? Oh, for the love of God, tell us what did our boy do?'

'He is charged by Bartle Flanagan,' replied one of the constables, 'with burning Bodagh Buie's O'Brien's haggard, because he refused him his daughter. He must now come with us to jail.'

'I see the whole plot,' said Connor, 'and a deep one it is; the villain will do his worst; still I can't but have dependence upon justice and my own innocence. I can't but have dependence upon God, who knows my heart.'

*From Bentley's Miscellany.*

## OLIVER TWIST.

(CONTINUED.)

### BOOK THE THIRD.

#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

*Containing an account of what passed between Mr. and Mrs. Bumble and Monks at their nocturnal interview.*

It was a dull, close, overcast summer evening, when the clouds, which had been threatening all day, spread

out in a dense and sluggish mass of vapour, already yielded large drops of rain, and seemed to presage a violent thunder-storm, as Mr. and Mrs. Bumble, turning out of the main street of the town, directed their course towards a scattered little colony of ruinous houses, distant from it some mile and a half, or thereabouts, and erected on a low unwholesome swamp, bordering upon the river.

They were both wrapped in old and shabby outer garments, which might perhaps serve the double purpose of protecting their persons from the rain, and sheltering them from observation; the husband carried a lantern, from which, however, no light yet shone, and trudged on a few paces in front, as though—the way being dirty—to give his wife the benefit of treading in his heavy foot-prints. They went on in profound silence; every now and then Mr. Bumble relaxed his pace, and turned his head round, as if to make sure that his helpmate was following, and, discovering that she was close at his heels, mended his rate of walking, and proceeded at a considerable increase of speed towards their place of destination.

This was far from being a place of doubtful character, for it had long been known as the residence of none but low and desperate ruffians, who, under various pretences of living by their labour, subsisted chiefly on plunder and crime. It was a collection of mere hovels, some hastily built with loose bricks, and others of old worm-eaten ship timber, jumbled together without any attempt at order or arrangement, and planted, for the most part, within a few feet of the river's bank. A few leaky boats drawn up on the mud, and made fast to the dwarf wall which skirted it, and here and there an oar or coil of rope, appeared at first to indicate that the inhabitants of these miserable cottages pursued some avocation on the river; but a glance at the shattered and useless condition of the articles thus displayed would have led a passer-by without much difficulty to the conjecture that they were disposed there, rather for the preservation of appearances than with any view to their being actually employed.

In the heart of this cluster of huts, and skirting the river, which its upper stories overhung, stood a large building formerly used as a manufactory of some kind, and which had in its day probably furnished employment to the inhabitants of the surrounding tenements. But it had long since gone to ruin. The rat, the worm, and the action of the damp, had weakened and rotted the piles on which it stood, and a considerable portion of the building had already sunk down into the water beneath, while the remainder, tottering and bending over the dark stream, seemed but to wait a favourable opportunity of following its old companion, and involving itself in the same fate.

It was before this ruinous building that the worthy



couple paused as the first peal of distant thunder reverberated in the air, and the rain commenced pouring violently down.

'The place should be somewhere here,' said Bumble, consulting a scrap of paper he held in his hand.

'Halloa there!' cried a voice from above.

Following the sound, Bumble raised his head, and descried a man looking out of a door, breast-high, on the second story.

'Stand still a minute,' cried the voice; 'I'll be with you directly.' With which the head disappeared, and the door closed.

'Is that the man?' asked Mr. Bumble's good lady.

Mr. Bumble nodded in the affirmative.

'Then, mind what I told you,' said the matron, 'and be careful to say as little as you can, or you'll betray us at once.'

Mr. Bumble, who had eyed the building with very rueful looks, was apparently about to express some doubts relative to the advisability of proceeding any farther with the enterprise just then, when he was prevented by the appearance of Monks, who opened a small door, near which they stood, and beckoned them inwards.

'Come!' he cried impatiently, stamping his foot upon the ground. 'Don't keep me here!'

The woman, who had hesitated at first, walked boldly in without any further invitation, and Mr. Bumble, who was ashamed, or afraid to hang behind, followed, obviously very ill at his ease, and with scarcely any of that remarkable dignity which was usually his chief characteristic.

'What the devil made you stand lingering there in the wet?' said Monks, turning round, and addressing Bumble, after he had bolted the door behind them.

'We—we were only cooling ourselves,' stammered Bumble, looking apprehensively about him.

'Cooling yourselves?' retorted Monks. 'Not all the rain that ever fell, or ever will fall, will put as much of hell's fire out as a man can carry about with him. You won't cool yourself so easily, don't think it!'

With this agreeable speech Monks turned short upon the matron, and bent his fierce gaze upon her, till even she who was not easily cowed, was fain to withdraw her eyes, and turn them towards the ground.

'This is the woman, is it?' demanded Monks.

'Hem! That is the woman,' replied Mr. Bumble, mindful of his wife's caution.

'You think women never can keep secrets, I suppose?' said the matron, interposing, and returning as she spoke the searching look of Monks.

'I know they will always keep *one* till it's found out,' said Monks contemptuously.

'And what may that be?' asked the matron in the same tone.

'The loss of their good name,' replied Monks: 'so, by the same rule, if a woman's a party to a secret that might hang or transport her, I'm not afraid of her telling it to anybody, not I. Do you understand me?'

'No,' rejoined the matron, slightly colouring as she spoke.

'Of course you don't!' said Monks ironically. 'How should you?'

Bestowing something half-way between a sneer and a scowl upon his two companions, and again beckoning them to follow him, the man hastened across the apartment, which was of considerable extent, but low in the roof, and was preparing to ascend a steep staircase, or rather ladder, leading to another floor of warehouses above, when a bright flash of lightning streamed down the aperture, and a peal of thunder followed, which shook the crazy building to its centre.

'Hear it!' he cried, shrinking back. 'Hear it rolling and crashing away as if it echoed through a thousand caverns, where the devils are hiding from it. Fire the sound! I hate it.'

He remained silent for a few moments, and then removing his hands suddenly from his face, showed, to the unspeakable discomposure of Mr. Bumble, that it was much distorted, and nearly blank.

'These fits come over me now and then,' said Monks, observing his alarm, 'and thunder sometimes brings them on. Don't mind me now; it's all over for this once.'

Thus speaking, he led the way up the ladder, and hastily closing the window-shutter of the room into which it led, lowered a lantern which hung at the end of a rope and pulley passed through one of the heavy beams in the ceiling, and which cast a dim light upon an old table and three chairs that were placed beneath it.

'Now,' said Monks, when they had all three seated themselves, 'the sooner we come to our business, the better for all. The woman knows what it is, does she?'

The question was addressed to Bumble; but his wife anticipated the reply, by intimating that she was perfectly acquainted with it.

'He is right in saying that you were with this hag the night she died, and that she told you something—'

'About the mother of the boy you named,' replied the matron interrupting him. 'Yes.'

'The first question is, of what nature was her communication?' said Monks.

'That's the second,' observed the woman with much deliberation. 'The first is, what may the communication be worth?'

'Who the devil can tell that, without knowing of what kind it is?' asked Monks.

'Nobody better than you, I am persuaded,' answered Mrs. Bumble, who did not want for spirit, as her yokefellow could abundantly testify.

'Humph!' said Monks significantly, and with a look of eager enquiry, 'there may be money's worth to get, eh!'

'Perhaps there may,' was the composed reply.

'Something that was taken from her,' said Monks eagerly; 'something that she wore—something that—'

'You had better bid,' interrupted Mrs. Bumble. 'I have heard enough already to assure me that you are the man I ought to talk to.'

Mr. Bumble, who had not yet been admitted by his better half into any greater share of the secret than he had originally possessed, listened to this dialogue with outstretched neck and distended eyes, which he directed towards his wife and Monks by turns in undisguised astonishment; increased, if possible, when the latter sternly demanded what sum was required for the disclosure.

'What's it worth to you?' asked the woman, as collectedly as before.

'It may be nothing; it may be twenty pounds,' replied Monks; 'speak out, and let me know which.'

'Add five pounds to the sum you have named; give me five-and-twenty pounds in gold,' said the woman, and I'll tell you all I know—not before.'

'Five-and-twenty pounds!' exclaimed Monks drawing back.

'I spoke as plainly as I could,' replied Mrs. Bumble, 'and it's not a large sum either.'

'Not a large sum for a paltry secret, that may be nothing when it's told!' cried Monks impatiently, 'and which has been lying dead for twelve years past, or more!'

'Such matters keep well, and, like good wine, often double their value in course of time,' answered the matron, still preserving the resolute indifference she had assumed. 'As to lying dead, there are those who will lie dead for twelve thousand years to come, or twelve million, for anything you or I know, who will tell strange tales at last.'

'What if I pay it for nothing?' asked Monks, hesitating.

'You can easily take it away again,' replied the matron. 'I am but a woman, alone here, and unprotected.'

'Not alone, my dear, nor unprotected neither,' submitted Mr. Bumble, in a voice tremulous with fear, 'I am here, my dear. And besides,' said Mr. Bumble, his teeth chattering as he spoke, 'Mr. Monks is too much of a gentleman to attempt any violence on parochial persons. Mr. Monks is aware that I am not a young man, my dear, and also that I am a little run to seed, as I may say; but he has heard—I say I have no doubt Mr. Monks has heard, my dear—that I am a very determined officer, with very uncommon strength, if I'm once roused. I only want a little rousing, that's all.'

As Mr. Bumble spoke, he made a melancholy feint of grasping his lantern with fierce determination, and plainly showed, by the alarmed expression of every feature, that he did want a little rousing, and not a little, prior to making any very warlike demonstration, unless, indeed, against paupers, or other person or persons trained down for the purpose.

'You are a fool,' said Mrs. Bumble in reply, 'and had better hold your tongue.'

'He had better have cut it out before he came, if he can't speak in a lower tone,' said Monks grimly. 'So he's your husband, eh?'

'He my husband!' tittered the matron, parrying the question.

'I thought as much when you came in,' rejoined Monks, marking the angry glance which the lady darted at her spouse as she spoke. 'So much the better; I have less hesitation in dealing with two people, when I find that there's only one will between them. I'm in earnest—see here.'

He thrust his hand into a side-pocket, and producing a canvass bag, told out twenty-five sovereigns on the table, and pushed them over to the woman.

'Now,' he said, 'gather them up; and when this cursed peal of thunder, that I feel is coming up to break over the house-top, is gone, let's hear your story.'

The roar of thunder, which seemed in fact much nearer, and to shiver and break almost over their heads, having subsided, Monks, raising his face from the table, bent forward to listen to what the woman should say. The faces of the three nearly touched as the two men leant over the small table in their eagerness to hear, and the woman also leant forward to render her whisper audible. The sickly rays of the suspended lantern falling directly upon them, aggravated the paleness and anxiety of their countenances, which, encircled by the deepest gloom and darkness, looked ghastly in the extreme.

'When this woman, that we called old Sally, died,' the matron began, 'she and I were alone.'

'Was there no one by?' asked Monks in the same hollow whisper, 'no sick wretch or idiot in some other bed!—no one who could hear, and might by possibility understand?'

'Not a soul,' replied the woman; 'we were alone: I stood alone beside the body when death came over it.'

'Good,' said Monks, regarding her attentively: 'go on.'

'She spoke of a young creature,' resumed the matron, 'who had brought a child into the world some years before: not merely in the same room, but in the same bed in which she then lay dying.'

'Ay!' said Monks with quivering lip, and glancing over his shoulder. 'Blood! How things come about at last.'

'The child was the one you named to him last night,' said the matron, nodding carelessly towards her husband; 'the mother this nurse had robbed.'

'In life!' asked Monks.

'In death,' replied the woman with something like a shudder. 'She stole from the corpse, when it had hardly turned to one, that which the dead mother had prayed her with her last breath to keep for the infant's sake.'

'She sold it!' cried Monks with desperate eagerness; 'did she sell it!—where!—when!—to whom!—how long before!'

'As she told me with great difficulty that she had done this,' said the matron, 'she fell back and died.'

'Without saying more!' cried Monks in a voice which, from its very suppression, seemed only the more furious. 'It's a lie! I'll not be played with. She said more—I'll tear the life out of you both, but I'll know what it was.'

'She didn't utter another word,' said the woman, to all appearance unmoved (as Mr. Bumble was very far from being) by the strange man's violence; 'but she clutched my gown violently with one hand, which was partly closed, and when I saw that she was dead, and so removed the hand by force, I found it clasped a scrap of dirty paper.'

'Which contained—' interposed Monks, stretching forward.

'Nothing,' replied the woman; 'it was a pawnbroker's duplicate.'

'For what?' demanded Monks.

'In good time I'll tell you,' said the woman. 'I judge that she had kept the trinket for some time, in the hope of turning it to better account, and then pawned it, and saved or scraped together money to pay the pawnbroker's interest year by year, and prevent its running out, so that if anything came of it, it could still be redeemed. Nothing had come of it; and, as I tell you, she died with the scrap of paper, all worn and tattered, in her hand. The time was out in two days; I thought something might one day come of it too, and so redeemed the pledge.'

'Where is it now?' asked Monks quickly.

'There,' replied the woman. And, as if glad to be relieved of it, she hastily threw upon the table a small kid bag scarcely large enough for a French watch, which Monks pouncing upon, tore open with trembling hands. It contained a little gold locket, in which were two locks of hair, and a plain gold wedding ring.

'It has the word "Agnes" engraved on the inside,' said the woman. 'There is a blank left for the surname, and then follows the date, which is within a year before the child was born; I found out that.'

'And this is all?' said Monks, after a close and eager scrutiny of the contents of the little packet.

'All,' replied the woman.

Mr. Bumble drew a long breath, as if he were glad to find that the story was over, and no mention made of taking the five-and-twenty pounds back again; and now took courage to wipe off the perspiration, which had been trickling over his nose unchecked during the whole of the previous conversation.

'I know nothing of the story beyond what I can guess at,' said his wife, addressing Monks after a short silence, 'and I want to know nothing, for it's safer not. But I may ask you two questions, may I?'

'You may ask,' said Monks, with some show of surprise, 'but whether I answer or not is another question.'

'—Which makes three,' observed Mr. Bumble, essaying a stroke of facetiousness.

'Is that what you expected to get from me?' demanded the matron.

'It is,' replied Monks. 'The other question!—'

'What you propose to do with it. Can it be used against me?'

'Never,' rejoined Monks; 'nor against me either. See here; but don't move a step forward, or your life's not worth a bulrush!'

With these words he suddenly wheeled the table aside, and pulling an iron ring in the boarding, threw back a large trap-door which opened close at Mr. Bumble's feet, and caused that gentleman to retire several paces backward with great precipitation.

'Look down,' said Monks, lowering the lantern into the gulf. 'Don't fear me. I could have let you down quietly enough when you were seated over it, if that had been my game.'

Thus encouraged, the matron drew near to the brink, and even Mr. Bumble himself, impelled by curiosity, ventured to do the same. The turbid water, swollen by the heavy rain, was rushing rapidly on below, and all other sounds were lost in the noise of its plashing and eddying against the green and slimy piles. There had once been a water-mill beneath, and the tide foaming and chafing round the few rotten stakes, and fragments of machinery, that yet remained, seemed to dart onward with a new impulse when freed from the obstacles which had unavailingly attempted to stem its headlong course.

'If you flung a man's body down there, where would it be to-morrow morning?' said Monks, swinging the lantern to and fro in the dark well.

'Twelve miles down the river, and cut to pieces besides,' replied Bumble, recoiling at the very notion.

Monks drew the little packet from his breast, into which he had hurriedly thrust it, and tying it firmly to a leaden weight which had formed a part of some pulley, and was lying on the floor, dropped it into the stream. It fell straight, and true as a die, clove the water with a scarcely audible splash, and was gone.

The three looked into each other's faces, and seemed to breathe more freely.

'There!' said Monks, closing the trap-door, which fell heavily back into its former position. 'If the sea ever gives up its dead—as books say it will—it will keep its gold and silver to itself, and that trash among it. We have nothing more to say, and may break up our pleasant party.'

'By all means,' observed Mr. Bumble with great alacrity.

'You'll keep a quiet tongue in your head, will you?' said Monks, with a threatening look. 'I am not afraid of your wife.'

'You may depend upon me, young man,' answered Mr. Bumble, bowing himself gradually towards the ladder with excessive politeness. 'On everybody's account, young man; on my own, you know, Mr. Monks.'

'I am glad for your sake to hear it,' remarked Monks. 'Light your lantern, and get away from here as fast as you can.'

It was fortunate that the conversation terminated at this point, or Mr. Bumble, who had bowed himself to within six inches of the ladder, would infallibly have pitched headlong into the room below. He lighted his lantern from that which Monks had detached from the rope, and now carried in his hand, and, making no effort to prolong the discourse, descended in silence, followed by his wife. Monks brought up the rear, after pausing on the steps to satisfy himself that there were no other sounds to be heard than the beating of the rain without, and the rushing of the water.

They traversed the lower room slowly, and with caution, for Monks started at every shadow, and Mr. Bumble, holding his lantern a foot above the ground, walked not only with remarkable care, but with a marvellously light step for a gentleman of his figure: looking nervously about him for hidden trap-doors. The gate at which they had entered was softly unfastened and opened by Monks, and merely exchanging a nod with their mysterious acquaintance, the married couple emerged into the wet and darkness outside.

They were no sooner gone, than Monks, who appeared to entertain an invincible repugnance to being left alone, called to a boy who had been hidden somewhere below, and bidding him go first, and bear the light, returned to the chamber he had just quitted.

#### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

*Introduces some respectable characters with whom the reader is already acquainted, and shows how Monks and the Jew laid their worthy heads together.*

It was about two hours earlier on the evening following that upon which the three worthies mentioned in the last chapter disposed of their little matter of business as therein narrated, when Mr. William Sikes,

awakening from a nap, drowsily growled forth an inquiry what time of night it was.

The room in which Mr. Sikes propounded this question was not one of those he had tenanted previous to the Chertsey expedition, although it was in the same quarter of the town, and was situated at no great distance from his former lodgings. It was not in appearance so desirable a habitation as his old quarters, being a mean and badly-furnished apartment of very limited size, lighted only by one small window in the shelving roof, and abutting upon a close and dirty lane. Nor were there wanting other indications of the good gentleman's having gone down in the world of late; for a great scarcity of furniture, and total absence of comfort, together with the disappearance of all such small moveables as spare clothes and linen, bespoke a state of extreme poverty, while the meagre and attenuated condition of Mr. Sikes himself would have fully confirmed these symptoms if they had stood in need of corroboration.

The housebreaker was lying on the bed wrapped in his white great coat, by way of dressing-gown, and displaying a set of features in no degree improved by the cadaverous hue of illness, and the addition of a soiled nightcap, and a stiff, black beard of a week's growth. The dog sat at the bedside, now eyeing his master with a wistful look, and now pricking his ears, and uttering a low growl as some noise in the street, or in the lower part of the house, attracted his attention. Seated by the window, busily engaged in patching an old waistcoat which formed a portion of the robber's ordinary dress, was a female, so pale and reduced with watching and privation that there would have been considerable difficulty in recognising her as the same Nancy who has already figured in this tale, but for the voice in which she replied to Mr. Sikes's question.

'Not long gone seven,' said the girl. 'How do you feel to-night, Bill?'

'As weak as water,' replied Mr. Sikes, with an imprecation on his eyes and limbs. 'Here; lend us a hand, and let me get off this thundering bed, anyhow.'

Illness had not improved Mr. Sikes's temper, for, as the girl raised him up, and led him to a chair, he muttered various curses upon her awkwardness, and struck her.

'Whining, are you?' said Sikes. 'Come; don't stand snivelling there. If you can't do anything better than that, cut off altogether. D'ye hear me?'

'I hear you,' replied the girl, turning her face aside, and forcing a laugh. 'What fancy have you got in your head now?'

'Oh! you've thought better of it, have you?' growled Sikes, marking the tear which trembled in her eye. 'All the better for you, you have.'



'Why, you don't mean to say you'd be hard upon me to-night, Bill!' said the girl, laying her hand upon his shoulder.

'No!' cried Mr. Sikes. 'Why not?'

'Such a number of nights,' said the girl, with a touch of woman's tenderness, which communicated something like sweetness of tone even to her voice,—'such a number of nights as I've been patient with you, nursing and caring for you as if you had been a child, and this the first that I've seen you like yourself; you wouldn't have served me as you did just now, if you'd thought of that, would you? Come, come; say you wouldn't.'

'Well, then,' rejoined Mr. Sikes, 'I wouldn't. Why, damme, now, the girl's whining again!'

'It's nothing,' said the girl, throwing herself into a chair. 'Don't you seem to mind me, and it'll soon be over.'

'What'll be over?' demanded Mr. Sikes in a savage voice. 'What foolery are you up to now again? Get up, and bustle about, and don't come over me with your woman's nonsense.'

At any other time this remonstrance, and the tone in which it was delivered, would have had the desired effect; but the girl being really weak and exhausted, dropped her head over the back of the chair, and fainted, before Mr. Sikes could get out a few of the appropriate oaths with which on similar occasions he was accustomed to garnish his threats. Not knowing very well what to do in this uncommon emergency, for Miss Nancy's hysterics were usually of that violent kind which the patient fights and struggles out of without much assistance, Mr. Sikes tried a little blasphemy, and, finding that mode of treatment wholly ineffectual, called for assistance.

'What's the matter here, my dear?' said the Jew, looking in.

'Lend a hand to the girl, can't you?' replied Sikes impatiently, 'and don't stand chattering and grinning at me!'

With an exclamation of surprise Fagin hastened to the girl's assistance, while Mr. John Dawkins, (otherwise the Artful Dodger,) who had followed his venerable friend into the room, hastily deposited on the floor a bundle with which he was laden, and, snatching a bottle from the grasp of Master Charles Bates who came close at his heels, uncorked it in a twinkling with his teeth, and poured a portion of its contents down the patient's throat; previously taking a taste himself to prevent mistakes.

'Give her a whiff of fresh air with the bellows, Charley,' said Mr. Dawkins; 'and you slap her hands, Fagin, while Bill undoes the petticoats.'

These united restoratives, administered with great energy, especially that department consigned to Master Bates, who appeared to consider his share in the

proceeding a piece of unexampled pleasantry, were not long in producing the desired effect. The girl gradually recovered her senses, and, staggering to a chair by the bedside, hid her face upon the pillow, leaving Mr. Sikes to confront the new-comers, in some astonishment at their unlooked-for appearance.

'Why, what evil wind has blowed you here?' he asked of Fagin.

'No evil wind at all my dear,' replied the Jew; 'for ill winds blow nobody any good, and I've brought something good with me that you'll be glad to see. Dodger, my dear, open the bundle, and give Bill the little trifles that we spent all our money on this morning.'

In compliance with Mr. Fagin's request, the Artful undid his bundle, which was of large size, and formed of an old table-cloth, and handed the articles it contained, one by one, to Charley Bates, who placed them on the table, with various encomiums on their rarity and excellence.

'Sitch a rabbit pie, Bill!' exclaimed that young gentleman, disclosing to view a huge pasty; 'sitch delicate creeturs, with sitch tender limbs, Bill, that the very bones melt in your mouth, and there's no occasion to pick 'em; half a pound of seven and sixpenny green, so precious strong that if you mix it with boiling water, it'll go nigh to blow the lid of the teapot off; a pound and a half of moist sugar that the niggers didn't work at all at afore they got it to sitch a pitch of goodness,—oh no! two half-quartern brans; pound of best fresh; piece of double Glo'ster, and, to wind up all, some of the rightest sort you ever lushed.' Uttering this last panegyric, Master Bates produced from one of his extensive pockets a full-sized wine-bottle, carefully corked, while Mr. Dawkins at the same instant poured out a wine-glassful of raw spirits from the bottle he carried, which the invalid tossed down his throat without a moment's hesitation.

'Ah!' said the Jew, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. 'You'll do, Bill; you'll do now.'

'Do!' exclaimed Mr. Sikes; 'I might have been done for twenty times over, afore you'd have done anything to help me. What do you mean by leaving a man in this state three weeks and more, you false-hearted wagabond?'

'Only hear him, boys!' said the Jew, shrugging his shoulders; 'and us come to bring him all these beautiful things.'

'The things is well enough in their way,' observed Mr. Sikes, a little soothed as he glanced over the table; 'but what have you got to say for yourself why you should leave me here, down in the mouth, health, blunt, and everything else, and take no more notice of me all this mortal time than if I was that ere dog.—Drive him down, Charley.'

'I never see such a jolly dog as that,' cried Master

Bates, doing as he was desired. 'Smelling the grub like a old lady a-going to market! He'd make his fortune on the stage that dog would, and rewrite the drama besides.'

'Hold your din,' cried Sikes, as the dog retreated under the bed, still growling angrily. 'And what have you got to say for yourself, you withered old fence, eh!'

'I was away from London a week and more, my dear, on a plant,' replied the Jew.

'And what about the other fortnight?' demanded Sikes. 'What about the other fortnight that you've left me lying here, like a sick rat in his hole?'

'I couldn't help it, Bill,' replied the Jew. 'I can't go into a long explanation before company; but I couldn't help it, upon my honour.'

'Upon your what?' growled Sikes with excessive disgust. 'Here, cut me off a piece of the pie, one of you boys, to take the taste of that out of my mouth, or it'll choke me dead.'

'Don't be out of temper, my dear,' urged the Jew submissively. 'I have never forgot you, Bill; never once.'

'No, I'll pound it, that you han't,' replied Sikes with a bitter grin. 'You've been scheming and plotting away every hour that I've laid shivering and burning here; and Bill was to do this, and Bill was to do that, and Bill was to do it all dirt cheap, as soon as he got well, and was quite poor enough for your work. If it hadn't been for the girl, I might have died.'

'There now,' Bill, remonstrated the Jew, eagerly catching at the word. 'If it hadn't been for the girl! Who was the means of your having such a handy girl about you but me?'

'He says true enough there, God knows!' said Nancy, coming hastily forward. 'Let him be, let him be.'

Nancy's appearance gave a new turn to the conversation, for the boys, receiving a sly wink from the wary old Jew, began to ply her with liquor, of which, however, she partook very sparingly; while Fagin, assuming an unusual flow of spirits, gradually brought Mr. Sikes into a better temper, by affecting to regard his threats as a little pleasant banter, and, moreover, laughing very heartily at one or two rough jokes, which, after repeated applications to the spirit-bottle, he condescended to make.

'It's all very well,' said Mr. Sikes; 'but I must have some blunt from you to-night.'

'I haven't a piece of coin about me,' replied the Jew.

'Then you've got lots at home,' retorted Sikes, 'and I must have some from there.'

'Lots!' cried the Jew holding up his hands. 'I have 'nt so much as would —'

'I don't know how much you've got, and I dare say

you hardly know yourself, as it would take a pretty long time to count it,' said Sikes; 'but I must have some to-night, and that's flat.'

'Well, well,' said the Jew with a sigh, 'I'll send the Artful round presently.'

'You won't do nothing of the kind,' rejoined Mr. Sikes. 'The Artful's a deal too artful, and would forget to come, or lose his way, or get dodged by traps and so be perwented, or anything for an excuse, if you put him up to it. Nancy shall go to the ken and fetch it, to make all sure, and I'll lie down and have a snooze while she's gone.'

After a great deal of haggling and squabbling, the Jew beat down the amount of the required advance from five pounds to three pounds four and sixpence, protesting with many solemn asseverations that that would only leave him eighteenpence to keep house with; Mr. Sikes, sullenly remarking that if he could 'nt get any more he must be content with that, Nancy prepared to accompany him home, while the Dodger and Master Bates put the eatables in the cupboard. The Jew then, taking leave of his affectionate friend, returned homewards, attended by Nancy and the boys, Mr. Sikes meanwhile flinging himself on the bed, and composing himself to sleep away the time until the young lady's return.

In due time they arrived at the Jew's abode, where they found Toby Crackit and Mr. Chitling intent upon their fifteenth game at cribbage, which it is scarcely necessary to say the latter gentleman lost, and with it his fifteenth and last sixpence, much to the amusement of his young friends. Mr. Crackit, apparently somewhat ashamed at being found relaxing himself with a gentleman so much his inferior in station and mental endowments, yawned heavily, and, inquiring after Sikes, took up his hat to go.

'Has nobody been, Toby?' asked the Jew.

'Not a living leg,' answered Mr. Crackit, pulling up his collar: 'it's been as dull as swipes. You ought to stand something handsome, Fagin, to recompense me for keeping house so long. Damme, I'm as flat as a juryman, and should have gone to sleep as fast as Newgate, if I hadn't had the good natur' to amuse this youngster. Horrid dull, I'm blessed if I an't.'

With these and other ejaculations of the same kind, Mr. Toby Crackit swept up his winnings, and crammed them into his waistcoat pocket with a haughty air, as though such small pieces of silver were wholly beneath the consideration of a man of his figure, and swaggered out of the room with so much elegance and gentility, that Mr. Chitling, bestowing numerous admiring glances on his legs and boots till they were out of sight, assured the company that he considered his acquaintance cheap at fifteen sixpences an interview, and that he didn't value his losses the snap of a little finger.

'Wot a rum chap you are, Tom,' said Master Bates, highly amused by this declaration.

'Not a bit of it,' replied Mr. Chitling: 'am I, Fagin?'

'A very clever fellow, my dear,' said the Jew, patting him on the shoulder, and winking to his other pupils.

'And Mr. Crackit is a heavy swell, an't he, Fagin?' asked Tom.

'No doubt at all of that my dear,' replied the Jew.

'And it is a creditable thing to have his acquaintance, an't it, Fagin?' pursued Tom.

'Very much so indeed, my dear,' replied the Jew. 'They're only jealous, Tom, because he won't give it to them.'

'Ah!' cried Tom triumphantly, 'that's where it is. He has cleaned me out; but I can go and earn some more when I like,—can't I, Fagin?'

'To be sure you can,' replied the Jew; 'and the sooner you go, the better, Tom; so make up your loss at once, and don't lose any more time. Dodger, Charley, it's time you were on the lay:—come, it's near ten, and nothing done yet.'

In obedience to this hint, the boys nodding to Nancy, took up their hats and left the room; the Dodger and his vivacious friend indulging as they went in many witticisms at the expense of Mr. Chitling, in whose conduct, it is but justice to say, there was nothing very conspicuous or peculiar, inasmuch as there are a great number of spirited young bloods upon town who pay a much higher price than Mr. Chitling for being seen in good society, and a great number of fine gentlemen (composing the good society aforesaid) who establish their reputation upon very much the same footing as flash Toby Crackit.

'Now,' said the Jew, when they had left the room, 'I'll go and get you that cash, Nancy. This is only the key of a little cupboard where I keep a few odd things the boys get, my dear. I never lock up my money, for I've got none to lock up, my dear—ha! ha! ha!—none to lock. It's a poor trade, Nancy, and no thanks; but I'm fond of seeing the young people about me, and I bear it all; I bear it all. Hush!' he said, hastily concealing the key in his breast; 'who's that? Listen!'

The girl, who was sitting at the table with her arms folded, appeared in no way interested in the arrival, or to care whether the person, whoever he was, came or went, until the murmur of a man's voice reached her ears. The instant she caught the sound she tore off her bonnet and shawl with the rapidity of lightning, and thrust them under the table. The Jew turning round immediately afterwards, she muttered a complaint of the heat in a tone of languor that contrasted very remarkably with the extreme haste and

violence of this action, which, however, had been unobserved by Fagin, who had his back towards her at the time.

'Bah!' whispered the Jew, as though nettled by the interruption; 'it's the man I expected before; he's coming down stairs. Not a word about the money while he's here, Nance. He won't stop long—not ten minutes, my dear.'

Laying his skinny fore-finger upon his lip, the Jew carried a candle to the door as a man's step was heard upon the stairs without, and reached it at the same moment as the visitor, who, coming hastily into the room, was close upon the girl before he observed her.

It was Monks.

'Only one of my young people,' said the Jew, observing that Monks drew back on beholding a stranger. 'Don't move, Nancy.'

The girl drew closer to the table, and glancing at Monks with an air of careless levity, withdrew her eyes; but as he turned his towards the Jew, she stole another look, so keen and searching, and full of purpose, that if there had been any bystander to observe the change he could hardly have believed the two looks to have proceeded from the same person.

'Any news?' inquired the Jew.

'Great.'

'And—and—good?' asked the Jew hesitatingly, as though he feared to vex the other man by being too sanguine.

'Not bad any way,' replied Monks with a smile. 'I have been prompt enough this time. Let me have a word with you.'

The girl drew closer to the table, and made no offer to leave the room, although she could see that Monks was pointing to her. The Jew—perhaps fearing that she might say something aloud about the money, if he endeavoured to get rid of her—pointed upwards, and took Monks out of the room.

'Not that infernal hole we were in before,' she could hear the man say as they went up-stairs. The Jew laughed, and making some reply which did not reach her, seemed by the creaking of the boards to lead his companion to the second story.

Before the sound of their footsteps had ceased to echo through the house, the girl had slipped off her shoes, and drawing her gown loosely over her head, and muffling her arms in it, stood at the door listening with breathless interest. The moment the noise ceased she glided from the room, ascended the stairs with incredible softness and silence, and was lost in the gloom above.

The room remained deserted for a quarter of an hour or more; the girl glided back with the same unearthly tread, and immediately afterwards the two men were heard descending. Monks went at once into the street,

and the Jew crawled up stairs again for the money. When he returned, the girl was adjusting her shawl and bonnet, as if preparing to be gone.

'Why, Nance,' exclaimed the Jew, starting back as he put down the candle, 'how pale you are!'

'Pale!' echoed the girl, shading her eyes with her hand as if to look steadily at him.

'Quite horrible,' said the Jew. 'What have you been doing to yourself?'

'Nothing that I know of, except sitting in this close place for I don't know how long and all,' replied the girl carelessly. 'Come, let me get back; that's a dear.'

With a sigh for every piece of money, Fagin told the amount into her hand, and they parted without more conversation than interexchanging a 'good-night.'

When the girl got into the open street she sat down upon a door-step, and seemed for a few moments wholly bewildered and unable to pursue her way. Suddenly she arose, and hurrying on in a direction quite opposite to that in which Sikes was awaiting her return, quickened her pace, until it gradually resolved into a violent run. After completely exhausting herself, she stopped to take breath, and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, and deploring her inability to do something she was bent upon, wrung her hands, and burst into tears.

It might be that her tears relieved her, or that she felt the full hopelessness of her condition; but she turned back, and hurrying with nearly as great rapidity in the contrary direction, partly to recover lost time, and partly to keep pace with the violent current of her own thoughts, soon reached the dwelling where she had left the housebreaker.

If she betrayed any agitation by the time she presented herself to Mr. Sikes, he did not observe it; for merely inquiring if she had brought the money, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, he laid his head upon his pillow, and resumed the slumbers which her arrival had interrupted.

---

*From the Nickleby Papers.*

## NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

(CONTINUED.)

### CHAPTER XV.

*Acquaints the reader with the cause and origin of the interruption described in the last chapter, and with some other matters necessary to be known.*

Newman Nogs scrambled in violent haste up stairs with the steaming beverage, which he had so unceremoniously snatched from the table of Mr. Kenwigs, and indeed from the very grasp of the water-rate col-

lector, who was eyeing the contents of the tumbler at the moment of its unexpected abstraction, with lively marks of pleasure visible in his countenance, and bore his prize straight to his own back garret, where, foot-sore and nearly shoeless, wet, dirty, jaded, and disfigured with every mark of fatiguing travel, sat Nicholas, and Smike, at once the cause and partner of his toil: both perfectly worn out by their unwonted and protracted exertion.

Newman's first act was to compel Nicholas, with gentle force, to swallow half of the punch at a breath, nearly boiling as it was, and his next to pour the remainder down the throat of Smike, who, never having tasted anything stronger than aperient medicine in his whole life, exhibited various odd manifestations of surprise and delight, during the passage of the liquor down his throat, and turned up his eyes most emphatically when it was all gone.

'You are wet through,' said Newman, passing his hand hastily over the coat which Nicholas had thrown off; 'and I—I—haven't even a change,' he added, with a wistful glance at the shabby clothes he wore himself.

'I have dry clothes, or at least such as will serve my turn well, in my bundle,' replied Nicholas. 'If you look so distressed to see me, you will add to the pain I feel already, at being compelled for one night to cast myself upon your slender means for aid and shelter.'

Newman did not look the less distressed to hear Nicholas talking in this strain; but upon his young friend grasping him heartily by the hand, and assuring him that nothing but implicit confidence in the sincerity of his professions, and kindness of feeling towards himself, would have induced him, on any consideration, even to have made him acquainted with his arrival in London, Mr. Nogs brightened up again, and went about making such arrangements as were in his power for the comfort of his visitors, with extreme alacrity.

These were simple enough, poor Newman's means halting at a very considerable distance short of his inclinations; but, slight as they were, they were not made without much bustling and running about. As Nicholas had husbanded his scanty stock of money so well that it was not yet quite expended, a supper of bread and cheese, with some cold beef from the cook's shop, was soon placed upon the table; and these viands being flanked by a bottle of spirits and a pot of porter, there was no ground for apprehension on the score of hunger and thirst, at all events. Such preparations as Newman had it in his power to make, for the accommodation of his guests during the night, occupied no very great time in completing; and as he had insisted, as an express preliminary, that Nicholas should change his clothes, and that Smike should invest himself in



his solitary coat (which no entreaties would dissuade him from stripping off for the purpose), the travellers partook of their frugal fare, with more satisfaction than one of them at least had derived from many a better meal.

They then drew near the fire, which Newman Noggs had made up as well as he could, after the inroads of Crawl upon the fuel; and Nicholas, who had hitherto been restrained by the extreme anxiety of his friend that he should refresh himself after his journey, now pressed him with earnest questions concerning his mother and sister.

'Well,' replied Newman, with his accustomed taciturnity; 'both well.'

'They are living in the city still?' inquired Nicholas.

'They are,' said Newman.

'And my sister'—added Nicholas. 'Is she still engaged in the business which she wrote to tell me she thought she should like so much?'

Newman opened his eyes rather wider than usual, but merely replied by a gasp, which, according to the action of the head that accompanied it, was interpreted by his friends as meaning yes or no. In the present instance, the pantomime consisted of a nod, and not a shake, so Nicholas took the answer as a favourable one.

'Now listen to me,' said Nicholas, laying his hand on Newman's shoulder. 'Before I would make an effort to see them, I deemed it expedient to come to you, lest, by gratifying my own selfish desire, I should inflict an injury upon them which I can never repair. What has my uncle heard from Yorkshire?'

Newman opened and shut his mouth several times, as though he were trying his utmost to speak, but could make nothing of it, and finally fixed his eyes on Nicholas with a grim and ghastly stare.

'What has he heard?' urged Nicholas, colouring. 'You see that I am prepared to hear the very worst that malice can have suggested. Why should you conceal it from me? I must know it sooner or later; and what purpose can be gained by trifling with the matter for a few minutes, when half the time would put me in possession of all that has occurred? Tell me at once, pray.'

'To-morrow morning,' said Newman; 'hear it to-morrow.'

'What purpose would that answer?' urged Nicholas.

'You would sleep the better,' replied Newman.

'I should sleep the worse,' answered Nicholas, impatiently. 'Sleep! Exhausted as I am, and standing in no common need of rest, I cannot hope to close my eyes all night, unless you tell me everything.'

'And if I should tell you everything,' said Newman, hesitating.

'Why, then you may rouse my indignation or wound my pride,' rejoined Nicholas; 'but you will not break

my rest; for if the scene were acted over again, I could take no other part than I have taken; and whatever consequences may accrue to myself from it, I shall never regret doing as I have—never, if I starve or beg in consequence. What is a little poverty or suffering, to the disgrace of the basest and most inhuman cowardice! I tell you, if I had stood by, tamely and passively, I should have hated myself, and merited the contempt of every man in existence. The black-hearted scoundrel!'

With this gentle allusion to the absent Mr. Squeers, Nicholas repressed his rising wrath, and relating to Newman exactly what had passed at Dotheboys Hall, entreated him to speak out without further pressing. Thus adjured, Mr. Noggs took from an old trunk a sheet of paper, which appeared to have been scrawled over in great haste; and after sundry extraordinary demonstrations of reluctance, delivered himself in the following terms:

'My dear young man, you mustn't give way to—this sort of thing will never do, you know—as to getting on in the world, if you take everybody's part that's ill-treated—Damn it, I am proud to hear of it; and would have done it myself!'

Newman accompanied this very unusual outbreak with a violent blow upon the table, as if, in the heat of the moment, he had mistaken it for the chest or ribs of Mr. Wackford Squeers; and having, by this open declaration of his feelings, quite precluded himself from offering Nicholas any cautious worldly advice (which had been his first intention), Mr. Noggs went straight to the point.

'The day before yesterday,' said Newman, 'your uncle received this letter. I took a hasty copy of it while he was out. Shall I read it?'

'If you please,' replied Nicholas. Newman Noggs accordingly read as follows:—

*'Dotheboys Hall,*

*'Thursday Morning.*

Sir,

'My pa requests me to write to you. The doctors considering it doubtful whether he will ever recuover the use of his legs which prevents his holding a pen.

'We are in a state of mind beyond everything, and my pa is one mask of brooses both blue and green likewise two forms are steeped in his Goar. We were kimpelled to have him carried down into the kitchen where he now lays. You may judge from this that he has been brought very low.

'When your neww that you recommended for a teacher had done this to my pa and jumped upon his body with his feet and also langwedge which I will not pollewnt my pen with describing, he assaulted my ma with dreadful violence, dashed her to the earth, and drove her back comb several inches into her head. A very little more and it must have entered her skull.

We have a medical certifiket that if it had, the torter-shell would have affected the brain.

'Me and my brother were then the victims of his feury since which we have suffered very much which leads us to the arrowing belief that we have received some injury in our insides, especially as no marks of violence are visible externally. I am screaming out loud all the time I write and so is my brother which takes off my attention rather, and I hope will excuse mistakes.

'The monster having satiated his thirst for blood ran away, taking with him a boy of desperate character that he had excited to rebellyon, and a garnet ring belonging to my ma, and not having been apprehended by the constables is supposed to have been took up by some stage-coach. My pa begs that if he comes to you the ring may be returned, and that you will let the thief and assassin go, as if we prosecuted him he would only be transported, and if he is let go he is sure to be hung before long, which will save us trouble, and be much more satisfactory. Hoping to hear from you when convenient

'I remain

'Yours and ceter

'FANNY SQUEERS.

'P. S. I pity his ignorance and dispise him.'

A profound silence succeeded to the reading of this choice epistle, during which Newman Noggs, as he folded it up, gazed with a kind of grotesque pity at the boy of desperate character therein referred to; who, having no more distinct perception of the matter in hand, than that he had been the unfortunate cause of heaping trouble and falsehood upon Nicholas, sat mute and dispirited, with a most woe-begone and heart-stricken look.

'Mr. Noggs' said Nicholas, after a few moments reflection, 'I must go out at once.'

'Go out!' cried Newman.

'Yes,' said Nicholas, 'to Golden Square. Nobody who knows me would believe this story of the ring; but it may suit the purpose, or gratify the hatred, of Mr. Ralph Nickleby to feign to attach credence to it. It is due—not to him, but to myself—that I should state the truth; and moreover, I have a word or two to exchange with him, which will not keep cool.'

'They must,' said Newman.

'They must not, indeed,' rejoined Nicholas firmly, as he prepared to leave the house.

Hear me speak,' said Newman, planting himself before his impetuous young friend. 'He is not there. He is away from town. He will not be back for three days; and I know that letter will not be answered before he returns.'

'Are you sure of this?' asked Nicholas, chafing violently, and pacing the narrow room with rapid strides.

'Quite,' rejoined Newman. 'He had hardly read it

when he was called away. Its contents are known to nobody but himself and us.'

'Are you certain?' demanded Nicholas, precipitately; 'not even to my mother or sister? If I thought that they—I will go there—I must see them. Which is the way? Where is it?'

'Now be advised by me,' said Newman, speaking for the moment, in his earnestness, like any other man—'make no effort to see even them, till he comes home. I know the man. Do not seem to have been tampering with anybody. When he returns, go straight to him, and speak as boldly as you like. Guessing at the real truth, he knows it as well as you or I. Trust him for that.'

'You mean well to me, and should know him better than I can,' replied Nicholas, after some further thought. 'Well; let it be so.'

Newman, who had stood during the foregoing conversation with his back planted against the door ready to oppose any egress from the apartment by force, if necessary, resumed his seat with much satisfaction; and as the water in the kettle was by this time boiling, made a glass-full of spirits and water for Nicholas, and a cracked mug-full for the joint accommodation of himself and Smike, of which the two partook in great harmony, while Nicholas, leaning his head upon his hand, remained buried in melancholy meditation.

Meanwhile the company below stairs, after listening attentively and not hearing any noise which would justify them in interfering for the gratification of their curiosity, returned to the chamber of the Kenwigses, and employed themselves in hazarding a great variety of conjectures relative to the cause of Mr. Noggs's sudden disappearance and detention.

'Lor, I'll tell you what,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Suppose it should be an express sent up to say that his property has all come back again!'

'Dear me,' said Mr. Kenwigs; 'it's not impossible. Perhaps, in that case, we'd better send up and ask if he won't take a little more punch.'

'Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillyvick, in a loud voice, 'I'm surprised at you.'

'What's the matter, Sir?' asked Mr. Kenwigs, with becoming submission to the collector of water rates.

'Making such a remark as that, Sir,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, angrily. 'He has had punch already, has he not, Sir? I consider the way in which that punch was cut off, if I may use the expression, highly disrespectful to this company; scandalous, perfectly scandalous. It may be the custom to allow such things in this house, but it's not the kind of behaviour that I've been used to see displayed, and so I don't mind telling you, Kenwigs. A gentleman has a glass of punch before him to which he is just about to set his lips, when another gentleman comes and collars that glass of punch, without a 'with your leave,' or 'by

your leave,' and carries that glass of punch away. This may be good manners—I dare say it is—but I don't understand it, that's all; and what's more, I don't care if I never do. It's my way to speak my mind, Kenwigs, and that is my mind; and if you don't like it, it's past my regular time for going to bed, and I can find my way home without making it later.'

Here was an untoward event. The collector had sat swelling and fuming in offended dignity for some minutes, and had now fairly burst out. The great man—the rich relation—the unmarried uncle—who had it in his power to make Morleena an heiress, and the very baby a legatee—was offended. Gracious Powers, where was this to end!

'I am very sorry, Sir,' said Mr. Kenwigs, humbly. 'Don't tell me you're sorry,' retorted Mr. Lillyvick, with much sharpness. 'You should have prevented it, then.'

The company were quite paralysed by this domestic crash. The back parlour sat with her mouth wide open, staring vacantly at the collector in a stupor of dismay, and the other guests were scarcely less overpowered by the great man's irritation. Mr. Kenwigs not being skilful in such matters, only fanned the flame in attempting to extinguish it.

'I didn't think of it, I am sure, Sir,' said that gentleman. 'I didn't suppose that such a little thing as a glass of punch would have put you out of temper.'

'Out of temper! What the devil do you mean by that piece of impertinence, Mr. Kenwigs?' said the collector. 'Morleena, child—give me my hat.'

'Oh, you're not going, Mr. Lillyvick, Sir,' interposed Miss Petowker, with her most bewitching smile.

But still Mr. Lillyvick, regardless of the siren, cried obdurately, 'Morleena, my hat!' upon the fourth repetition of which demand Mrs. Kenwigs sunk back in her chair, with a cry that might have softened a water-butt, not to say a water collector; while the four little girls (privately instructed to that effect) clasped their uncle's corduroy shorts in their arms, and prayed him in imperfect English to remain.

'Why should I stop here, my dears!' said Mr. Lillyvick; 'I'm not wanted here.'

'Oh, do not speak so cruelly, uncle,' sobbed Mrs. Kenwigs, 'unless you wish to kill me.'

'I shouldn't wonder if some people were to say I did,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, glancing angrily at Kenwigs. 'Out of temper!'

'Oh! I cannot bear to see him look so at my husband,' cried Mrs. Kenwigs. 'It's so dreadful in families. Oh!'

'Mr. Lillyvick,' said Kenwigs, 'I hope, for the sake of your niece, that you won't object to be reconciled.'

The collector's features relaxed, as the company added their entreaties to those of his nephew-in-law. He gave up his hat and held out his hand.

'There, Kenwigs,' said Mr. Lillyvick; 'and let me tell you at the same time, to show you how much out of temper I was, that if I had gone away without another word, it would have made no difference respecting that pound or two which I shall leave among your children when I die.'

'Morleena Kenwigs,' cried her mother, in a torrent of affection. 'Go down upon your knees to your dear uncle, and beg him to love you all his life through, for he's more a angel than a man, and I've always said so.'

Miss Morleena approaching to do homage in compliance with this injunction, was summarily caught up and kissed by Mr. Lillyvick, and thereupon Mrs. Kenwigs darted forward and kissed the collector, and an irrepressible murmur of applause broke from the company who had witnessed his magnanimity.

The worthy gentleman then became once more the life and soul of the society, being again reinstated in his old post of lion, from which high station the temporary distraction of their thoughts had for a moment dispossessed him. Quadruped lions are said to be savage only when they are hungry; biped lions are rarely sulky longer than when their appetite for distinction remains unappeased. Mr. Lillyvick stood higher than ever, for he had shown his power, hinted at his property and testamentary intentions; gained great credit for disinterestedness and virtue; and in addition to all, he was finally accommodated with a much larger tumbler of punch than that which Newman Noggs had so feloniously made off with.

'I say, I beg everybody's pardon for intruding again,' said Crowl, looking in at this happy juncture; 'but what a queer business this is, isn't it! Noggs has lived in this house now going on for five years, and nobody has ever been to see him before within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.'

'It's a strange time of night to be called away, Sir, certainly,' said the collector; 'and the behaviour of Mr. Noggs himself is, to say the least of it, mysterious.'

'Well, so it is,' rejoined Crowl; 'and I'll tell you what's more—I think these two geniuses, whoever they are, have run away from somewhere.'

'What makes you think that, Sir?' demanded the collector, who seemed by a tacit understanding to have been chosen and elected mouth-piece to the company.

'You have no reason to suppose that they have run away from anywhere without paying the rates and taxes due, I hope?'

Mr. Crowl, with a look of some contempt, was about to enter a general protest against the payment of rates or taxes, under any circumstances, when he was checked by a timely whisper from Kenwigs, and several frowns and winks from Mrs. K., which providentially stopped him.

'Why the fact is,' said Crowl, who had been listening at Newman's door, with all his might and main; 'the fact is, that they have been talking so loud, that they quite disturbed me in my room, and so I couldn't help catching a word here, and a word there; and all I heard certainly seemed to refer to their having bolted from some place or other. I don't wish to alarm Mrs. Kenwigs; but I hope they haven't come from any jail or hospital, and brought away a fever or some unpleasantness of that sort, which might be catching for the children.'

Mrs. Kenwigs was so overpowered by this supposition, that it needed all the tender attentions of Miss Petowker, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, to restore her to anything like a state of calmness; not to mention the assiduity of Mr. Kenwigs, who held a fat smelling-bottle to his lady's nose, until it became matter of some doubt whether the tears which coursed down her face, were the result of feelings or *sal volatile*.

The ladies, having expressed their sympathy, singly and separately, fell, according to custom, into a little chorus of soothing expressions, among which, such condolences as 'Poor dear!'—'I should feel just the same, if I was her!'—'To be sure, it's a very trying thing!'—and 'Nobody but a mother knows what a mother's feelings is,' were amongst the most prominent and most frequently repeated. In short, the opinion of the company was so clearly manifested, that Mr. Kenwigs was on the point of repairing to Mr. Nogg's room, to demand an explanation; and had indeed swallowed a preparatory glass of punch, with great inflexibility and steadiness of purpose, when the attention of all present was diverted by a new and terrible surprise.

This was nothing less than the sudden pouring forth of a rapid succession of the shrillest and most piercing screams, from an upper story; and to all appearance from the very two-pair back in which the infant Kenwigs was at that moment enshrined. They were no sooner audible, than Mrs. Kenwigs, opining that a strange cat had come in, and sucked the baby's breath while the girl was asleep, made for the door, wringing her hands, and shrieking dismally; to the great consternation and confusion of the company.

'Mr. Kenwigs, see what it is; make haste!' cried the sister, laying violent hands upon Mrs. Kenwigs, and holding her back by force. 'Oh don't twist about so, dear, or I can never hold you.'

'My baby, my blessed, blessed, blessed, blessed baby,' screamed Mrs. Kenwigs, making every blessed louder than the last. 'My own darling, sweet, innocent Lillyvick—Oh let me go to him. Let me go-o-o-o.'

Pending the utterance of these frantic cries, and the wails and lamentations of the four little girls, Mr. Kenwigs rushed up stairs to the room whence the sounds proceeded, at the door of which he encountered

Nicholas, with the child in his arms, who darted out with such violence, that the anxious father was thrown down six stairs, and alighted on the nearest landing-place, before he had found time to open his mouth to ask what was the matter.

'Don't be alarmed,' cried Nicholas, running down; 'here it is; it's all out, it's all over; pray compose yourself; there's no harm done;' and with these, and a thousand other assurances, he delivered the baby (which, in his hurry, he had carried upside down), to Mrs. Kenwigs, and ran back to assist Mr. Kenwigs, who was rubbing his head very hard, and looking much bewildered by his tumble.

Reassured by this cheering intelligence, the company in some degree recovered from their fears, which had been productive of some most singular instances of a total want of presence of mind; thus the bachelor friend had for a long time supported in his arms Mrs. Kenwigs's sister, instead of Mrs. Kenwigs; and the worthy Mr. Lillyvick had been actually seen, in the perturbation of his spirits, to kiss Miss Petowker several times, behind the room door, as calmly as if nothing distressing were going forward.

'It is a mere nothing,' said Nicholas, returning to Mrs. Kenwigs; 'the little girl, who was watching the child, being tired I suppose, fell asleep, and set her hair on fire.'

'Oh you malicious little wretch!' cried Mrs. Kenwigs, impressively shaking her fore-finger at the small unfortunate, who might be thirteen years old, and was looking on with a singed head and a frightened face.

'I heard her cries,' continued Nicholas, 'and ran down in time to prevent her setting fire to any thing else. You may depend upon it that the child is not hurt; for I took it off the bed myself, and brought it here to convince you.'

This brief explanation over, the infant, who, as he was christened after the collector, rejoiced in the names of Lillyvick Kenwigs, was partially suffocated under the caresses of the audience, and squeezed to his mother's bosom, until he roared again. The attention of the company was then directed, by a natural transition, to the little girl who had had the audacity to burn her hair off, and who, after receiving sundry small slaps and pushes from the more energetic of the ladies, was mercifully sent home; the ninepence, with which she was to have been rewarded, being escheated to the Kenwigs family.

'And whatever we are to say to you, Sir,' exclaimed Mrs. Kenwigs, addressing young Lillyvick's deliverer, 'I am sure I don't know.'

'You need not say at all,' replied Nicholas. 'I have done nothing to found any very strong claim upon your eloquence, I am sure.'

'He might have been burnt to death, if it hadn't been for you, Sir,' simpered Miss Petowker.

'Not very likely, I think,' replied Nicholas; 'for



there was abundance of assistance here, which must have reached him before he had been in any danger.'

'You will let us drink your health, anyways, Sir?' said Mr. Kenwigs, motioning towards the table.

'— In my absence, by all means,' rejoined Nicholas, with a smile. 'I have had a very fatiguing journey, and should be most indifferent company—a far greater check upon your merriment, than a promoter of it, even if I kept awake, which I think very doubtful. If you will allow me, I'll return to my friend, Mr. Noggs, who went up stairs again, when he found nothing serious had occurred. Good night.'

Excusing himself in these terms from joining in the festivities, Nicholas took a most winning farewell of Mrs. Kenwigs and the other ladies, and retired, after making a very extraordinary impression upon the company.

'What a delightful young man!' cried Mrs. Kenwigs.

'Uncommon gentlemanly, really,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Don't you think so, Mr. Lillyvick?'

'Yes,' said the collector, with a dubious shrug of his shoulders. 'He is gentlemanly, very gentlemanly—in appearance.'

'I hope you don't see anything against him, uncle?' inquired Mrs. Kenwigs.

'No, my dear,' replied the collector, 'no. I trust he may not turn out—well—no matter—my love to you, my dear, and long life to the baby.'

'Your namesake,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, with a sweet smile.

'And I hope a worthy namesake,' observed Mr. Kenwigs, willing to propitiate the collector. 'I hope a baby as will never disgrace his godfather, and as may be considered in arter years of a piece with the Lillyvicks whose name he bears. I do say—and Mrs. Kenwigs is of the same sentiment, and feels it as strong as I do—that I consider his being called Lillyvick one of the greatest blessings and honours of my existence.'

'The greatest blessing, Kenwigs,' murmured his lady.

'The greatest blessing,' said Mr. Kenwigs, correcting himself. 'A blessing that I hope one of these days I may be able to deserve.'

This was a politic stroke of the Kenwigses, because it made Mr. Lillyvick the great head and fountain of the baby's importance. The good gentleman felt the delicacy and dexterity of the touch, and at once proposed the health of the gentleman, name unknown, who had signalized himself that night by his coolness and alacrity.

'Who, I don't mind saying,' observed Mr. Lillyvick, as a great concession, 'is a good-looking young man enough, in manners that I hope his character may be equal to.'

'He has a very nice face and style, really,' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'He certainly has,' added Miss Petowker. 'There's

something in his appearance quite—dear, dear, what's that word again?'

'What word?' inquired Mr. Lillyvick.

'Why—dear me, how stupid I am,' replied Miss Petowker, hesitating. 'What do you call it when Lords break off door-knockers and beat policemen, and play at coaches with other people's money, and all that sort of thing?'

'Aristocratic!' suggested the collector.

'Ah! aristocratic,' replied Miss Petowker; 'something very aristocratic about him, isn't there?'

The gentlemen held their peace and smiled at each other, as who should say, 'Well! there's no accounting for tastes;' but the ladies resolved unanimously that Nicholas had an aristocratic air, and nobody caring to dispute the position, it was established triumphantly.

The punch being by this time drunk out and the little Kenwigses (who had for some time previously held their little eyes open with their little fore-fingers) becoming fractious, and requesting rather urgently to be put to bed, the collector made a move by pulling out his watch, and acquainting the company that it was nigh two o'clock; whereat some of the guests were surprised and others shocked, and hats and bonnets being groped for under the tables, and in course of time found, their owners went away, after a vast deal of shaking of hands, and many remarks how they had never spent such a delightful evening, and how they marvelled to find it so late, expecting to have heard that it was half-past ten at the very latest, and how they wished that Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs had a wedding-day once a week, and how they wondered by what hidden agency Mrs. Kenwigs could possibly have managed so well; and a great deal more of the same kind. To all of which flattering expressions Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs replied, by thanking every lady and gentleman, *seriatim*, for the favour of their company, and hoping they might have enjoyed themselves only half as well as they said they had.

As to Nicholas, quite unconscious of the impression he had produced, he had long since fallen asleep, leaving Mr. Newman Noggs and Snike to empty the spirit bottle between them; and this office they performed with such extreme good will, that Newman was equally at a loss to determine whether he himself was quite sober, and whether he had ever seen any gentleman so heavily, drowsily, and completely intoxicated as his new acquaintance.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

*Nicholas seeks to employ himself in a new capacity, and being unsuccessful, accepts an engagement as tutor in a private family.*

The first care of Nicholas next morning was, to look after some room in which, until better times dawned

upon him, he could contrive to exist, without trenching upon the hospitality of Newman Noggs, who would have slept upon the stairs with pleasure, so that his young friend was accommodated.

The vacant apartment to which the bill in the parlour window bore reference, appeared on inquiry to be a small back room on the second floor, reclaimed from the leads, and overlooking a soot-bespeckled prospect of tiles and chimney-pots. For the letting of this portion of the house from week to week, on reasonable terms, the parlour lodger was empowered to treat, he being deputed by the landlord to dispose of the rooms as they became vacant, and to keep a sharp look-out that the lodgers didn't run away. As a means of securing the punctual discharge of which last service he was permitted to live rent-free, lest he should at any time be tempted to run away himself.

Of this chamber Nicholas became the tenant; and having hired a few common articles of furniture from a neighbouring broker, and paid the first week's hire in advance, out of a small fund raised by the conversion of some spare clothes into ready money, he sat himself down to ruminate upon his prospects, which, like that outside his window, were sufficiently confined and dingy. As they by no means improved on better acquaintance, and as familiarity breeds contempt, he resolved to banish them from his thoughts by dint of hard walking. So, taking up his hat, and leaving poor Smike to arrange and re-arrange the room with as much delight as if it had been the costliest palace, he betook himself to the streets, and mingled with the crowd which thronged them.

Although a man may lose a sense of his own importance when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a very strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares. The unhappy state of his own affairs was the one idea which occupied the brain of Nicholas, walk as fast as he would; and when he tried to dislodge it by speculating on the situation and prospects of the people who surrounded him, he caught himself in a few seconds contrasting their condition with his own, and gliding almost imperceptibly back into his old train of thought again.

Occupied in these reflections, as he was making his way along one of the great public thoroughfares of London, he chanced to raise his eyes to a blue board, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold, 'General Agency Office; for places and situations of all kinds inquire within.' It was a shop-front, fitted up with a gauze blind and an inner door; and in the window hung a long and tempting array of written placards, announcing vacant places of every grade, from a secretary's to a footboy's.

Nicholas halted instinctively before this temple of

promise, and ran his eye over the capital-text openings in life which were so profusely displayed. When he had completed his survey he walked on a little way, and then back, and then on again; at length, after pausing irresolutely several times before the door of the General Agency Office, he made up his mind and stepped in.

He found himself in a little floor-clothed room, with a high desk railed off in one corner, behind which sat a lean youth with cunning eyes and a protruding chin, whose performances in capital-text darkened the window. He had a thick ledger lying open before him, and with the fingers of his right hand inserted between the leaves, and his eyes fixed on a very fat old lady in a mob-cap—evidently the proprietress of the establishment—who was airing herself at the fire, seemed to be only waiting her directions to refer to some entries contained within its rusty clasps.

As there was a board outside, which acquainted the public that servants-of-all-work were perpetually in waiting to be hired from ten till four, Nicholas knew at once that some half-dozen strong young women, each with pattens and an umbrella, who were sitting upon a form in one corner, were in attendance for that purpose, especially as the poor things looked anxious and weary. He was not quite so certain of the callings and stations of two smart young ladies who were in conversation with the fat lady before the fire, until—having sat himself down in a corner, and remarked that he would wait until the other customers had been served—the fat lady resumed the dialogue which his entrance had interrupted.

'Cook, Tom,' said the fat lady, still airing herself as aforesaid.

'Cook,' said Tom, turning over some leaves of the ledger. 'Well.'

'Read out an easy place or two,' said the fat lady.

'Pick out very light ones, if you please, young man,' interposed a genteel female in shepherd's-plaid boots, who appeared to be the client.

'“Mrs. Marker,”’ said Tom, reading, “Russell Place, Russell Square; offers eighteen guineas, tea and sugar found. Two in family, and see very little company. Five servants kept. No man. No followers.”’

'“Oh Lor!”’ tittered the client. ‘That won't do. Read another, young man, will you?’

'“Mrs. Wrymug,”’ said Tom. “Pleasant Place, Finsbury. Wages, twelve guineas. No tea, no sugar. Serious family—”’

'“Ah! you needn't mind reading that,” interrupted the client.

'“Three serious footmen,”’ said Tom, impressively.

'Three, did you say?’ asked the client, in an altered tone.

'Three serious footmen,’ replied Tom. “Cook,

housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel Congregation three times every Sunday—with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook.”

‘I’ll take the address of that place,’ said the client; ‘I don’t know but what it mightn’t suit me pretty well.’

‘Here’s another,’ remarked Tom, turning over the leaves; ‘“Family of Mr. Gallanbile, M. P. Fifteen guineas, tea and sugar, and servants allowed to see male cousins, if godly. Note. Cold dinner in the kitchen on the Sabbath, Mr. Gallanbile being devoted to the Observance question. No victuals whatever cooked on the Lord’s day, with the exception of dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Gallanbile, which, being a work of piety and necessity, is exempted. Mr. Gallanbile dines late on the day of rest, in order to prevent the sinfulness of the cook’s dressing herself.”’

‘I don’t think that’ll answer as well as the other,’ said the client, after a little whispering with her friend. ‘I’ll take the other direction, if you please, young man. I can but come back again, if it don’t do.’

Tom made out the address, as requested, and the genteel client, having satisfied the fat lady with a small fee meanwhile, went away, accompanied by her friend.

As Nicholas opened his mouth, to request the young man to turn to letter S, and let him know what secretariats remained undisposed of, there came into the office an applicant, in whose favour he immediately retired, and whose appearance both surprised and interested him.

This was a young lady who could be scarcely eighteen, of very slight and delicate figure, but exquisitely shaped, who, walking timidly up to the desk, made an inquiry, in a very low tone of voice, relative to some situation as governess, or companion to a lady. She raised her veil for an instant, while she preferred the inquiry, and disclosed a countenance of most uncommon beauty, although shaded by a cloud of sadness, which in one so young was doubly remarkable. Having received a card of reference to some person on the books, she made the usual acknowledgment, and glided away.

She was neatly, but very quietly attired; so much so, indeed, that it seemed as though her dress, if it had been worn by one who imparted fewer graces of her own to it, might have looked poor and shabby. Her attendant—for she had one—was a red-faced, round-eyed, slovenly girl, who, from a certain roughness about the bare arms that peeped from under her dragged shawl, and the half-washed-out traces of

smut and blacklead which tattooed her countenance, was clearly of a kin with the servants-of-all-work on the form, between whom and herself there had passed various grins and glances, indicative of the freemasonry of the craft.

This girl followed her mistress; and before Nicholas had recovered from the first effects of his surprise and admiration, the young lady was gone. It is not a matter of such complete and utter improbability as some sober people may think, that he would have followed them out, had he not been restrained by what passed between the fat lady and her book-keeper.

‘When is she coming again, Tom?’ asked the fat lady.

‘To-morrow morning,’ replied Tom, mending his pen.

‘Where have you sent her to?’ asked the fat lady.

‘Mrs. Clark’s,’ replied Tom.

‘She’ll have a nice life of it, if she goes there,’ observed the fat lady, taking a pinch of snuff from a tin box.

Tom made no other reply than thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and pointing the feather of his pen towards Nicholas—reminders which elicited from the fat lady an inquiry of ‘Now, Sir, what can we do for you?’

Nicholas briefly replied, that he wanted to know whether there was any such post as secretary or amanuensis to a gentleman to be had.

‘Any such!’ rejoined the mistress; ‘a dozen such. An’t there, Tom?’

‘I should think so,’ answered that young gentleman; and as he said it, he winked towards Nicholas, with a degree of familiarity which he no doubt intended for a rather flattering compliment, but with which Nicholas was most ungratefully disgusted.

Upon reference to the book, it appeared that the dozen secretariats had dwindled down to one. Mr. Gregsbury, the great member of parliament, of Manchester Buildings, Westminster, wanted a young man, to keep his papers and correspondence in order; and Nicholas was exactly the sort of young man that Mr. Gregsbury wanted.

‘I don’t know what the terms are, as he said he’d settle them himself with the party,’ observed the fat lady; ‘but they must be pretty good ones, because he’s a member of parliament.’

Inexperienced as he was, Nicholas did not feel quite assured of the force of this reasoning, or the justice of this conclusion; but without troubling himself to question it, he took down the address, and resolved to wait upon Mr. Gregsbury without delay.

‘I don’t know what the number is,’ said Tom; ‘but Manchester Buildings isn’t a large place; and if the worst comes to the worst, it won’t take you very long

upon him, he could contrive to exist, without trenching upon the hospitality of Newman Noggs, who would have slept upon the stairs with pleasure, so that his young friend was accommodated.

The vacant apartment to which the bill in the parlour window bore reference, appeared on inquiry to be a small back room on the second floor, reclaimed from the leads, and overlooking a soot-bespeckled prospect of tiles and chimney-pots. For the letting of this portion of the house from week to week, on reasonable terms, the parlour lodger was empowered to treat, he being deputed by the landlord to dispose of the rooms as they became vacant, and to keep a sharp look-out that the lodgers didn't run away. As a means of securing the punctual discharge of which last service he was permitted to live rent-free, lest he should at any time be tempted to run away himself.

Of this chamber Nicholas became the tenant; and having hired a few common articles of furniture from a neighbouring broker, and paid the first week's hire in advance, out of a small fund raised by the conversion of some spare clothes into ready money, he sat himself down to ruminate upon his prospects, which, like that outside his window, were sufficiently confined and dingy. As they by no means improved on better acquaintance, and as familiarity breeds contempt, he resolved to banish them from his thoughts by dint of hard walking. So, taking up his hat, and leaving poor Smike to arrange and re-arrange the room with as much delight as if it had been the costliest palace, he betook himself to the streets, and mingled with the crowd which thronged them.

Although a man may lose a sense of his own importance when he is a mere unit among a busy throng, all utterly regardless of him, it by no means follows that he can dispossess himself, with equal facility, of a very strong sense of the importance and magnitude of his cares. The unhappy state of his own affairs was the one idea which occupied the brain of Nicholas, walk as fast as he would; and when he tried to dislodge it by speculating on the situation and prospects of the people who surrounded him, he caught himself in a few seconds contrasting their condition with his own, and gliding almost imperceptibly back into his old train of thought again.

Occupied in these reflections, as he was making his way along one of the great public thoroughfares of London, he chanced to raise his eyes to a blue board, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold, 'General Agency Office; for places and situations of all kinds inquire within.' It was a shop-front, fitted up with a gauze blind and an inner door; and in the window hung a long and tempting array of written placards, announcing vacant places of every grade, from a secretary's to a footboy's.

Nicholas halted instinctively before this temple of

promise, and ran his eye over the capital-text openings in life which were so profusely displayed. When he had completed his survey he walked on a little way, and then back, and then on again; at length, after pausing irresolutely several times before the door of the General Agency Office, he made up his mind and stepped in.

He found himself in a little floor-clothed room, with a high desk railed off in one corner, behind which sat a lean youth with cunning eyes and a protruding chin, whose performances in capital-text darkened the window. He had a thick ledger lying open before him, and with the fingers of his right hand inserted between the leaves, and his eyes fixed on a very fat old lady in a mob-cap—evidently the proprietress of the establishment—who was airing herself at the fire, seemed to be only waiting her directions to refer to some entries contained within its rusty clasps.

As there was a board outside, which acquainted the public that servants-of-all-work were perpetually in waiting to be hired from ten till four, Nicholas knew at once that some half-dozen strong young women, each with pattens and an umbrella, who were sitting upon a form in one corner, were in attendance for that purpose, especially as the poor things looked anxious and weary. He was not quite so certain of the callings and stations of two smart young ladies who were in conversation with the fat lady before the fire, until—having sat himself down in a corner, and remarked that he would wait until the other customers had been served—the fat lady resumed the dialogue which his entrance had interrupted.

'Cook, Tom,' said the fat lady, still airing herself as aforesaid.

'Cook,' said Tom, turning over some leaves of the ledger. 'Well.'

'Read out an easy place or two,' said the fat lady.

'Pick out very light ones, if you please, young man,' interposed a genteel female in shepherd's-plaid boots, who appeared to be the client.

'"Mrs. Marker,"' said Tom, reading, '"Russell Place, Russell Square; offers eighteen guineas, ten and sugar found. Two in family, and see very little company. Five servants kept. No man. No followers."'

'Oh Lor!' tittered the client. 'That won't do. Read another, young man, will you?'

'"Mrs. Wrymug,"' said Tom. '"Pleasant Place, Finsbury. Wages, twelve guineas. No ten, no sugar. Serious family—"'

'Ah! you needn't mind reading that,' interrupted the client.

'"Three serious footmen,"' said Tom, impressively.

'Three, did you say?' asked the client, in an altered tone.

'Three serious footmen,' replied Tom. '"Cook,



housemaid, and nursemaid; each female servant required to join the Little Bethel Congregation three times every Sunday—with a serious footman. If the cook is more serious than the footman, she will be expected to improve the footman; if the footman is more serious than the cook, he will be expected to improve the cook."

"I'll take the address of that place," said the client; "I don't know but what it mightn't suit me pretty well."

"Here's another," remarked Tom, turning over the leaves; "'Family of Mr. Gallanbile, M. P. Fifteen guineas, tea and sugar, and servants allowed to see male cousins, if godly. Note. Cold dinner in the kitchen on the Sabbath, Mr. Gallanbile being devoted to the Observance question. No victuals whatever cooked on the Lord's day, with the exception of dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Gallanbile, which, being a work of piety and necessity, is exempted. Mr. Gallanbile dines late on the day of rest, in order to prevent the sinfulness of the cook's dressing herself.'"

"I don't think that'll answer as well as the other," said the client, after a little whispering with her friend. "I'll take the other direction, if you please, young man. I can but come back again, if it don't do."

Tom made out the address, as requested, and the genteel client, having satisfied the fat lady with a small fee meanwhile, went away, accompanied by her friend.

As Nicholas opened his mouth, to request the young man to turn to letter S, and let him know what secretariats remained undisposed of, there came into the office an applicant, in whose favour he immediately retired, and whose appearance both surprised and interested him.

This was a young lady who could be scarcely eighteen, of very slight and delicate figure, but exquisitely shaped, who, walking timidly up to the desk, made an inquiry, in a very low tone of voice, relative to some situation as governess, or companion to a lady. She raised her veil for an instant, while she preferred the inquiry, and disclosed a countenance of most uncommon beauty, although shaded by a cloud of sadness, which in one so young was doubly remarkable. Having received a card of reference to some person on the books, she made the usual acknowledgment, and glided away.

She was neatly, but very quietly attired; so much so, indeed, that it seemed as though her dress, if it had been worn by one who imparted fewer graces of her own to it, might have looked poor and shabby. Her attendant—for she had one—was a red-faced, round-eyed, slovenly girl, who, from a certain roughness about the bare arms that peeped from under her dragged shawl, and the half-washed-out traces of

smut and blacklead which tattooed her countenance, was clearly of a kin with the servants-of-all-work on the form, between whom and herself there had passed various grins and glances, indicative of the freemasonry of the craft.

This girl followed her mistress; and before Nicholas had recovered from the first effects of his surprise and admiration, the young lady was gone. It is not a matter of such complete and utter improbability as some sober people may think, that he would have followed them out, had he not been restrained by what passed between the fat lady and her book-keeper.

"When is she coming again, Tom?" asked the fat lady.

"To-morrow morning," replied Tom, mending his pen.

"Where have you sent her to?" asked the fat lady.

"Mrs. Clark's," replied Tom.

"She'll have a nice life of it, if she goes there," observed the fat lady, taking a pinch of snuff from a tin box.

Tom made no other reply than thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and pointing the feather of his pen towards Nicholas—reminders which elicited from the fat lady an inquiry of "Now, Sir, what can we do for you?"

Nicholas briefly replied, that he wanted to know whether there was any such post as secretary or amanuensis to a gentleman to be had.

"Any such?" rejoined the mistress; "a dozen such. An't there, Tom?"

"I should think so," answered that young gentleman; and as he said it, he winked towards Nicholas, with a degree of familiarity which he no doubt intended for a rather flattering compliment, but with which Nicholas was most ungratefully disgusted.

Upon reference to the book, it appeared that the dozen secretariats had dwindled down to one. Mr. Gregsbury, the great member of parliament, of Manchester Buildings, Westminster, wanted a young man, to keep his papers and correspondence in order; and Nicholas was exactly the sort of young man that Mr. Gregsbury wanted.

"I don't know what the terms are, as he said he'd settle them himself with the party," observed the fat lady; "but they must be pretty good ones, because he's a member of parliament."

Inexperienced as he was, Nicholas did not feel quite assured of the force of this reasoning, or the justice of this conclusion; but without troubling himself to question it, he took down the address, and resolved to wait upon Mr. Gregsbury without delay.

"I don't know what the number is," said Tom; "but Manchester Buildings isn't a large place; and if the worst comes to the worst, it won't take you very long

to knock at all the doors on both sides of the way till you find him out. I say, what a good-looking gal that was, wasn't she?

'What girl, Sir,' demanded Nicholas, sternly.

'Oh yes. I know—what gal, eh?' whispered Tom, shutting one eye, and cocking his chin in the air. 'You didn't see her, you didn't—I say, don't you wish you was me, when she comes to-morrow morning?'

Nicholas looked at the ugly clerk, as if he had a mind to reward his admiration of the young lady by beating the ledger about his ears, but he refrained, and strode haughtily out of the office; setting at defiance, in his indignation, those ancient laws of chivalry, which not only made it proper and lawful for all good knights to hear the praise of the ladies to whom they were devoted, but rendered it incumbent upon them to roam about the world, and knock at head all such matter-of-fact and unpoetical characters, as declined to exalt, above all the earth, damsels whom they had never chanced to look upon or hear of—as if that were any excuse.

Thinking no longer of his own misfortunes, but wondering what could be those of the beautiful girl he had seen, Nicholas, with many wrong turns, and many inquiries, and almost as many misdirections, bent his steps towards the place whither he had been directed.

Within the precincts of the ancient city of Westminster, and within half a quarter of a mile of its ancient sanctuary, is a narrow and dirty region, the sanctuary of the smaller members of Parliament in modern days. It is all comprised in one street of gloomy lodging-houses, from whose windows in vacation time there frown long melancholy rows of bills, which say as plainly as did the countenances of their occupiers, ranged on ministerial and opposition benches in the session which slumbers with its fathers, 'To Let'—'To Let.' In busier periods of the year these bills disappear, and the houses swarm with legislators. There are legislators in the parlours, in the first floor, in the second, in the third, in the garrets; the small apartments reek with the breath of deputations and delegates. In damp weather the place is rendered close by the steams of moist acts of parliament and frowzy petitions; general postmen grow faint as they enter its infected limits, and shabby figures in quest of franks, flit restlessly to and fro like the troubled ghosts of Complete Letter-writers departed. This is Manchester Buildings; and here, at all hours of the night, may be heard the rattling of latch-keys in their respective keyholes, with now and then—when a gust of wind sweeping across the water which washes the Buildings' feet, impels the sound towards its entrance—the weak, shrill voice of some young member practising the morrow's speech. All the live-long day there is a grinding of organs and clashing and clanging of little

boxes of music, for Manchester Buildings is an eel-pot, which has no outlet but its awkward mouth—a case-bottle which has no thoroughfare, and a short and narrow neck—and in this respect it may be typical of the fate of some few among its more adventurous residents, who, after wriggling themselves into Parliament by violent efforts and contortions, find that it too is no thoroughfare for them; that, like Manchester Buildings, it leads to nothing beyond itself; and that they are fain at last to back out, no wiser, no richer, not one whit more famous, than they went in.

Into Manchester Buildings Nicholas turned, with the address of the great Mr. Gregsbury in his hand; and as there was a stream of people pouring into a shabby house not far from the entrance, he waited until they had made their way in, and then making up to the servant, ventured to inquire if he knew where Mr. Gregsbury lived.

The servant was a very pale, shabby boy, who looked as if he had slept under ground from his infancy, as very likely he had. 'Mr. Gregsbury?' said he; 'Mr. Gregsbury lodges here. It's all right. Come in.'

Nicholas thought he might as well get in while he could, so in he walked; and he had no sooner done so, than the boy shut the door and made off.

This was odd enough, but what was more embarrassing was, that all long the narrow passage, and all along the narrow stairs, blocking up the window, and making the dark entry darker still, was a confused crowd of persons with great importance depicted in their looks; who were, to all appearance, waiting in silent expectation of some coming event; from time to time one man would whisper his neighbour, or a little group would whisper together, and then the whisperers would nod fiercely to each other, or give their heads a relentless shake, as if they were bent upon doing something very desperate, and were determined not to be put off, whatever happened.

As a few minutes elapsed without anything occurring to explain this phenomenon, and as he felt his own position a peculiarly uncomfortable one, Nicholas was on the point of seeking some information from the man next him, when a sudden move was visible on the stairs, and a voice was heard to cry, 'Now, gentlemen, have the goodness to walk up.'

So far from walking up, the gentlemen on the stairs began to walk down with great alacrity, and to entreat, with extraordinary politeness, that the gentlemen nearest the street would go first; the gentlemen nearest the street retorted, with equal courtesy, that they couldn't think of such a thing on any account; but they did it without thinking of it, inasmuch as the other gentlemen pressing some half-dozen (among whom was Nicholas) forward, and closing up behind, pushed them, not merely up the stairs, but into the very sitting-room of Mr. Gregsbury, which they were

thus compelled to enter with most unseemly precipitation, and without the means of retreat; the press behind them more than filling the apartment.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'you are welcome. I am rejoiced to see you.'

For a gentleman who was rejoiced to see a body of visitors, Mr. Gregsby looked as uncomfortable as might be; but perhaps this was occasioned by senatorial gravity, and a statesmanlike habit of keeping his feelings under control. He was a tough, burly, thick-headed gentleman, with a loud voice, a pompous manner, a tolerable command of sentences with no meaning in them, and in short every requisite for a very good member indeed.

'Now, gentlemen,' said Mr. Gregsby, tossing a great bundle of papers into a wicker basket at his feet, and throwing himself back in his chair with his arms over the elbows, 'you are dissatisfied with my conduct, I see by the newspapers.'

'Yes, Mr. Gregsby, we are,' said a plump old gentleman in a violent heat, bursting out of the throng, and planting himself in the front.

'Do my eyes deceive me,' said Mr. Gregsby, looking towards the speaker, 'or is that my old friend Pugstyles?'

'I am that man, and no other, Sir,' replied the plump old gentleman.

'Give me your hand, my worthy friend,' said Mr. Gregsby. 'Pugstyles, my dear friend, I am very sorry to see you here.'

'I am very sorry to be here, Sir,' said Mr. Pugstyles; 'but your conduct, Mr. Gregsby, has rendered this deputation from your constituents imperatively necessary.'

'My conduct, Pugstyles,' said Mr. Gregsby, looking round upon the deputation with gracious magnanimity—'My conduct has been, and ever will be, regulated by a sincere regard for the true and real interests of this great and happy country. Whether I look at home or abroad, whether I behold the peaceful industrious communities of our island home, her rivers covered with steam-boats, her roads with locomotives, her streets with cabs, her skies with balloons of a power and magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of aeronautics in this or any other nation—I say, whether I look merely at home, or stretching my eyes further, contemplate the boundless prospect of conquest and possession—achieved by British perseverance and British valour—which is outspread before me, I clasp my hands, and turning my eyes to the broad expanse above my head, exclaim, 'Thank Heaven, I am a Briton!'

The time had been when this burst of enthusiasm would have been cheered to the very echo; but now the deputation received it with chilling coldness. The general impression seemed to be, that as an explanation of Mr. Gregsby's political conduct, it did not

enter quite enough into detail, and one gentleman in the rear did not scruple to remark aloud, that for his purpose it savoured rather too much of a 'gammon' tendency.

'The meaning of that term—gammon,' said Mr. Gregsby, 'is unknown to me. If it means that I grow a little too fervid, or perhaps even hyperbolic, in extolling my native land, I admit the full justice of the remark. I am proud of this free and happy country. My form dilates, my eye glistens, my breast heaves, my heart swells, my bosom burns, when I call to mind her greatness and her glory.'

'We wish, Sir,' remarked Mr. Pugstyles, calmly, 'to ask you a few questions.'

'If you please, gentlemen; my time is yours—and my country's—and my country's—' said Mr. Gregsby.

This permission being conceded, Mr. Pugstyles put on his spectacles, and referred to a written paper which he drew from his pocket, whereupon nearly every other member of the deputation pulled a written paper from his pocket, to check Mr. Pugstyles off, as he read the questions.

This done, Mr. Pugstyles proceeded to business.

'Question number one.—Whether, Sir, you did not give a voluntary pledge previous to your election, that in the event of your being returned you would immediately put down the practice of coughing and groaning in the House of Commons. And whether you did not submit to be coughed and groaned down in the very first debate of the session, and have since made no effort to effect a reform in this respect? Whether you did not also pledge yourself to astonish the government, and make them shrink in their shoes. And whether you have astonished them and made them shrink in their shoes, or not?'

'Go on to the next one, my dear Pugstyles,' said Mr. Gregsby.

'Have you any explanation to offer with reference to that question, Sir?' asked Mr. Pugstyles.

'Certainly not,' said Mr. Gregsby.

The members of the deputation looked fiercely at each other, and afterwards at the member, and 'dear Pugstyles' having taken a very long stare at Mr. Gregsby over the tops of his spectacles, resumed his list of inquiries.

'Question number two.—Whether, Sir, you did not likewise give a voluntary pledge that you would support your colleague on every occasion; and whether you did not, the night before last, desert him and vote upon the other side, because the wife of a leader on that other side had invited Mrs. Gregsby to an evening party?'

'Go on,' said Mr. Gregsby.

'Nothing to say on that, either, Sir!' asked the spokesman.

'Nothing whatever,' replied Mr. Gregsby. The

deputation, who had only seen him at canvassing or election time, were struck dumb by his coolness. He didn't appear like the same man; then he was all milk and honey—now he is all starch and vinegar. But men are so different at different times!

'Question number three—and last—' said Mr. Pugstyles, emphatically. 'Whether, Sir, you did not state upon the hustings, that it was your firm and determined intention to oppose everything proposed; to divide the house upon every question, to move for returns on every subject, to place a motion on the books every day, and, in short, in your own memorable words, to play the devil with everything and everybody!' With this comprehensive inquiry Mr. Pugstyles folded up his list of questions, as did all his backers.

Mr. Gregsbury reflected, blew his nose, threw himself further back in his chair, came forward again, leaning his elbows on the table, made a triangle with his two thumbs and his two forefingers, and tapping his nose with the apex thereof, replied (smiling as he said it), 'I deny everything.'

At this unexpected answer a hoarse murmur arose from the deputation; and the same gentleman who had expressed an opinion relative to the gammoning nature of the introductory speech, again made a monosyllabic demonstration, by growling out 'Resign;' which growl being taken up by his fellows, swelled into a very earnest and general remonstrance.

'I am requested, Sir, to express a hope,' said Mr. Pugstyles, with a distant bow, 'that on receiving a requisition to that effect from a great majority of your constituents, you will not object at once to resign your seat in favour of some candidate whom they think they can better trust.'

To which Mr. Gregsbury read the following reply, which, anticipating the request, he had composed in the form of a letter, whereof copies had been made to send round to the newspapers.

'MY DEAR PUGSTYLES,

'Next to the welfare of our beloved island—this great and free and happy country, whose powers and resources are, I sincerely believe, illimitable—I value that noble independence which is an Englishman's proudest boast, and which I fondly hope to bequeath to my children untarnished and unswayed. Actuated by no personal motives, but moved only by high and great constitutional considerations which I will not attempt to explain, for they are really beneath the comprehension of those who have not made themselves masters, as I have, of the intricate and arduous study of politics, I would rather keep my seat, and intend doing so.

'Will you do me the favour to present my compliments to the constituent body, and acquaint them with this circumstance!

'With great esteem, my dear Pugstyles,  
'&c. &c.'

'Then you will not resign, under any circumstances?' asked the spokesman.

Mr. Gregsbury smiled, and shook his head.

'Then good morning, Sir,' said Pugstyles, angrily.

'God bless you,' said Mr. Gregsbury. And the deputation, with many growls and scowls, filed off as quickly as the narrowness of the staircase would allow of their getting down.

The last man being gone, Mr. Gregsbury rubbed his hands and chuckled, as merry fellows will, when they think they have said or done a more than commonly good thing; he was so engrossed in this self-congratulation, that he did not observe that Nicholas had been left behind in the shadow of the window-curtains, until that young gentleman fearing he might otherwise overhear some soliloquy intended to have no listeners, coughed twice or thrice to attract the member's notice.

'What's that?' said Mr. Gregsbury, in sharp accents.

Nicholas stepped forward and bowed.

'What do you do here, Sir?' asked Mr. Gregsbury; 'a spy upon my privacy! A concealed voter! You have heard my answer, Sir? Pray follow the deputation.'

'I should have done so if I had belonged to it, but I do not,' said Nicholas.

'Then how came you here, Sir?' was the natural inquiry of Mr. Gregsbury, M.P. 'And where the devil have you come from, Sir?' was the question which followed it.

'I brought this card from the General Agency Office, Sir,' said Nicholas, 'wishing to offer myself as your secretary, and understanding that you stood in need of one.'

'That's all you have come for, is it?' said Mr. Gregsbury, eyeing him in some doubt.

Nicholas replied in the affirmative.

'You have no connexion with any of these rascally papers, have you?' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'You didn't get into the room to hear what was going forward, and put it in print, eh?'

'I have no connexion, I am sorry to say, with anything at present,' rejoined Nicholas,—politely enough, but quite at his ease.

'Oh!' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'How did you find your way up here, then?'

Nicholas related how he had been forced up by the deputation.

'That was the way, was it?' said Mr. Gregsbury. 'Sit down.'

Nicholas took a chair, and Mr. Gregsbury stared at him for a long time, as if to make certain, before he asked any further questions, that there were no objections to his outward appearance.

'You want to be my secretary, do you?' he said at length.

'I wish to be employed in that capacity,' replied Nicholas.



'Well,' said Mr. Gregsbury; 'Now what can you do?'

'I suppose,' replied Nicholas, smiling, 'that I can do what usually falls to the lot of other secretaries.'

'What's that?' inquired Mr. Gregsbury.

'What is it?' replied Nicholas.

'Ah! What is it!' retorted the member, looking shrewdly at him, with his head on one side.

'A secretary's duties are rather difficult to define, perhaps,' said Nicholas, considering. 'They include, I presume, correspondence.'

'Good,' interposed Mr. Gregsbury.

'The arrangements of papers and documents—'

'Very good.'

'Occasionally, perhaps, the writing from your dictation; and possibly,'—said Nicholas, with a half smile, 'the copying of your speech, for some public journal, when you have made one of more than usual importance.'

'Certainly,' rejoined Mr. Gregsbury. 'What else?'

'Really,' said Nicholas, after a moment's reflection, 'I am not able, at this instant, to recapitulate any other duty of a secretary, beyond the general one of making himself as agreeable and useful to his employer as he can, consistently with his own respectability, and without overstepping that line of duties which he undertakes to perform, and which the designation of his office is usually understood to imply.'

Mr. Gregsbury looked fixedly at Nicholas for a short time, and then glancing warily round the room, said in a suppressed voice—

'This is all very well, Mr. — what is your name?'

'Nickleby.'

'This is all very well, Mr. Nickleby, and very proper, so far as it goes—so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. There are other duties, Mr. Nickleby, which a secretary to a parliamentary gentleman must never lose sight of. I should require to be crammed, Sir.'

'I beg your pardon,' interposed Nicholas, doubtful whether he had heard aright.

'— To be crammed, Sir,' repeated Mr. Gregsbury.

'May I beg your pardon again, if I inquire what you mean?' said Nicholas.

'My meaning, Sir, is perfectly plain,' replied Mr. Gregsbury, with a solemn aspect. 'My secretary would have to make himself master of the foreign policy of the world, as it is mirrored in the newspapers; to run his eye over all accounts of public meetings, all leading articles, and accounts of the proceedings of public bodies; and to make notes of anything which it appeared to him might be made a point of, in any little speech upon the question of some petition lying on the table, or anything of that kind. Do you understand?'

'I think I do, Sir,' replied Nicholas.

'Then,' said Mr. Gregsbury, 'it would be necessary

for him to make himself acquainted from day to day with newspaper paragraphs on passing events; such as 'Mysterious disappearance, and supposed suicide of a pot-boy,' or anything of that sort, upon which I might found a question to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. Then he would have to copy the question, and as much as I remembered of the answer (including a little compliment about my independence and good sense); and to send the manuscript in a frank to the local paper, with perhaps half a dozen lines of leader, to the effect, that I was always to be found in my place in parliament, and never shrunk from the discharge of my responsible and arduous duties, and so forth. You see?

Nicholas bowed.

'Besides which,' continued Mr. Gregsbury, 'I should expect him now and then to go through a few figures in the printed tables, and to pick out a few results, so that I might come out pretty well on timber duty questions, and finance questions, and so on; and I should like him to get up a few little arguments about the disastrous effects of a return to cash payments and a metallic currency, with a touch now and then about the exportation of bullion, and the Emperor of Russia, and bank notes, and all that kind of thing, which it's only necessary to talk fluently about, because nobody understands it. Do you take me?'

'I think I understand,' said Nicholas.

'With regard to such questions as are not political,' continued Mr. Gregsbury, warming; 'and which one can't be expected to care a damn about, beyond the natural care of not allowing inferior people to be as well off as ourselves, else where are our privileges? I should wish my secretary to get together a few little flourishing speeches, of a patriotic cast. For instance, if any preposterous bill were brought forward for giving poor grubbing devils of authors a right to their own property, I should like to say, that I for one would never consent to opposing an insurmountable bar to the diffusion of literature among the people,—you understand? that the creations of the pocket, being man's, might belong to one man, or one family; but that the creations of the brain, being God's ought as a matter of course to belong to the people at large—and if I was pleasantly disposed, I should like to make a joke about posterity, and say that those who wrote for posterity, should be content to be rewarded by the approbation of posterity; it might take with the house, and could never do me any harm, because posterity can't be expected to know anything about me or my jokes either—don't you see?'

'I see that, Sir,' replied Nicholas.

'You must always bear in mind, in such cases as this, where our interests are not affected,' said Mr. Gregsbury, 'to put it very strong about the people, because it comes out very well at election-time; and you

could be as funny as you liked about the authors; because I believe the greater part of them live in lodgings, and are not voters. 'This is a hasty outline of the chief things you'd have to do, except waiting in the lobby every night, in case I forgot anything, and should want fresh cramming; and now and then, during great debates, sitting in the front row of the gallery, and saying to the people about—"You see that gentleman, with his hand to his face, and his arm twisted round the pillar—that's Mr. Gregsbury—the celebrated Mr. Gregsbury—" with any other little eulogium that might strike you at the moment. And for salary,' said Mr. Gregsbury, winding up with great rapidity; for he was out of breath—"And for salary, I don't mind saying at once in round numbers, to prevent any dissatisfaction—though it's more than I've been accustomed to give—fifteen shillings a week, and find yourself. There.'

With this handsome offer Mr. Gregsbury once more threw himself back in his chair, and looked like a man who has been most profligately liberal, but is determined not to repent of it notwithstanding.

'Fifteen shillings a week is not much,' said Nicholas, mildly.

'Not much! Fifteen shillings a week not much, young man?' cried Mr. Gregsbury. 'Fifteen shillings a—'

'Pray do not suppose that I quarrel with the sum,' replied Nicholas; 'for I am not ashamed to confess, that whatever it may be in itself, to me it is a great deal. But the duties and responsibilities make the recompense small, and they are so very heavy that I fear to undertake them.'

'Do you decline to undertake them, Sir?' inquired Mr. Gregsbury, with his hand on the bell-rope.

'I fear they are too great for my powers, however good my will may be,' replied Nicholas.

'That is as much as to say that you had rather not accept the place, and that you consider fifteen shillings a week too little,' said Mr. Gregsbury, ringing. 'Do you decline it, Sir?'

'I have no alternative but to do so,' replied Nicholas.

'Door, Matthews,' said Mr. Gregsbury, as the boy appeared.

'I am sorry I have troubled you unnecessarily, Sir,' said Nicholas.

'I am sorry you have,' rejoined Mr. Gregsbury, turning his back upon him. 'Door, Matthews.'

'Good morning,' said Nicholas.

'Door, Matthews,' cried Mr. Gregsbury.

The boy beckoned Nicholas, and tumbling lazily down stairs before him, opened the door and ushered him into the street. With a sad and pensive air he retraced his steps homewards.

Smike had scraped a meal together from the remnant of last night's supper, and was anxiously awaiting his return. The occurrences of the morning had not im-

proved Nicholas's appetite, and by him the dinner remained untasted. He was sitting in a thoughtful attitude, with the plate which the poor fellow had assiduously filled with the choicest morsels untouched, by his side, when Newman Noggs looked into the room.

'Come back!' asked Newman.

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, 'tired to death; and what is worse, might have remained at home for all the good I have done.'

'Couldn't expect to do much in one morning,' said Newman.

'May be so, but I am sanguine, and did expect,' said Nicholas, 'and am proportionately disappointed.' Saying which, he gave Newman an account of his proceedings.

'If I could do anything,' said Nicholas, anything however slight, until Ralph Nickleby returns, and I have eased my mind by confronting him, I should feel happier. I should think it no disgrace to work, Heaven knows. Lying indolently here like a half-tamed sullen beast distracts me.'

'I don't know,' said Newman; 'small things offer—they would pay the rent, and more—but you wouldn't like them; no, you could hardly be expected to undergo it—no, no.'

'What could I hardly be expected to undergo?' asked Nicholas, raising his eyes. 'Show me, in this wide waste of London, any honest means by which I could even defray the weekly hire of this poor room, and see if I shrink from resorting to them. Undergo! I have undergone too much, my friend, to feel pride or squeamishness now. Except—' added Nicholas hastily, after a short silence, 'except such squeamishness as is common honesty, and so much pride as constitutes self-respect. I see little to choose, between the assistant to a brutal pedagogue, and the toad-eater of a mean and ignorant upstart, be he member or no member.'

'I hardly know whether I should tell you what I heard this morning or not,' said Newman.

'Has it any reference to what you said just now?' asked Nicholas.

'It has.'

'Then in Heaven's name, my good friend, tell it me,' said Nicholas. 'For God's sake consider my deplorable condition; and while I promise to take no step without taking counsel with you, give me, at least, a vote in my own behalf.'

Moved by this entreaty, Newman stammered forth a variety of most unaccountable and entangled sentences, the upshot of which was, that Mrs. Kenwigs had examined him at great length that morning touching the origin of his acquaintance with, and the whole life, adventures, and pedigree of Nicholas; that Newman had parried these questions as long as he could, but

being at length hard pressed and driven into a corner, had gone so far as to admit, that Nicholas was a tutor of great accomplishments, involved in some misfortunes which he was not at liberty to explain, and bearing the name of Johnson. That Mrs. Kenwigs, impelled by gratitude, or ambition, or maternal pride, or maternal love, or all four powerful motives, conjointly, had taken secret conference with Mr. Kenwigs, and finally returned to propose that Mr. Johnson should instruct the four Miss Kenwigs in the French language as spoken by natives, at the weekly stipend of five shillings current coin of the realm, being at the rate of one shilling per week per each Miss Kenwigs, and one shilling over, until such time as the baby might be able to take it out in grammar.

'Which, unless I am very much mistaken,' observed Mrs. Kenwigs in making the proposition, 'will not be very long; for such clever children, Mr. Noggs, never were born into this world I do believe.'

'There,' said Newman, 'that's all. It's beneath you, I know; but I thought that perhaps you might—'

'Might!' said Nicholas, with great alacrity; 'of course I shall. I accept the offer at once. Tell the worthy mother so without delay, my dear fellow; and that I am ready to begin whenever she pleases.'

Newman hastened with joyful steps to inform Mrs. Kenwigs of his friend's acquiescence, and soon returning, brought back word that they would be happy to see him in the first floor as soon as convenient; that Mrs. Kenwigs had upon the instant sent out to secure a second-hand French grammar and dialogues, which had long been fluttering in the sixpenny box at the book-stall round the corner; and that the family, highly excited at the prospect of this addition to their gentility, wished the initiatory lesson to come off immediately.

And here it may be observed, that Nicholas was not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a young man of high spirit. He would resent an affront to himself, or interpose to redress a wrong offered to another, as boldly and freely as any knight that ever set lance in rest, but he lacked that peculiar excess of coolness and great-minded selfishness, which invariably distinguish gentlemen of high spirit. In truth for our own part, we are rather disposed to look upon such gentlemen as being rather incumbrances than otherwise in rising families, happening to be acquainted with several whose spirit prevents their settling down to any grovelling occupation, and only displays itself in a tendency to cultivate mustachios, and look fierce; and although mustachios and ferocity are both very pretty things in their way, and very much to be commended, we confess to a desire to see them bred at the owner's proper cost, rather than at the expense of low-spirited people.

Nicholas, therefore, not being a high spirited young man according to common parlance, and deeming it a greater degradation to borrow, for the supply of his necessities, from Newman Noggs, than to teach French to the little Kenwigses for five shillings a week, accepted the offer with the alacrity already described, and betook himself to the first floor with all convenient speed.

Here he was received by Mrs. Kenwigs with a genteel air, kindly intended to assure him her protection and support; and here too he found Mr. Lillyvick and Miss Petowker: the four Miss Kenwigses on their form of audience, and the baby in a dwarf porter's chair with a deal tray before it, amusing himself with a toy horse without a head; the said horse being composed of a small wooden cylinder supported on four crooked pegs, not unlike an Italian iron, and painted in ingenious resemblance of red wafers set in blacking.

'How do you do, Mr. Johnson?' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Uncle—Mr. Johnson.'

'How do you do, Sir?' said Mr. Lillyvick—rather sharply; for he had not known what Nicholas was, on the previous night, and it was rather an aggravating circumstance if a tax collector had been too polite to a teacher.

'Mr. Johnson is engaged as private master to the children, uncle,' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'So you said just now, my dear,' replied Mr. Lillyvick.

'But I hope,' said Mrs. Kenwigs, drawing herself up, 'that that will not make them proud; but that they will bless their own good fortune, which has born them superior to common people's children. Do you hear, Morleena?'

'Yes, ma,' replied Miss Kenwigs.

'And when you go out in the street, or elsewhere, I desire that you don't boast of it to the other children,' said Mrs. Kenwigs; 'and that if you must say anything about it, you don't say no more than 'We've got a private master comes to teach us at home, but we ain't proud, because ma says it's sinful.' Do you hear, Morleena?'

'Yes, ma,' replied Miss Kenwigs again.

'Then mind you recollect, and do as I tell you,' said Mrs. Kenwigs. 'Shall Mr. Johnson begin, uncle?'

'I am ready to hear, if Mr. Johnson is ready to commence, my dear,' said the collector, assuming the air of a profound critic. 'What sort of language do you consider French, Sir?'

'How do you mean?' asked Nicholas.

'Do you consider it a good language, Sir?' said the collector; 'a pretty language, a sensible language?'

'A pretty language, certainly,' replied Nicholas; 'and as it has a name for everything, and admits of

elegant conversation about everything, I presume it is a sensible one.'

'I don't know,' said Mr. Lillyvick, doubtfully. 'Do you call it a cheerful language, now?'

'Yes,' replied Nicholas, 'I should say it was, certainly.'

'It's very much changed since my time, then,' said the collector, 'very much.'

'Was it a dismal one in your time?' asked Nicholas, scarcely able to repress a smile.

'Very,' replied Mr. Lillyvick, with some vehemence of manner. 'It's the war time that I speak of; the last war. It may be a cheerful language. I should be sorry to contradict anybody; but I can only say that I've heard the French prisoners, who were natives, and ought to know how to speak it, talking in such a dismal manner, that it made one miserable to hear them. Ay, that I have, fifty times, Sir—fifty times.'

Mr. Lillyvick was waxing so cross, that Mrs. Kenwigs thought it expedient to motion to Nicholas not to say anything; and it was not until Miss Petowker had practised several blandishments, to soften the excellent old gentleman, that he deigned to break silence, by asking,

'What's the water in French, Sir?'

'*L'Eau*,' replied Nicholas.

'Ah!' said Mr. Lillyvick, shaking his head mournfully, 'I thought as much. Lo, eh! I don't think anything of that language—nothing at all.'

'I suppose the children may begin, uncle?' said Mrs. Kenwigs.

'Oh yes; they may begin, my dear, replied the collector, discontentedly. 'I have no wish to prevent them.'

This permission being conceded, the four Miss Kenwigs sat in a row, with their tails all one way, and Morleena at the top, while Nicholas, taking the book, began his preliminary explanations. Miss Petowker and Mrs. Kenwigs looked on, in silent admiration, broken only by the whispered assurances of the latter, that Morleena would have it all by heart in no time; and Mr. Lillyvick regarded the group with frowning and attentive eyes, lying in wait for something upon which he could open a fresh discussion on the language.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

*Follows the fortunes of Miss Nickleby.*

It was with a heavy heart, and many sad forebodings which no effort could banish, that Kate Nickleby, on the morning appointed for the commencement of her engagement with Madame Mantalini, left the city when its clocks yet wanted a quarter of an hour of eight, and threaded her way alone, amid the noise and bustle of the streets, towards the west end of London.

At this early hour many sickly girls, whose business, like that of the poor worm, is to produce with patient toil the finery that bedecks the thoughtless and luxurious, traverse our streets, making towards the scene of their daily labour, and catching, as if by stealth, in their hurried walk, the only gasp of wholesome air and glimpse of sunlight which cheers their monotonous existence during the long train of hours that make a working day. As she drew nigh to the more fashionable quarter of the town, Kate marked many of this class as they passed by, hurrying like herself to their painful occupation, and saw, in their unhealthy looks and feeble gait, but too clear an evidence that her misgivings were not wholly groundless.

She arrived at Madame Mantalini's some minutes before the appointed hour, and after walking a few times up and down, in the hope that some other female might arrive and spare her the embarrassment of stating her business to the servant, knocked timidly at the door, which after some delay was opened by the footman, who had been putting on his striped jacket as he came up stairs, and was now intent on fastening his apron.

'Is Madame Mantalini in?' faltered Kate.

'Not often out at this time, Miss,' replied the man in a tone which rendered 'Miss,' something more offensive than 'My dear.'

'Can I see her?' asked Kate.

'Eh?' replied the man, holding the door in his hand, and honouring the inquirer with a stare and a broad grin, 'Lord, no.'

'I came by her own appointment,' said Kate; 'I am—I am—to be employed here.'

'Oh! you should have rung the workers' bell,' said the footman, touching the handle of one in the door-post. 'Let me see, though, I forgot—Miss Nickleby, is it?'

'Yes,' replied Kate.

'You're to walk up stairs then, please,' said the man. 'Madame Mantalini wants to see you—this way—take care of these things on the floor.'

Cautioning her in these terms not to trip over a heterogeneous litter of pastry-cook's trays, lamps, waiters full of glasses, and piles of rout seats which were strewn about the hall, plainly bespeaking a late party on the previous night, the man led the way to the second story, and ushered Kate into a back room, communicating by folding-doors with the apartment in which she had first seen the mistress of the establishment.

'If you'll wait here a minute,' said the man, 'I'll tell her presently.' Having made this promise with much affability, he retired and left Kate alone.

There was not much to amuse in the room; of which the most attractive feature was, a half-length



portrait in oil of Mr. Mantalini, whom the artist had depicted scratching his head in an easy manner, and thus displaying to advantage a diamond ring, the gift of Madame Mantalini before her marriage. There was, however, the sound of voices in conversation in the next room; and as the conversation was loud and the partition thin, Kate could not help discovering that they belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Mantalini.

'If you will be odiously, demnebly, outrageously jealous, my soul,' said Mr. Mantalini, 'you will be very miserable—horrid miserable—demnition miserable.' And then there came a sound as though Mr. Mantalini were sipping his coffee.

'I am miserable,' returned Madame Mantalini, evidently pouting.

'Then you are an ungrateful, unworthy, demd unthankful little fairy,' said Mr. Mantalini.

'I am not,' returned Madame with a sob.

'Do not put itself out of humour,' said Mr. Mantalini, breaking an egg. 'It is a pretty bewitching little demd countenance, and it should not be out of humour, for it spoils its loveliness, and makes it cross and gloomy like a frightful, naughty, demd hobgoblin.'

'I am not to be brought round in that way, always,' rejoined Madame, sulkily.

'It shall be brought round in any way it likes best, and not brought round at all if it likes that better,' retorted Mr. Mantalini, with his egg-spoon in his mouth.

'It's very easy to talk,' said Mrs. Mantalini.

'Not so easy when one is eating a demnition egg,' replied Mr. Mantalini; 'for the yolk runs down the waistcoat, and yolk of egg does not match any waistcoat but a yellow waistcoat, demmit.'

'You were flirting with her during the whole night,' said Madame Mantalini, apparently desirous to lead the conversation back to the point from which it had strayed.

'No, no, my life.'

'You were,' said Madame; 'I had my eye upon you all the time.'

'Bless the little winking twinkling eye; was it on me all the time?' cried Mantalini, in a sort of lazy rapture. 'Oh, demmit!'

'And I say once more,' resumed Madame, 'that you ought not to waltz with anybody but your own wife; and I will not bear it, Mantilini, if I take poison first.'

'She will not take poison and have horrid pains, will she?' said Mantalini; who, by the altered sound of his voice, seemed to have moved his chair and taken up his position nearer to his wife. 'She will not take poison, because she had a demd fine husband who might have married two countesses and a dowager—'

'Two countesses,' interposed Madame. 'You told me one before!'

'Two!' cried Mantalini. 'Two demd fine women, real countesses and splendid fortunes, demmit.'

'And why didn't you?' asked Madame, playfully.

'Why didn't I!' replied her husband. 'Had I not seen at a morning concert the demdest little fascinator in all the world, and while that little fascinator is my wife, may not all the countesses and dowagers in England be'—

Mr. Mantalini did not finish the sentence, but he gave Madame Mantalini a very loud kiss, which Madame Mantalini returned; after which there seemed to be some more kissing mixed up with the progress of the breakfast.

'And what about the cash, my existence's jewel?' said Mantalini, when these endearments ceased. 'How much have we in hand?'

'Very little indeed,' replied Madame.

'We must have some more,' said Mantalini; 'we must have some discount out of old Nickleby to carry on the war with, demmit.'

'You can't want any more just now,' said Madame coaxingly.

'My life and soul,' returned her husband, 'there is a horse for sale at Scrubbs's, which it would be a sin and crime to lose—going, my senses' joy, for nothing.'

'For nothing,' cried Madame, 'I am glad of that.'

'For actually nothing,' replied Mantalini. 'A hundred guineas down will buy him; mane, and crest, and legs, and tail, all of the demdest beauty. I will ride him in the park before the very chariots of the rejected countesses. The demd old dowager will faint with grief and rage; the other two will say 'He is married, he has made away with himself, it is a demd thing, it is all up.' They will hate each other demnebly, and wish you dead and buried. Ha! ha! Demmit.'

Madame Mantalini's prudence, if she had any, was not proof against these triumphal pictures; after a little jingling of keys, she observed that she would see what her desk contained, and rising for that purpose, opened the folding-door, and walked into the room where Kate was seated.

'Dear me, child!' exclaimed Madame Mantalini, recoiling in surprise. 'How came you here?'

'Child!' cried Mantalini, hurrying in. 'How came it—eh!—oh—demmit, how d'ye do?'

'I have been waiting here some time, ma'am,' said Kate, addressing Madame Mantalini. 'The man must have forgotten to let you know that I was here, I think.'

'You really must see to that man,' said Madame, turning to her husband. 'He forgets everything.'

'I will twist his demd nose off his countenance for leaving such a very pretty creature all alone by herself,' said her husband.

'Mantalini,' cried Madame, 'you forget yourself.'

'I don't forget you, my soul, and never shall, and never can,' said Mantalini, kissing his wife's hand,

and grimacing, aside, to Miss Nickleby, who turned contemptuously away.

Appeased by this compliment, the lady of the business took some papers from her desk, which she handed over to Mr. Mantalini, who received them with great delight. She then requested Kate to follow her, and after several feints on the part of Mr. Mantalini to attract the young lady's attention, they went away, leaving that gentleman extended at full length on the sofa, with his heels in the air and a newspaper in his hand.

Madame Mantalini led the way down a flight of stairs, and through a passage, to a large room at the back of the premises, where were a number of young women employed in sewing, cutting out, making up, altering, and various other processes known only to those who are cunning in the arts of millinery and dress-making. It was a close room with a skylight, and as dull and quiet as a room could be.

On Madame Mantalini calling aloud for Miss Knag, a short, bustling, over-dressed female, full of importance, presented herself, and all the young ladies suspending their operations for the moment, whispered to each other sundry criticisms upon the make and texture of Miss Nickleby's dress, her complexion, cast of features, and personal appearance, with as much good-breeding as could have been displayed by the very best society in a crowded ball-room.

'Oh, Miss Knag,' said Madame Mantalini, 'this is the young person I spoke to you about.'

Miss Knag bestowed a reverential smile upon Madame Mantalini, which she dexterously transformed into a gracious one for Kate, and said that certainly, although it was a great deal of trouble, to have young people, who were wholly unused to the business, still she was sure the young person would try to do her best—impressed with which conviction she (Miss Knag) felt an interest in her already.

'I think that, for the present at all events, it will be better for Miss Nickleby to come into the show-room with you, and try things on for people,' said Madame Mantalini. 'She will not be able for the present to be of much use in any other way; and her appearance will—'

'Suit very well with mine, Madame Mantalini,' interrupted Miss Knag. 'So it will; and to be sure I might have known that you would not be long in finding that out; for you have so much taste in all those matters, that really, as I often say to the young ladies, I do not know how, when, or where, you possibly could have acquired all you know—hem—Miss Nickleby and I are quite a pair, Madame Mantalini, only I am a little darker than Miss Nickleby, and—hem—I think my foot may be a little smaller. Miss Nickleby, I am sure, will not be offended at my saying that, when she hears that our family always have been celebrated for

small feet ever since—hem—ever since our family had any feet at all, indeed, I think. I had an uncle once, Madame Mantalini, who lived in Cheltenham, and had a most excellent business as a tobaccoist—hem—who had such small feet, that they were no bigger than those which are usually joined to wooden legs—the most symmetrical feet, Madame Mantalini, that even you can imagine.'

'They must have had something the appearance of club feet, Miss Knag,' said Madame.

'Well now, that is so like you,' returned Miss Knag. 'Ha! ha! ha! Of club feet! Oh very good! As I often remarked to the young ladies, 'Well I must say, and I do not care who knows it, of all the ready humour—hem—I ever heard anywhere'—and I have heard a good deal; for when my dear brother was alive (I kept house for him, Miss Nickleby), we had to supper once a week two or three young men, highly celebrated in those days for their humour, Madame Mantalini—'Of all the ready humour,' I say to the young ladies, 'I ever heard, Madame Mantalini's is the most remarkable—hem. It is so gentle, so sarcastic, and yet so good-natured (as I was observing to Miss Simmonds only this morning), that how, or when, or by what means she acquired it, is to me a mystery indeed.''

Here Miss Knag paused to take breath, and while she pauses, it may be observed—not that she was marvellously loquacious and marvellously deferential to Madame Mantalini, since these are facts which require no comment; but that every now and then she was accustomed, in the torrent of her discourse, to introduce a loud, shrill, clear 'hem!' the import and meaning of which was variously interpreted by her acquaintance; some holding that Miss Knag dealt in exaggeration, and introduced the monosyllable, when any fresh invention was in course of coinage in her brain; and others, that when she wanted a word, she threw it in to gain time, and prevent anybody else from striking into the conversation. It may be further remarked, that Miss Knag still aimed at youth, though she had shot beyond it years ago; and that she was weak and vain, and one of those people who are best described by the axiom, that you may trust them as far as you can see them, and no farther.

'You'll take care that Miss Nickleby understands her hours, and so forth,' said Madame Mantalini; 'and so I'll leave her with you. You'll not forget my directions, Miss Knag?'

Miss Knag of course replied, that to forget anything Madame Mantalini had directed, was a moral impossibility; and that lady, dispensing a general good morning among her assistants, sailed away.

'Charming creature, isn't she, Miss Nickleby?' said Miss Knag, rubbing her hands together.

'I have seen very little of her,' said Kate. 'I hardly know yet.'

'Have you seen Mr. Mantalini?' inquired Miss Knag.

'Yes; I have seen him twice.'

'Isn't he a charming creature!'

'Indeed he does not strike me as being so, by any means,' replied Kate.

'No, my dear!' cried Miss Knag, elevating her hands.

'Why, goodness gracious mercy, where's your taste? Such a fine tall, full-whiskered dashing gentlemanly man, with such teeth and hair, and—hem—well now, you do astonish me.'

'I dare say I am very foolish,' replied Kate, laying aside her bonnet; 'but as my opinion is of very little importance to him or any one else, I do not regret having formed it, and shall be slow to change it, I think.'

'He is a very fine man, don't you think so?' asked one of the young ladies.

'Indeed he may be, for anything I could say to the contrary,' replied Kate.

'And drives very beautiful horses, doesn't he?' inquired another.

'I dare say he may, but I never saw them,' answered Kate.

'Never saw them?' interposed Miss Knag. 'Oh, well, there it is at once you know; how can you possibly pronounce an opinion about a gentleman—hem—if you don't see him as he turns out altogether?'

There was so much of the world—even of the little world of the country girl—in this idea of the old milliner, that Kate, who was anxious for every reason to change the subject, made no further remark, and left Miss Knag in possession of the field.

After a short silence, during which most of the young people made a closer inspection of Kate's appearance, and compared notes respecting it, one of them offered to help her off with her shawl, and the offer being accepted, inquired whether she did not find black very uncomfortable wear.

'I do indeed,' replied Kate, with a bitter sigh.

'So dusty and hot,' observed the same speaker, adjusting her dress for her.

Kate might have said, that mourning was the coldest wear which mortals can assume; that it not only chills the breasts of those it clothes, but extending its influence to summer friends, freezes up their sources of good-will and kindness, and withering all the buds of promise they once so liberally put forth, leaves nothing but bared and rotten hearts exposed. There are few who have lost a friend or relative constituting in life their sole dependence, who have not keenly felt this chilling influence of their sable garb. She had felt it acutely, and feeling it at the moment, could not restrain her tears.

'I am very sorry to have wounded you by my thoughtless speech,' said her companion. 'I did not think of it. You are in mourning for some near relation.'

'For my father,' answered Kate, weeping.

'For what relation, Miss Simmonds?' asked Miss Knag in an audible voice.

'Her father,' replied the other softly.

'Her father, eh!' said Miss Knag, without the slightest depression of her voice. 'Ah! A long illness, Miss Simmonds?'

'Hush—pray,' replied the girl; 'I don't know.'

'Our misfortune was very sudden,' said Kate, turning away, 'or I might perhaps, at a time like this, be enabled to support it better.'

There had existed not a little desire in the room, according to invariable custom when any new 'young person' came, to know who Kate was, and what she was, and all about her; but although it might have been very naturally increased by her appearance and emotion, the knowledge that it pained her to be questioned, was sufficient to repress even this curiosity, and Miss Knag, finding it hopeless to attempt extracting any further particulars just then, reluctantly commanded silence, and bade the work proceed.

In silence, then, the tasks were plied until half-past one, when a baked leg of mutton, with potatoes to correspond, were served in the kitchen. The meal over, and the young ladies having enjoyed the additional relaxation of washing their hands, the work began again, and was again performed in silence, until the noise of carriages rattling through the streets, and of loud double knocks at doors, gave token that the day's work of the unfortunate members of society was proceeding in its turn.

One of these double knocks at Madame Mantalini's door announced the equipage of some great lady—or rather rich one, for there is occasionally a wide distinction between riches and greatness—who had come with her daughter to approve of some court-dresses which had been a long time preparing, and upon whom Kate was deputed to wait, accompanied by Miss Knag, and officered of course by Madame Mantalini.

Kate's part in the pageant was humble enough, her duties being limited to holding articles of costume until Miss Knag was ready to try them on, and now and then tying a string or fastening a hook-and-eye. She might, not unreasonably, have supposed herself beneath the reach of any arrogance, or bad humour; but it happened that the rich lady and the rich daughter were both out of temper that day, and the poor girl came in for her share of their revilings. She was awkward—her hands were cold—dirty—coarse—she could do nothing right; they wondered how Madame Mantalini could have such people about her: requested they might see some other young woman the next time they came, and so forth.

So common an occurrence would be hardly deserving of mention, but for its effect. Kate shed many bitter tears when these people were gone, and felt, for

the first time, humbled by her occupation. She had, it is true, quailed at the prospect of drudgery and hard service; but she had felt no degradation in working for her bread, until she found herself exposed to insolence and the coarsest pride. Philosophy would have taught her that the degradation was on the side of those who had sunk so low as to display such passions habitually, and without cause; but she was too young for such consolation, and her honest feeling was hurt. May not the complaint, that common people are above their station, often take its rise in the fact of *uncommon* people being below theirs?

In such scenes and occupations the time wore on until nine o'clock, when Kate, jaded and dispirited with the occurrences of the day, hastened from the confinement of the work-room, to join her mother at the street corner, and walk home:—the more sadly, from having to disguise her real feelings, and feign to participate in all the sanguine visions of her companion.

'Bless my soul, Kate,' said Mrs. Nickleby; 'I've been thinking all day, what a delightful thing it would be for Madame Mantalini to take you into partnership—such a likely thing too, you know. Why your poor dear papa's cousin's sister-in-law—a Miss Browndock—was taken into partnership by a lady that kept a school at Hammersmith, and made her fortune in no time at all; I forget, by the bye, whether that Miss Browndock was the same lady that got the ten thousand pounds prize in the lottery, but I think she was; indeed, now I come to think of it, I am sure she was. 'Mantalini and Nickleby,' how well it would sound!—and if Nicholas has any good fortune, you might have Doctor Nickleby, the head-master of Westminster School, living in the same street.'

'Dear Nicholas!' cried Kate, taking from her reticule her brother's letter from Dotheboys Hall. 'In all our misfortunes, how happy it makes me, mamma, to hear he is doing well, and to find him writing in such good spirits. It consoles me for all we may undergo, to think that he is comfortable and happy.'

Poor Kate! she little thought how weak her consolation was, and how soon she would be undeceived.

*From the Monthly Chronicle.*

#### ZICCI.—A TALE.

[The following are the chapters which were omitted in the early part of the story.]

#### CHAPTER III.

Zicci was left alone with the young Italian; she had thrown aside her cloak and headgear: her hair, somewhat dishevelled, fell down her ivory neck, which the

dress partially displayed; she seemed, as she sat in that low and humble chamber, a very vision of light and glory.

Zicci gazed at her with an admiration mixed with compassion; he muttered a few words to himself, and then addressed her aloud:—

'Isabel di Pisani, I have saved you from a great peril; not from dishonour only, but, perhaps, from death. The Prince di —, under the weak government of a royal child and a venal administration, is a man above the law. He is capable of every crime; but amongst his passions he has such prudence as belongs to ambition; if you were not to reconcile yourself to your shame you would never enter the world again to tell your tale. The ravisher has no heart for repentance, but he has a hand that can murder: I have saved thee, Isabel di Pisani. Perhaps you would ask me wherefore?' Zicci paused and smiled mournfully, as he added, 'My life is not that of others, but I am still human; I know pity, and more, Isabel, I can feel gratitude for affection. You love me: it was my fate to fascinate your eye, to arouse your vanity, to inflame your imagination. It was to warn you from this folly that I consented for a few minutes to become your guest. The Englishman Glyndon loves thee well—better than I can ever love; he may wed thee—he may bear thee to his own free and happy land, the land of thy mother's kin. Forget me, teach thyself to return and to deserve his love; and I tell thee that thou wilt be honoured and be happy.'

Isabel listened with silent wonder and deep blushes to this strange address; and when the voice ceased, she covered her face with her hands and wept.

Zicci rose: 'I have fulfilled my duty to you, and I depart. Remember that you are still in danger from the Prince; be wary and be cautious. Your best precaution is in flight: farewell.'

'Oh do not leave me yet; you have read a secret of which I myself was scarcely conscious: you despise me—you, my preserver! Ah, do not misjudge me; I am better, higher than I seem. Since I saw thee, I have been a new being.' The poor girl clasped her hands passionately as she spoke, and her tears streamed down her cheeks.

'What would you that I should answer!' said Zicci, pausing, but with a cold severity in his eye.

'Say that you do not despise—say that you do not think me light and shameless.'

'Willingly, Isabel; I know your heart and your history: you are capable of great virtues; you have the seeds of a rare and powerful genius. You may pass through the brief period of your human life with a proud step and a cheerful heart, if you listen to my advice. You have been neglected from your childhood; you have been thrown among natures at once frivolous and coarse; your nobler dispositions, your



higher qualities are not developed. You were pleased with the admiration of Glyndon; you thought that the passionate stranger might marry you, while others had only uttered the vows that dishonour. Poor child, it was the instinctive desire of right within thee that made thee listen to him; and if my fatal shadow had not crossed thy path, thou wouldst have loved him well enough, at least for content. Return to that hope, and nurse again that innocent affection; this is my answer to thee: art thou contented?

'No, ah no; severe as thou art, I love better to hear thee than, than—what am I saying! And now you have saved me, I shall pray for you, bless you, think of you; and am I never to see you more? Alas, the moment you leave me, danger and dread will darken round me. Let me be your servant, your slave; with you I should have no fear.'

A dark shade fell over Zicci's brow; he looked from the ground on which his eyes had rested while she spoke, upon the earnest and imploring face of the beautiful creature that now knelt before him, with all the passions of an ardent and pure but wholly untutored and half-savage nature, speaking from the tearful eyes and trembling lips. He looked at her with an aspect she could not interpret; in his eyes were kindness, sorrow, and even something, she thought, of love; yet the brow frowned, and the lip was stern.

'It is in vain that we struggle with our doom,' said he, calmly; 'listen to me yet.—I am a man, Isabel, in whom there are some good impulses yet left, but whose life is, on the whole, devoted to a systematic and selfish desire to enjoy whatever life can afford. To me it is given to warn; the warning neglected, I interfere no more; I leave her victories to that Fate that I cannot baffle of her prey. You do not understand me; no matter: what I am now about to say will be more easy to comprehend. I tell thee to tear from thy heart all thought of me; thou hast yet the power. If thou wilt not obey me, thou must reap the seeds that thou wilt sow. Glyndon, if thou acceptest his homage, will love thee throughout life; I, too, can love thee.'

'You,—you'—

'But with a lukewarm and selfish love; and one that cannot last. Thou wilt be a flower in my path:—I inhale thy sweetness, and pass on,—caring not what wind shall nip thee, or what step shall tread thee to the dust. Which is the love thou would'st prefer!'

'But do you—can you love me!—you—you, Zicci; even for an hour! say it again.'

'Yes, Isabel;—I am not dead to beauty; and yours is that rarely given to the daughters of men. Yes, Isabel; I could love thee.'

'Isabel uttered a cry of joy; seized his hand, and kissed it through burning and impassioned tears. Zicci

VOL. XXXIV.—OCTOBER, 1838.

33

raised her in his arms, and imprinted one kiss upon her forehead.

'Do not deceive thyself,' he said, 'consider well. I tell thee again, that my love is subjected to the certain curse of change. For my part, I shall seek thee no more. Thy fate shall be thine own, and not mine. For the rest, fear not the Prince di —. At present, I can save thee from every harm.'

With these words he withdrew himself from her embrace, and had gained the outer door, just as Gionetta came from the kitchen with her hands full of such cheer as she had managed to collect together. Zicci laid his hand on the old woman's arm—

'Signior Glyndon,' said he, 'loves Isabel;—he may wed her. You love your mistress;—plead for him. Disabuse her, if you can, of any caprice for me. I am a bird ever on the wing.'

He dropped a purse, heavy with gold, into Gionetta's bosom—and was gone.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The palace of Zicci was among the noblest in Naples. It still stands, though ruined and dismantled, in one of those antique streets, from which the old races of the Norman and the Spaniard have long since vanished.

He ascended the vast staircase, and entered the rooms reserved for his private hours. They were nowise remarkable except for their luxury and splendour, and the absence of what, men, so learned as Zicci was reputed, generally prize; viz: books. Zicci seemed to know every thing that books can teach; yet, of books themselves he spoke and thought with the most profound contempt.

He threw himself on a sofa, and dismissed his attendants for the night; and here it may be observed, that Zicci had no one servant who knew any thing of his origin, birth, or history. Some of his attendants he had brought with him from other cities; the rest, he had engaged at Naples. He hired those, only, whom wealth can make subservient. His expenditure was most lavish; his generosity, regal; but his orders were ever given as those of a general to his army. The least disobedience—the least hesitation, and the offender was at once dismissed. He was a man who sought tools, and never made confidants.

Zicci remained for a considerable time motionless and thoughtful. The hand of the clock before him pointed to the first hour of morning. The solemn voice of the time-piece aroused him from his reverie:—

'One sand more out of the mighty hour-glass,' said he, rising: 'one hour nearer to the last! I am weary of humanity. I will enter into one of the countless worlds around me.' He lifted the arras that clothed the walls,

and touching a strong iron door (then made visible) with a minute key which he wore in a ring, passed into an inner apartment lighted by a single lamp of extraordinary lustre. The room was small: a few phials and some dried herbs were ranged in shelves on the wall, which was hung with snow-white cloth of coarse texture. From the shelves, Zicci selected one of the phials, and poured the contents into a crystal cup. The liquid was colourless, and sparkled rapidly up in bubbles of light: it almost seemed to evaporate ere it reached his lips;—but when the strange beverage was quaffed, a sudden change was visible in the countenance of Zicci: his beauty became yet more dazzling; his eyes shone with intense fire, and his form seemed to grow more youthful and ethereal.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CHAPTER V.

The next day, Glyndon bent his steps towards Zicci's palace. The young man's imagination, naturally inflammable, was singularly excited by the little he had seen and heard of this strange being—a spell, he could neither master nor account for, attracted him towards the stranger. Zicci's power seemed mysterious and great—his motives kindly and benevolent, yet his manners chilling and repellant. Why at one moment reject Glyndon's acquaintance, at another save him from danger? How had Zicci thus acquired the knowledge of enemies unknown to Glyndon himself? His interest was deeply roused, his gratitude appealed to; he resolved to make another effort to conciliate Zicci.

The Signior was at home, and Glyndon was admitted into a lofty saloon, where in a few moments Zicci joined him.

'I am come to thank you for your warning last night,' said he; 'and to entreat you to complete my obligation by informing me of the quarter to which I may look for enmity and peril.'

'You are a gallant, Mr. Glyndon,' said Zicci, with a smile; 'and do you know so little of the south as not to be aware that gallants have always rivals?'

'Are you serious?' said Glyndon, colouring.

'Most serious. You love Isabel di Pisani; you have for rival one of the most powerful and relentless of the Neapolitan princes. Your danger is indeed great.'

'But pardon me—how came it known to you?'

'I give no account of myself to mortal man,' replied Zicci, haughtily; 'and to me it matters nothing whether you regard or scorn my warning.'

'Well, if I may not question you, be it so;—but at least advise me what to do.'

'You will not follow my advice.'

'You wrong me! why?'

'Because you are constitutionally brave; you are fond of excitement and mystery; you like to be the hero of a romance. I should advise you to leave Naples; and you will disdain to do so while Naples contains a foe to shun, or a mistress to pursue.'

'You are right,' said the young Englishman, with energy; 'and you cannot reproach me for such a resolution.'

'No, there is another course left to you: do you love Isabel di Pisani truly and fervently? if so, marry her, and take a bride to your native land.'

'Nay,' answered Glyndon, embarrassed; 'Isabel is not my rank; her character is strange and self-willed; her education neglected. I am enslaved by her beauty, but I cannot wed her.'

Zicci frowned.

'Your love then is selfish lust, and by that love will you be betrayed. Young man, Destiny is less inexorable than it appears. The resources of the great Ruler of the Universe are not so scanty and so stern as to deny to men the divine privilege of Free Will; all of us can carve out our own way, and God can make our very contradictions harmonize with his solemn ends. You have before you an option. Honourable and generous love may even now work out your happiness, and effect your escape; a frantic and interested passion will lead you to misery and doom.'

'Do you pretend then to read the Future?'

'I have said all that it pleases me to utter.'

'While you assume the moralist to me, Signior Zicci,' said Glyndon, with a smile, 'if report say true, you do not yourself reject the allurements of unfettered love.'

'If it were necessary that practice square with precept,' said Zicci, with a sneer, 'our pulpits would be empty. Do you think it matters, in the great aggregate of human destinies, what one man's conduct may be? Nothing; not a grain of dust: but it matters much what are the *sentiments* he propagates. His acts are limited and momentary; his sentiments may pervade the universe, and inspire generations till the day of doom. All our virtues, all our laws, are drawn from books and maxims, which are sentiments, not from deeds. Our opinions, young Englishman, are the angel part of us; our acts the earthly.'

'You have reflected deeply for an Italian,' said Glyndon.

'Who told you I was an Italian?'

'Are you not of Corsica?'

'Tush,' said Zicci, impatiently turning away. Then after a pause he resumed in a mild voice—'Glyndon, do you renounce Isabel di Pisani? Will you take three days to consider of what I have said?'

'Renounce her—never?'

'Then you will marry her?'

'Impossible!'

'Be it so: she will then renounce you.—I tell you that you have rivals.'

'Yes; the Prince d ———; but I do not fear him.'

'You have another whom you will fear more.'

'And who is he?'

'Myself.'

Glyndon turned pale, and started from his seat.

'You, Signior Zicci!—you—and you dare to tell me so!'

'Dare! Alas! you know not that there is nothing on earth left for me to fear!'

These arrogant words were not uttered arrogantly, but in a tone of the most mournful dejection. Glyndon was enraged, confounded, and yet awed. However, he had a brave English heart within his breast, and he recovered himself quickly.

'Signior,' said he, calmly, 'I am not to be duped by these solemn phrases, and these mystical assumptions. You may have power which I cannot comprehend or emulate, or you may be but a keen impostor.'

'Well, sir, your logical position is not ill taken—proceed.'

'I mean, then,' continued Glyndon, resolutely, though somewhat disconcerted, 'I mean you to understand, that, though I am not to be persuaded or compelled by a stranger to marry Isabel di Pisani, I am not the less determined never tamely to yield her to another.'

Zicci looked gravely at the young man, whose sparkling eyes and heightened colour testified the spirit to support his words, and replied—"So bold! well; it becomes you. You have courage then—I thought it. Perhaps it may be put to a sharper test than you now dream of. But take my advice: wait three days, and tell me then if you will marry this young person.'

'But if you love her, why—why?—'

'Why am I anxious that she should wed another:—to save her from myself! Listen to me. That girl, humble and uneducated though she be, has in her the seeds of the most lofty qualities and virtues. She can be all to the man she loves—all that man can desire in wife or mistress. Her soul, developed by affection, will elevate your own: it will influence your fortunes, exalt your destiny: you will become a great and a prosperous man. If, on the contrary, she fall to me, I know not what may be her lot; but I know that few can pass the ordeal, and hitherto no woman has survived the struggle.'

As Zicci spoke his face became livid, and there was something in his voice that froze the warm blood of his listener.

'What is this mystery which surrounds you?' exclaimed Glyndon, unable to repress his emotion. 'Are you, in truth, different from other men? Have you passed the boundary of lawful knowledge? Are you, as some declare, a sorcerer, or only a ———'

'Hush!' interrupted Zicci, gently, and with a smile of singular but melancholy sweetness: 'have you earned the right to ask me these questions? The days of torture and persecution are over; and a man may live as he pleases, and talk as it suits him, without fear of the stake and the rack. Since I can defy persecution, pardon me if I do not succumb to curiosity.'

Glyndon blushed, and rose. In spite of his love for Isabel, and his natural terror of such a rival, he felt himself irresistibly drawn towards the very man he had most cause to suspect and dread. It was like the fascination of the basilisk. He held out his hand to Zicci, saying, 'Well, then, if we are to be rivals, our swords must settle our rights: till then I would fain be friends.'

'Friends! Pardon me: I like you too well to give you my friendship. You know not what you ask.'

'Enigmas again!'

'Enigmas!' cried Zicci, passionately, 'ay: can you dare to solve them? Would you brave all that human heart can conceive of peril and of horror, so that at last you might stand separated from this visible universe side by side with me? When you can dare this, and when you are fit to dare it, I may give you my right hand, and call you friend.'

'I could dare every thing and all things for the attainment of super-human wisdom,' said Glyndon; and his countenance was lighted up with wild and intense enthusiasm.

Zicci observed him in thoughtful silence.

'He may be worthy,' he muttered; 'he may, — yet' — He broke off abruptly; then, speaking aloud—'Go, Glyndon,' said he: 'in three days we shall meet again.'

'Where?'

'Perhaps where you can least anticipate. In any case we shall meet.'

#### CHAPTER VI.

Glyndon thought seriously and deeply over all that the mysterious Zicci had said to him relative to Isabel. His imagination was inflamed by the vague and splendid promises that were connected with his marriage with the poor actress. His fears, too, were naturally aroused by the threat that by marriage alone could he save himself from the rivalry of Zicci—Zicci, born to dazzle and command—Zicci, who united to the apparent wealth of a monarch the beauty of a god—Zicci, whose eye seemed to foresee, whose hand to frustrate, every danger. What a rival! and what a foe!

But Glyndon's pride, as well as jealousy, was aroused. He was *brave comme son épée*. Should he shrink from the power or the enmity of a man mortal as himself? And why should Zicci desire him to give his name and station to one of a calling so equivocal!

Might there not be motives he could not fathom? Might not the actress and the Corsican be in league with each other? Might not all this jargon of prophecy and menace be but artifices to dupe him!—the tool, perhaps, of a mountebank and his mistress!—mistress! ah, no!—If ever maidenhood wrote its modest characters externally—that pure eye—that noble forehead—that mien and manner, so ingenuous even in their coquetry—their pride—assured him that Isabel was not the base and guilty thing he dared for a moment to suspect her.

Lost in a labyrinth of doubts and surmises, Glyndon turned to the practical sense of the sober Merton to assist and enlighten him.

As may be well supposed, his friend listened to his account of his interview with Zicci with a half-suppressed and ironical smile:—

‘Excellent! my dear friend. This Zicci is another Appollonius of Tyana; nothing less will satisfy you. What! is it possible that you are the Clarence Glyndon of whose career such glowing hopes are entertained? You the man whose genius has been extolled by all the greybeards! Not a boy turned out from a village school but would laugh you to scorn!—And so, because Signior Zicci tells you that you will be a marvellously great man, if you revolt all your friends, and blight all your prospects, by marrying a Neapolitan actress, you begin already to think of — By Jupiter! I cannot talk patiently on the subject. Let the girl alone; that would be the proper plan; or else —’

‘You talk very sensibly,’ interrupted Glyndon, ‘but you distract me. I will go to Isabel’s house;—I will see her;—I will judge for myself.’

‘That is certainly the best way to forget her!’ said Merton.

Glyndon seized his hat and sword, and was gone.

#### CHAPTER VII.

She was seated outside her door—the young actress! The sea, which in that heavenly bay literally seems to sleep in the arms of the shore, bounded the view in front; while, to the right, not far off, rose the dark and tangled crags to which the traveller of to-day is duly brought to gaze on the tomb of Virgil, or compare with the cavern of Pausilippo the archway of Highgate-hill. There were a few fishermen loitering by the cliffs, on which their nets were hung to dry; and, at a distance, the sound of some rustic pipe (more common at that day than in this,) mingled now and then with the bells of the lazy mules, broke the voluptuous silence—the silence of declining noon on the shores of Naples;—never, till you have enjoyed it, never, till you have felt its enervating, but delicious

charm, believe that you can comprehend all the meaning of the *Dolce far niente*; and when that luxury has been known—when you have breathed that atmosphere of fairy land—then you will no longer wonder why the heart ripens with so sudden and wild a power beneath the rosy skies, and amidst the glorious foliage, of the south.

The young actress was seated by the door of her house: overhead, a rude canvass awning sheltered her from the sun: on her lap lay the manuscript of a new part in which she was shortly to appear. By her side was the guitar on which she had been practising the airs that were to ravish the ears of the cognoscenti. But the guitar had been thrown aside in despair: her voice this morning did not obey her will. The manuscript lay unheeded; and the eyes of the actress were fixed on the broad blue deep beyond. In the unwonted negligence of her dress might be traced the abstraction of her mind. Her beautiful hair was gathered up loosely, and partially bandaged by a kerchief, whose purple colour served to deepen the golden hue of the tresses. A stray curl escaped, and fell down the graceful neck. A loose morning robe, girded by a sash, left the breeze, that came ever and anon from the sea, to die upon the bust half disclosed:—and the tiny slipper, that Cinderella might have worn, seemed a world too wide for the tiny foot which it scarcely covered. It might be the heat of the day that deepened the soft bloom of the cheeks, and gave an unwonted languor to the large dark eyes. In all the pomp of her stage attire—in all the flush of excitement before the intoxicating lamps—never had Isabel looked so lovely.

By the side of the actress, and filling up the threshold, stood Gionetta, with her hands thrust up to the elbow in two huge recesses on either side her gown—pockets, indeed, they might be called in courtesy;—such pockets as Beelzebub’s grandmother might have shaped for herself,—bottomless pits in miniature.

‘But I assure you,’ said the nurse, in that sharp, quick, ear-splitting tone in which the old women of the south are more than a match for those of the north, ‘but I assure you, my darling, that there is not a finer cavalier in all Naples, nor a more beautiful, than this *Inglese*: and I am told that all the *Inglese* are much richer than they seem. Though they have no trees in their country, poor people, and instead of twenty-four they have only twelve hours to the day, yet I hear, *cospetto!* that they shoe their horses with *scudi*; and since they cannot (the poor heretics!) turn grapes into wine, for they have no grapes, they turn gold into physic; and a take glass or two of *pistoles* whenever they are troubled with the cholice. But you don’t hear me! Little pupil of my eyes, you don’t hear me!’

‘Gionetta, is he not godlike?’



'*Santa Maria!* he is handsome! *bellissimo*; and when you are his wife—for they say these English are never satisfied unless they marry—'

'Wife!—English!—Whom are you talking of?'

'Why, the young English signior to be sure.'

'Chut!—I thought you spoke of Zicci.'

'O! Signior Zicci is very rich and very generous; but he wants to be your cavalier, not your husband! I see that—leave me alone. When you are married, then you will see how amiable Signior Zicci will be. Oh! *per fede*, but he will be as close to your husband as the yolk to the white—that he will.'

'Silence, Gionetta! How wretched I am to have no one else to speak to—to advise me. Oh, beautiful sun!' and the girl pressed her hand to her heart, with wild energy—'why do you light every spot but *this*? Dark!—dark! And a little while ago I was so calm, so innocent, so gay. I did not hate you then, Gionetta, hateful as your talk was; I hate you now. Go in—leave me alone—leave me.'

'And indeed it is time I should leave you; for the *polenta* will be spoiled, and you have eat nothing all day. If you don't eat you will lose your beauty, my darling, and then nobody will care for you. Nobody cares for us when we grow ugly—I know that—and then you must, like old Gionetta, get some Isabel of your own to spoil. I'll go and see to the *polenta*.'

'Since I have known this man,' said the actress, half aloud, 'since his dark eyes have fascinated me, I am no longer the same. I long to escape from myself—to glide with the sunbeam over hill tops—to become something that is not of earth. Is it, indeed, that he is a sorcerer, as I have heard? Phantoms float before me at night; and a fluttering, like the wing of a bird, within my heart, seems as if the spirit were terrified, and would break its cage.'

While murmuring these incoherent rhapsodies, a step that she did not hear approached the actress, and a light hand touched her arm:—

'Isabella!—*carissima*!—Isabella!'

She turned, and saw Glyndon. The sight of his fair young face calmed her at once. She did not love him, yet his sight gave her pleasure: she had for him a kind and grateful feeling.—Ah! if she had never beheld Zicci!

'Isabel,' said the Englishman, drawing her again to the bench from which she had risen, and seating himself beside her—

'You know how passionately I love thee. Hitherto thou hast played with my impatience and my ardour: thou hast sometimes smiled, sometimes frowned, away my importunities for a reply to my suit; but this day—I know not how it is—I feel a more sustained and settled courage to address thee, and learn the happiest or the worst. I have rivals, I know,—rivals who are

more powerful than the poor artist:—are they also more favoured?'

Isabel blushed faintly; but her countenance was grave and distressed. Looking down, and marking some hieroglyphical figures in the dust with the point of her slipper, she said, with some hesitation, and a vain attempt to be gay, 'Signior, whoever wastes his thoughts on an actress must submit to have rivals. It is our unhappy destiny not to be sacred even to ourselves.'

'But you have told me, Isabel, that you do not love this destiny, glittering though it seem; that your heart is not in the vocation which your talents adorn.'

'Ah, no!' said the actress, her eyes filling with tears: 'it is a miserable lot to be slave to a multitude.'

'Fly, then, with me,' said the artist, passionately. 'Quit for ever the calling that divides that heart I would have all my own. Share my fate now and for ever—my pride, my delight, my ideal. Thou shalt inspire my canvass and my song: thy beauty shall be made at once holy and renowned. In the galleries of princes, crowds shall gather round the effigy of a Venus or a Saint, and a whisper shall break forth, 'It is Isabel di Pisani!' Ah! Isabel, I adore thee: tell me that I do not worship in vain.'

'Thou art good and fair,' said Isabel, gazing on her lover, as he pressed his cheek nearer to hers, and clasped her hand in his. 'But what should I give thee in return?'

'Love—love—only love!'

'A sister's love?'

'Ah! speak not with such cruel coldness!'

'It is all I have for thee. Listen to me, Signior: when I look on your face, when I hear your voice, a certain serene and tranquil calm creeps over and lulls thoughts—oh! how feverish, how wild! When thou art gone the day seems a shade more dark; but the shadow soon flies. I miss thee not; I think not of thee; no, I love thee not; and I will give myself only where I love.'

'But I would teach thee to love me: fear it not. Nay, such love as thou now describest, in our tranquil climates is the love of innocence and youth.'

'And it is the innocence he would destroy!' said Isabel, rather to herself than to him.

Glyndon drew back conscience-stricken.

'No, it may not be!' she said, rising, and extricating her hand gently from his clasp. 'Leave me, and forget me. You do not understand, you could not comprehend, the nature of her whom you think to love. From my childhood upward, I have felt as if I were marked out for some strange and preternatural doom; as if I were singled from my kind: this feeling (and, oh! at times it is one of delirious and vague delight, at others of the darkest gloom,) deepens within me

day by day. It is like the shadow of twilight, spreading slowly and solemnly round. My hour approaches: a little while and it will be night!

As she spoke, Glyndon listened with visible emotion and perturbation. 'Isabel!' he exclaimed, as she ceased, 'your words more than ever enchain me to you. As you feel, I feel. I, too, have been ever haunted with a chill and unearthly foreboding. Amidst the crowds of men I have felt alone. In all my pleasures, my toils, my pursuits, a warning voice has murmured in my ear, 'Time has a dark mystery in store for thy manhood.' When you spoke, it was as the voice of my own soul.'

Isabel gazed upon him in wonder and fear. Her countenance was as white as marble: and those features, so divine in their rare symmetry, might have served the Greek with a study for the Pythoness, when, from the mystic cavern and the bubbling spring, she first hears the voice of the inspiring God. Gradually the rigour and tension of that wonderful face relaxed—the colour returned, the pulse beat, the heart animated the frame.

'Tell me,' she said, turning partially aside, 'tell me, have you seen, do you know, a stranger in this city? one of whom wild stories are afloat.'

'You speak of Zicci: I have seen him! I know him? and you? Ah! he, too, would be my rival!—he, too, would bear thee from me!'

'You err,' said Isabel, hastily, and with a deep sigh; 'he pleads for you: he informed me of your love; he besought me not—not to reject it.'

'Strange being! incomprehensible enigma! why did you name him?'

'Why! ah! I would have asked, whether, when you first saw him, the foreboding, the instinct, of which you spoke came on you more fearfully, more intelligibly than before—whether you felt at once repelled from him, yet attracted towards him—whether you felt (and the actress spoke with hurried animation) that with him was connected the secret of your life!'

'All this I felt,' answered Glyndon, in a trembling voice, 'the first time I was in his presence; though all around me was gay;—music, amidst lamp-lit trees, light converse near, and Heaven without a cloud above, my knees knocked together, my hair bristled, and my blood curdled like ice; since then he has divided my thoughts with thee.'

'No more, no more,' said Isabel, in a stifled tone; 'there must be the hand of fate in this; I can speak to you no more now; farewell.' She sprung past him into the house, and closed the door. Glyndon did not dare to follow her, nor, strange as it may seem, was he so inclined. The thought and recollection of that moonlit hour in the gardens,—of the strange address of Zicci, froze up all human passion; Isabel herself, if not forgotten, shrunk back like a shadow into the

recesses of his breast. He shivered as he stepped into the sunlight, and musingly retraced his steps into the more populous parts of that liveliest of Italian cities.\*

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

## SONNETS BY THE SKETCHER.

### THOUGHTS.

Come, living Thoughts—envelope me around  
With your voluminous Beings—clear away,  
For ye are spirits creative, and ye may  
With your ethereal presence this dark ground  
Beneath, and my unburthen'd feet surround  
With th' unfelt pavement of your golden way,  
T' ascend from out the darkness of Earth's day,  
That to the Mind's large kingdom we may bound—  
To reign, if perfect will and knowledge be  
To reign—and aught may reign, but God above;  
Where Life, in Spiritual conception free,  
Sees all is Beauty, and feels all is Love.  
And, ministering Thoughts, ye come more bright  
Than wings of Angels glistening in their flight.

### THE CONCERT.

Last eve, a Concert gave me such high pleasure  
As I can ill express—not as you think  
In painted Hall—where painted warblers wink  
In ecstasy of some long-dying measure,  
Whose silly words bequeath no sense to treasure.  
But on a primrose bank, and on the brink  
Of a sweet streamlet, whence the pure leaves drink  
Their freshness, lying there in endless leisure.  
I felt the boughs o'ershadow me—and closed  
Mine eyes—and the quick Spirits that haunt the  
stream,  
Each with his lyre upon my lids reposed—  
Then floating gently broke into my dream—  
Whence in a bark, moor'd by a golden strand,  
We sailed right merrily to Fairly-land.

### THE GLOW-WORM.

O Gem, more precious than the thrice-tried ore,  
And jewels that the cavern'd treasures hold,  
(For what rare diamond ere did life enfold?)  
Thee at her bridal hour the chaste Earth wore,  
When Æther, her proud bridegroom, came, and o'er  
Heaven's Archway spread his mantle, gemm'd with gold  
Of Stars in all their glory manifold—  
Yet deem'd Earth's bosom still adorned more.  
They call thee worm, thy love ungently name,  
Whilst thou, like Hero, lightest to thy nook  
Some bold Leander with thy constant flame,  
Whose Hellespont may be this running brook.  
O let the wise-man-worm his pride abjure,  
And his own love be half as bright and pure!

### THE BEST INFANT-SCHOOL.

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book  
Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie  
Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.  
Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—

\*Erratum in the first Number (Zicci), chapter I, near the end. *Delete* the words, 'Her father was ill, dear girl, and she could not see him;' which crept into the text by a mistake of the copyist of the MS.

For some thou dost attune the play-mate brook;  
For thy sole Ushers are the ear and eye,  
That give to growing hearts their due supply,  
And cull sweet tastes from every silvan nook.

Dismiss thy Infant-school, good Mistress Starch;  
Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties  
That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,  
And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.  
Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—  
Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

## THE SICK DREAM.

A wintry night:—my casement with the blast  
Shook; the thin smoke from the dim hearth uprept,  
Like dew of slumber, on my lids—I slept.  
Methought my Spirit, to the whirlwind east,  
Was hurled to vapoury caverns, thick and vast,  
Through which the scourged ghosts, all howling, swept,  
And forked lightnings pierced them as they pass'd;  
And there were angels hid their eyes and wept.  
I woke, and op'd my casement, as if there  
Some Spirit escaped for pity moaned loud.  
No fierce blast enter'd but a gentle air;  
And wrathful mutterings ran from cloud to cloud.  
If well I did, or ill, He knoweth best  
Who made my after-slumbers calm and blest.

## HARMONY.

O wouldst thou give me Music, let it be  
Now loud and soft, in indulating motion,  
Now swelling, now subsiding like the Ocean,  
And, like it, wild or gentle ever free—  
*But add no words*—for simple melody  
Flows to my heart like an enchanted potion  
From Fairy hand—that would expel from me  
In potency of Love all earthly notion.

O language is not for the Spirits of Air,  
That sing as they awake. *They* hide themselves  
From speech and unclosed eyes—wouldst thou repair  
To their loved haunts—the woods—the rocky shelves—  
They to thy lute, beside the mountain stream,  
Will come to thee in Music and in Dream.

## THE SUMMER OF 1838.

Ye Summer Winds, ye come upon mine ear  
In the vex'd Midnight, more like Spirits unblest,  
That shake the wintry drift—there is no rest.  
And I am weary of this World of fear;  
Eclipse hath quench'd the beauty of the year;  
And Danger, in the darkness of the breast,  
Sits breeding Fiends, that from their teeming nest  
Of black suggestions growl their birthright cheer.

O, on green Nature's lap to lay one's head,  
And in that quiet hear no more the surge  
Of men and things, and wind's; by Rivulet's bed,  
That Argument of Peace doth ever urge!  
It will not be—methinks sweet Nature's dead—  
O come, ye gentler airs, and sing her dirge.

## FATHER AND SON.

O check not, thoughtless Parent, Childhood's tear;  
Let him pour out the sorrow of his breast,  
And know that thou, too, feelest them, and best.  
Too soon come iron days, and thoughts that sear  
Young Virtue such as his; the Child revere—  
That, while his limbs enlarge with man impress,  
His little heart grow freely with the rest,  
Nor learn alone one coward lesson—Fear.

Open thy heart to me, ingenuous Boy!  
And know by thine own tears what 'tis to weep,  
By thine own mirth how blessed to enjoy;  
Truth part thy lips, not niggard Caution keep.  
Open thy heart—no narrow door for Sin,  
But wide, "that all the Virtues may rush in."

## NIGHT.

Mysterious hour, that wrappest me around  
With the dark mantle of ill-boding Night;  
Thou dost awake within more ghastly bright  
The Mind's eye to discern the prison ground,  
Where, with far worse than iron fetters bound—  
Its own sad thoughts—it seeks, yet lonthes the sight,  
What lies between me and yon casement light,  
Blank solitude, invisible, profound.

Yon little beam tells of a gentle Home,  
Looks that the Night illumine, and Love's warm breath—  
Dark is the gulf between us—and this dome  
Of starry Heaven wears now a pall of Death.  
I stand, enclosed in nights and thoughts forlorn—  
But thou wilt beam on me again, sweet Morn!

## THE BROOK—THE WATERS OF CONSOLATION.

Ah! well do I remember thee, sweet Brook,  
How on thy margin once I did complain,  
When Grief was at my heart, and in my brain;  
How thou didst pour thy song, that gently shook  
The curious boughs that into thee did look;  
That sometimes Pity 'twas—sometimes 'twas Pain,  
And now 'twas changed to prattling sport again;  
Now low, like evening hymn from Holy book.

That Grief has left no trace—thy banks I tread—  
And hear those tones that rise through all the way,  
Like Memory's Music from enchanted bed.  
So when some gusty Storm bath passed away,  
This little Flower uplifts its humbled head,  
In thankful wonder at thy water's play.

## THE LOVER'S MOONLIGHT.

I saw a Lover—on his upraised brow  
The Midnight Moon had in sweet token lighted.  
Then knew he that his absent Love, his plighted,  
Was present—in her thought and in her vow.  
Blest Creatures! whom night-wandering Angels bow  
To bless, and leave the low sunk world benighted:  
Love knows no Time—for it is ever—Now!  
Love knows no space—for Hearts must live united!

Blest Creatures ye! for Nature's self doth plot  
Your communing, and levels this terrene,  
And prostrates all it holds, as it were not;  
And lifts her lamp up in the sky serene,  
That both might gaze upon one Heavenly spot,  
And Love alone might live and breathe between.

## THE CONTRAST.

Ungentle Love wakes Love of gentler mood,  
As tenderest Pity liveth link'd to Pain.  
What else shall soothe the frenzy of the brain?  
Once I remember on a cliff I stood,  
And gave a name out to the winds. The Wood  
Down the ravine moan'd with it to the plain—  
The river bore it onward to the main  
That roll'd it back again in every flood.

It called the Fiends out of the passing clouds,  
As they th' uprooted rocks would on me cast,  
And the dim wood gleamed pale with ghostly shrouds.  
Then Laura came—she smil'd—the Frenzy pass'd.  
She kneel'd to me—and laid upon her breast  
My aching head—and look'd me into rest.

## MIDNIGHT.

Soft be thy step! Night, the meek mother, lies  
In the deep bosom of the silent wood,  
Around her nestled all the feather'd brood;  
The sainted stars, that sentinel the skies,  
Take watchword from the River Mysteries  
(Whose streamlets skirt this silvan neighbourhood,  
Tuning their music to their dreamiest mood,)  
To shed their influence on her sleeping eyes.

So some pale Abbess, in her shadowed cell—  
While all around her the pure sisters rest—  
Blends in her dreams the organ's distant swell  
And bright-eyed Angels hovering o'er her breast.  
Here Heavenly Peace, and Peace on Earth combine—  
Night be thy pillow too, their guarded shrine.

## NOVEMBER.

She was a lusty maid, to Winter wed,  
Young Winter, a fresh bridegroom—yet full soon  
Came Sorrow, ere 'twas half the honeymoon;  
And gusty Passion stormed—then tears she shed—  
And when she fain would smile, she hung her head.  
Overseer Poverty, a surly loon,  
Knocked at the door, and chilled their sunless noon;  
Hard was their fare, and harder still their bed—  
Then Winter rigorous was. This ill she brooked,  
And in her pinched consumption, as she bowed,  
The impatient Bridegroom daily on her looked,  
And soon he wrapped her in her snowy shroud;  
Then, while the winds moaned o'er her lonely grave,  
He sped—and tuned his voice to many a merry stave.

## INFINITY OF ART.

Say what is Art? Th' acquirement of a sense  
Discoverable, dormant, incomplete—  
Poetry, Painting, Music; do they cheat  
The understanding with false ravishments  
Of things that are not? No: when man invents  
He but discovers; and, with favoured feet,  
Walks privileged where Angels pass and meet—  
And bringeth back, as 'twere, the rudiments  
Of their high language, that in perfect state  
Of Being transformed celestial shall be ours;  
With thorough knowledge to communicate,  
Though there were neither Eye nor Ear. O Powers  
Illimitable!—'tis but the outer hem  
Of God's great mantle our poor stars do gem.

## DEATH.

Time was that Death and I were bitterest foes,  
And oft I pictured him with noiseless feet  
Threading the busy crowds from street to street,  
While his fell finger touch'd and thinn'd their rows—  
And still the waves of Life did round him close,  
And then the Tyrant left his wonted beat,  
Stealing 'mong children at their play, unmeet  
For his strong grasp—and chill'd their vernal rose.

But now methinks a kinder form he takes—  
The good Physician, bringing anodyne  
For aching hearts—and oft his glass he shakes  
To speed Life's woes, that with the sands combine.  
Now, like a gentle friend, my pillow makes,  
And with soft pressure lays his hand in mine.

## FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

If friendship be delightful; if it be above all delight-  
ful to enjoy the continued friendship of those who are

endeared to us by the intimacy of many years, who can discourse with us of the frolics of the school, of the adventures and studies of the college, of the years when we first ranked ourselves with men in the free society of the world; how delightful must be the friendship of those who, accompanying us through all this long period, with closer union than any casual friend, can go still farther back, from the school to the very nursery which witnessed our common pastimes; who have had an interest in every event that has related to us, and in every person that has excited our love or our hatred; who have honoured with us those to whom we have paid every filial honour in life, and wept with us over those whose death has been to us the most lasting sorrow of our heart! Such, in its wide, unbroken sympathy, is the friendship of brothers, considered even as friendship only; and how many circumstances of additional interest does this union receive from the common relationship to those who have original claims to our still higher regard, and to whom we owe an acceptable service, in extending our affection to those whom they love! Every dissension of man with man, excites in us a feeling of painful incongruity. But we feel a peculiar melancholy in the discord of those, whom one roof has continued to shelter during life, and whose dust is afterwards to be mingled under a single stone.

## MAN'S ORIGINAL STATE.

Adam, when he was made in God's own image, proceeded from no earthly parentage, but, at the word of the Lord, starting into existence perfect, both in his outward form and his intellectual and moral faculties, was neither subject to decay nor dissolution. And had he continued in his innocence, there would no blight of death have ever passed upon our race. The whole family of man would have for ever flourished in immortal youth, amid the transports of the terrestrial paradise, or have been seen, it may be, like holy angels, ascending and descending between heaven and earth.

*From the Spectator.*

## NEW EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

*The Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare. With Remarks on his Life and Writings.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL. Moxon.

*The Complete Works of Shakspeare. With Life,* by ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M. and forty illustrations. Orr and Co.; Fraser and Crawford, Edinburgh.

The larger of these publications forms the first of a trio of English dramatists—Shakspeare, Ben Johnson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, which Mr. Moxon is preparing for popular use in single volumes. It contains the whole of the Plays, clearly and even hand-



somely printed; a very excellent glossary, including words used in a peculiar sense, as well as those which are obsolete, and no fewer than seven indexes, classified according to the subjects referred to, as "Speeches," "Thoughts or Sentiments," &c.; with copies of Shakspeare's marriage-bond and will; and a table of the supposed date of the composition of each of his dramas. A view of the house in which Shakspeare was born, and a portrait after the Chandos picture, (which, if the best, is not the best-looking,) form the pictorial illustrations of this edition.

The literary feature is Campbell's Remarks on Shakspeare's Life and Writings; which, however, neither support the reputation of the author, nor rise to the character of the subject. Without a living rival in verse, Campbell in prose rarely passes mediocrity, and sometimes falls below it; being deficient in marrow, nerve, and strength, often dashed by feeble or ill-timed jocularity, and only redeemed from commonplace by a pervading feeling of *bonhomie* and an equable and pleasant flow. Such is the character of the Remarks before us. Mr. Campbell brings, of course, no new facts to illustrate the Life; nor is there much of novelty in his comments, or of acute sagacity in his conjectures; but he carries the reader pleasantly along, with a good deal of gossip, and occasionally a bit of sensible reflection. His criticism also exhibits nothing very profound or penetrating, or even a perfectly familiar acquaintance with his author. At the same time, what he says is generally judicious. Perhaps the following sketch of Othello's character goes beyond this praise; though Macready had previously embodied the idea in his conception of the part, bating the tenderness, which he seems unable to attain.

"The Moor is at once one of the most complex and astonishing and yet most intelligible pictures that fiction ever portrayed of human character. His grandeur of soul is natural, and we admire it; his gentleness is equally natural, and we love him for it; his appearance we cannot but conceive to be majestic, and his physiognomy benevolent. The Indian prince, Ramoon Roy, who delighted all hearts in London a few years ago, and who died to our sorrow, was the only living being I ever saw who came up to my conception of Othello's appearance. But the Moor had been bred a barbarian; and though his bland nature and intercourse with the more civilized world had long warred against and conquered the half-natural habits of barbarism, yet those habits at last broke out, and prevailed in the moments of his jealousy. He is not a jealous man by nature, but, being once made jealous, he reverts to savageness, and becomes as terrible as he had before been tender. This contrast in his conduct, however, is not an Ovidian metamorphosis, but a transition so probably managed as to seem unavoidable; yet the naturalness of the change prevents neither our terror nor pity: on the contrary, the sweetness of his character before its fall is the smoothness of the stream before its cataract; and his bland dispositions heretofore displayed appear like a rich autumnal day contrasted with the thunderstorm of its evening."

One thing, however, Mr. Campbell has done for the students of Shakspeare: by giving his critical comments on the plays in the chronological order of the composition, the reader is enabled to perceive clearly how Shakspeare advanced from merely retouching dramas to a recasting which had all the points and merits of an original production. We can almost trace him displaying at each step increased knowledge of life and nature, and a maturer judgment in his art, till, starting with *Pericles Prince of Tyre* at twenty-six, he com-

passed *Othello Moor of Venice* at forty, and *Macbeth* at forty-two years of age.

Another point to which our editor makes some allusion, though he does not see the full riches of the mine he has stumbled upon, is the thorough and exact learning of Shakspeare.

"There is a tradition," says Mr. Campbell, "that our poet was bound apprentice to an attorney; and I have never mentioned this hypothesis to one of the legal fraternity who has not jumped to the same conclusion, arguing that Shakspeare's knowledge of legal phrases seems not to be merely such as might have been acquired by accident, but that it has all the appearance of technical skill. The lawyers will even make out a case to you, without a fee, showing that our poet's barefaced improbabilities, audacious fictions, sly evasions, and quips and rogueries, could have proceeded from none but an apprentice-bred lawyer. So ambitious are they to make us believe that our bird of Paradise was bred in their black rookery! But what is Mr. Malone's argument on this point? He surmises that the youthful poet's ardent curiosity, about the age of fourteen, led him frequently to attend the Court of Record, which sat in Stratford once a fortnight. Here is a fine fiction, to be sure, worthy of the law itself; the forms of a petty court of law kindling an ardent interest in the mind of a boy poet!"

But Shakspeare never "mentions nautical matters without an appearance of correct skill." For this remark Mr. Campbell was indebted to Captain Glasscock—

"Who further observes, 'that our poet draws a nice but palpable distinction between the fishermen and the veritable blue-water mariners. The fishermen in *Pericles* are the seafaring folk of the coast. One of them says, Act II. Scene I, 'When I saw the porpoise, how he bounced and tumbled! They say they are half flesh, half fish. A plague on them, they never come but I look to be dashed.' 'How true the appearance of the tumbling porpoise, which is always portentous of a gusty gale! How could he have picked up this seafaring fact—a man born and bred in a perfectly inland county?'

"Then on the blue water,' my friend continues, 'the boatswain in *The Tempest* delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the fore-castle.'

"Nevertheless, Captain G. conceives that the boatswain's order, 'Let her two courses off' is a mistake in the punctuation, and that the reading should be, 'Let her two courses—off to sea again.' 'Let the two courses, and lay her off, is perfect. It means that the ship's head is to be put leeward, and that the vessel is to be drawn off the land under that canvass nautically denominated 'the two courses.' Were I in command of a vessel to-morrow, on a lee shore, I should say, 'Let the two courses—we must claw-off under that canvass.' How differently does Dryden make his mariners speak! In his translation of Virgil's *Æneid*, b. iii. l. 525, we find the following nautical nonsense—

'Where proud Peloris opes a readier way,  
Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,  
Veer starboard. Sea and land.'

the last of these lines is sheer absurdity.

"Swift, when he described a storm, in the 'Voyage to Brobdingnag,' must have been laughing in his sleeve at the credulity of those whom he anticipated gulling by his sea-gibberish. Dibdin himself is often ridiculously incorrect."

Indeed, we have somewhere seen it asserted, that Shakspeare's knowledge of every pursuit is so thorough, that when his allusions are brought under the notice of its exclusive practitioners, they are always tempt-

ed to suppose he must have had some practical knowledge of the respective craft. His acquaintance with remote national manners or local characteristics is equally striking, as well as of physical points which he must have intuitively jumped to, so little means existed in that age for learning them. Dr. Crichton, in his *Scandinavia*, remarks, that when Hamlet makes Horatio and Marcellus swear by his sword, he imposes the most solemn oath an ancient Scandinavian could take. Young Mr. Barrow tells us, that on arriving at Iceland, he ascertained that the "*crop-eur'd cur of Iceland*" was even now the exact description of the dogs of that remote and rarely-frequented island. Abernethy said, that Shakspeare's "something that wars with nature" was the best definition of poison. Sir Henry Hallford mentions a case of incipient lunacy, involving a point of delicacy and importance, as it related to the devise of a large property to a stranger, in which all the ordinary modes of examination were vainly exhausted without detecting any trace of aberration: the lawyer and the physicians were beaten to a stand: suddenly it struck Sir Henry to try the touchstone which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet—

"It is not madness  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from."

The hint was tried, and the patient could not stand the test: he "gambolled" from the matter of will he had but just read and discussed at large. When Iago says—

"the thought whereof  
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,"

he exactly describes the effect of mineral poison, which acts by destroying the coats of the stomach.

Before we quit Mr. Campbell, let us point out a few slips on a point for which he is famous—erroneous quotation. Byron has alluded to one or two things of this kind; and the book before us maintains the Bard of Hope's consistency. He quotes Prince Hal's exclamation on seeing Falstaff as "I better could have spared a better man;" although his ear might have guided him to the right reading—

"I could have better spared a better man."

He attributes to Swift, (as, indeed, others have attributed,) Pope's "Song by a Person of Quality;" and quotes the line

"Nature must give way to art,"

as "Nature must *reign* to art,"—which is scarcely English.

These little slips, however, like the other points we have mentioned, are merely blemishes or "shortcomings." For the library or parlour-table, as for the limited shelves of a small study, this volume will be capitally fitted, either by itself, or in conjunction with its comates that are to follow.

For the pocket, the post-chaise, the travelling-trunk, or the *chiffonnière*, let us recommend a very neat and very accurate edition of the *Complete Works of Shakspeare*—the Poems as well as the Plays, with a Life by Chalmers. This little diamond duodecimo is also embellished by forty outline etchings, from the best designs of the illustrated editions of Boydell and Bell. And the price is a wonder in itself—the whole of

Shakspeare's Works, with a Life and forty engravings, compressed into the most compact form, and neatly bound in green and gold, for half-a-guinea!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

From the legacy of the late F. Purcell, P. P. of Drum-coolagh.

"All this he told with some confusion and Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand To expound their vain and visionary gleams. I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned Prophetically, as that which one deems 'A strange coincidence,' to use a phrase By which such things are settled now-a-days."

BYRON.

**DREAMS**—What age, or what country of the world has not felt and acknowledged the mystery of their origin and end? I have thought not a little upon the subject, seeing it is one which has been often forced upon my attention, and sometimes strangely enough; and yet I have never arrived at any thing which at all appeared a satisfactory conclusion. It does appear that a mental phenomenon so extraordinary cannot be wholly without its use. We know, indeed, that in the olden times it has been made the organ of communication between the Deity and his creatures; and when, as I have seen, a dream produces upon a mind, to all appearance hopelessly reprobate and depraved, an effect so powerful and so lasting as to break down the inveterate habits, and to reform the life of an abandoned sinner. We see in the result, in the reformation of morals, which appeared incorrigible in the reclamation of a human soul which seemed to be irretrievably lost, something more than could be produced by a mere chimæra of the slumbering fancy, something more than could arise from the capricious images of a terrified imagination; but once prevented, we behold in all these things, in the tremendous and mysterious results, the operation of the hand of God. And while Reason rejects as absurd the superstition which will read a prophecy in every dream, she may, without violence to herself, recognise, even in the wildest and most incongruous of the wanderings of a slumbering intellect, the evidences and the fragments of a language which may be spoken, which *has* been spoken to terrify, to warn, and to command. We have reason to believe too, by the promptness of action, which in the age of the prophets, followed all intimations of this kind, and by the strength of conviction and strange permanence of the effects resulting from certain dreams in latter times, which effects ourselves may have witnessed, that when this medium of communication has been

employed by the Delty, the evidences of his presence have been unequivocal. My thoughts were directed to this subject, in a manner to leave a lasting impression upon my mind, by the events which I shall now relate, the statement of which, however extraordinary, is nevertheless *accurately correct*.

About the year 17—having been appointed to the living of C—h, I rented a small house in the town, which bears the same name: one morning, in the month of November, I was awakened before my usual time, by my servant, who bustled into my bed-room for the purpose of announcing a sick call. As the Catholic Church holds her last rights to be totally indispensable to the safety of the departing sinner, no conscientious clergyman can afford a moment's unnecessary delay, and in little more than five minutes I stood ready cloaked and booted for the road in the small front parlour, in which the messenger, who was to act as my guide, awaited my coming. I found a poor little girl crying piteously near the door, and after some slight difficulty I ascertained that her father was either dead, or just dying.

"And what may be your father's name, my poor child?" said I. She held down her head, as if ashamed. I repeated the question, and the wretched little creature burst into floods of tears, still more bitter than she had shed before. At length, almost provoked by conduct which appeared to me so unreasonable, I began to lose patience, spite of the pity which I could not help feeling towards her, and I said rather harshly, "If you will not tell me the name of the person to whom you would lead me, your silence can arise from no good motive, and I might be justified in refusing to go with you at all."

"Oh! don't say that, don't say that," cried she "Oh! sir, it was that I was afraid of when I would not tell you—I was afraid when you heard his name you would not come with me; but it is no use hidin' it now—it's Patt Connell, the carpenter, your honour."

She looked in my face with the most earnest anxiety, as if her very existence depended upon what she should read there; but I relieved her at once. The name, indeed, was most unpleasantly familiar to me; but, however fruitless my visits and advice might have been at another time, the present was too fearful an occasion to suffer my doubts of their utility as my reluctance to re-attempting what appeared a hopeless task to weigh even against the lightest chance, that a consciousness of his imminent danger might produce in him a more docile and tractable disposition. Accordingly I told the child to lead the way, and followed her in silence. She hurried rapidly through the long narrow street which forms the great thoroughfare of the town. The darkness of the hour, rendered still deeper by the close approach of the old fashioned houses, which lowered in tall obscurity on either side

of the way; the damp dreary chill which renders the advance of morning peculiarly cheerless, combined with the object of my walk, to visit the death-bed of a presumptuous sinner, to endeavour, almost against my own conviction, to infuse a hope into the heart of a dying reprobate—a drunkard, but too probably perishing under the consequences of some mad fit of intoxication; all these circumstances united served to enhance the gloom and solemnity of my feelings, as I silently followed my little guide, who with quick steps traversed the uneven pavement of the main street. After a walk of about five minutes she turned off into a narrow lane, of that obscure and comfortless class which are to be found in almost all small old fashioned towns, chill without ventilation, reeking with all manner of offensive effluvia, dingy, smoky, sickly and pent-up buildings, frequently not only in a wretched but in a dangerous condition.

"Your father has changed his abode since I last visited him, and, I am afraid, much for the worse," said I.

"Indeed he has, sir, but we must not complain," replied she; "we have to thank God that we have lodging and food, though it's poor enough, it is, your honour."

Poor child! thought I, how many an older head might learn wisdom from thee—how many a luxurious philosopher, who is skilled to preach but not to suffer, might not thy patient words put to the blush! The manner and language of this child were alike above her years and station; and, indeed, in all cases in which the cares and sorrows of life have anticipated their usual date, and have fallen, as they sometimes do, with melancholy prematurity to the lot of childhood, I have observed the result to have proved uniformly the same. A young mind, to which joy and indulgence have been strangers, and to which suffering and self-denial have been familiarized from the first, acquires a solidity and an elevation which no other discipline could have bestowed, and which, in the present case, communicated a striking but mournful peculiarity to the manners, even to the voice of the child. We paused before a narrow, crazy door, which she opened by means of a latch, and we forthwith began to ascend the steep and broken stairs, which led upwards to the sick man's room. As we mounted flight after flight towards the garret floor, I heard more and more distinctly the hurried talking of many voices. I could also distinguish the low sobbing of a female. On arriving upon the uppermost lobby, these sounds became fully audible.

"This way, your honour," said my little conductress, at the same time pushing open a door of patched and half rotten plank, she admitted me into the squalid chamber of death and misery. But one candle, held in the fingers of a scared and haggard-looking child, was burning in the room, and that so dim that all was



twilight or darkness except within its immediate influence. The general obscurity, however, served to throw into prominent and startling relief the death-bed and its occupant. The light was nearly approximated to, and fell with horrible clearness upon, the blue and swollen features of the drunkard. I did not think it possible that a human countenance could look so terrific. The lips were black and drawn apart—the teeth were firmly set—the eyes a little unclosed, and nothing but the whites appearing—every feature was fixed and livid, and the whole face wore a ghastly and rigid expression of despairing terror such as I never saw equalled; his hands were crossed upon his breast, and firmly clenched, while, as if to add to the corpse-like effect of the whole, some white cloths, dipped in water, were wound about the forehead and temples. As soon as I could remove my eyes from this horrible spectacle, I observed my friend Dr. D——, one of the most humane of a humane profession, standing by the bed-side. He had been attempting, but unsuccessfully, to bleed the patient, and had now applied his finger to the pulse.

"Is there any hope?" I inquired in a whisper.

A shake of the head was the reply. There was a pause while he continued to hold the wrist; but he waited in vain for the throb of life, it was not there, and when he let go the hand it fell stiffly back into its former position upon the other.

"The man is dead," said the physician, as he turned from the bed where the terrible figure lay.

Dead! thought I, scarcely venturing to look upon the tremendous and revolting spectacle—dead! without an hour for repentance, even a moment for reflection—dead! without the rites which even the best should have. Is there a hope for him? The glaring eyeball, the grinning mouth, the distorted brow—that unutterable look in which a painter would have sought to embody the fixed despair of the nethermost hell—these were my answer.

The poor wife sat at a little distance, crying as if her heart would break—the younger children clustered round the bed, looking, with wondering curiosity, upon the form of death, never seen before. When the first tumult of uncontrollable sorrow had passed away, availing myself of the solemnity and impressiveness of the scene, I desired the heart-stricken family to accompany me in prayer, and all knelt down, while I solemnly and fervently repeated some of those prayers which appeared most applicable to the occasion. I employed myself thus in a manner which, I trusted, was not unprofitable, at least to the living, for about ten minutes, and having accomplished my task, I was the first to arise. I looked upon the poor, sobbing, helpless creatures who knelt so humbly around me, and my heart bled for them. With a natural transition, I turned my eyes from them to the bed in which the body lay, and, great God! what was the revulsion,

the horror which I experienced on seeing the corpse-like, terrific thing seated half upright before me—the white cloths, which had been wound about the head, had now partly slipped from their position, and were hanging in grotesque festoons about the face and shoulders, while the distorted eyes leered from amid them—

"A sight to dream of, not to tell."

I stood actually rivetted to the spot. The figure nodded its head and lifted its arm, I thought with a menacing gesture. A thousand confused and horrible thoughts at once rushed upon my mind. I had often read that the body of a presumptuous sinner, who, during life, had been the willing creature of every satanic impulse, after the human tenant had deserted it, had been known to become the horrible sport of demoniac possession. I was roused from the stupefaction of terror in which I stood, by the piercing scream of the mother, who now, for the first time, perceived the change which had taken place. She rushed towards the bed, but, stunned by the shock and overcome by the conflict of violent emotions, before she reached it, she fell prostrate upon the floor. I am perfectly convinced that had I not been startled from the torpidity of horror in which I was bound, by some powerful and arousing stimulant, I should have gazed upon this unearthly apparition until I had fairly lost my senses. As it was, however, the spell was broken, superstition gave way to reason: the man whom all believed to have been actually dead, was living! Dr. D—— was instantly standing by the bedside, and, upon examination, he found that a sudden and copious flow of blood had taken place from the wound which the lancet had left, and this, no doubt, had effected his sudden and almost preternatural restoration to an existence from which all thought he had been forever removed. The man was still speechless, but he seemed to understand the physician when he forbid his repeating the painful and fruitless attempts which he made to articulate, and he at once resigned himself quietly into his hands.

I left the patient with leeches upon his temples, and bleeding freely—apparently with little of the drowsiness which accompanies apoplexy; indeed, Dr. D—— told me that he had never before witnessed a seizure which seemed to combine the symptoms of so many kinds, and yet which belonged to none of the recognised classes; it certainly was not apoplexy, catalepsy, nor *delirium tremens*, and yet it seemed, in some degree, to partake of the properties of all—it was strange, but stranger things are coming.

During two or three days Dr. D—— would not allow his patient to converse in a manner which could excite or exhaust him, with any one; he suffered him merely, as briefly as possible, to express his immediate wants, and it was not until the fourth day after my



early visit, the particulars of which I have just detailed, that it was thought expedient that I should see him, and then only because it appeared that his extreme importunity and impatience were likely to retard his recovery more than the mere exhaustion attendant upon a short conversation could possibly do; perhaps, too, my friend entertained some hope that if by holy confession his patient's bosom were eased of the perilous stuff, which, no doubt, oppressed it, his recovery would be more assured and rapid. It was, then, as I have said, upon the fourth day after my first professional call, that I found myself once more in the dreary chamber of want and sickness. The man was in bed, and appeared low and restless. On my entering the room he raised himself in the bed, and muttered twice or thrice—"Thank God! thank God." I signed to those of his family who stood by, to leave the room, and took a chair beside the bed. So soon as we were alone, he said, rather doggedly—"There's no use now in telling me of the sinfulness of bad ways—I know it all—I know where they lead to—I seen everything about it with my own eyesight, as plain as I see you." He rolled himself in the bed, as if to hide his face in the clothes, and then suddenly raising himself, he exclaimed with startling vehemence—"Look, sir, there is no use in mincing the matter; I'm blasted with the fires of hell; I have been in hell; what do you think of that?—in hell—I'm lost for ever—I have not a chance—I am damned already—damned—damned—." The end of this sentence he actually shouted; his vehemence was perfectly terrific; he threw himself back, and laughed, and sobbed hysterically. I poured some water into a tea-cup, and gave it to him. After he had swallowed it, I told him if he had anything to communicate, to do so as briefly as he could, and in a manner as little agitating to himself as possible; threatening at the same time, though I had no intention of doing so, to leave him at once, in case he again gave way to such passionate excitement. "It's only foolishness," he continued, "for me to try to thank you for coming to such a villain as myself at all; it's no use for me to wish good to you; for such as me has no blessings to give." I told him that I had but done my duty, and urged him to proceed to the matter which weighed upon his mind; he then spoke nearly as follows:—I came in drunk on Friday night last, and got to my bed here, I don't remember how; sometime in the night, it seemed to me, I awakened, and feeling uneasy in myself, I got up out of the bed. I wanted the fresh air, but I would not make a noise to open the window, for fear I'd waken the crathurs. It was very dark, and troublesome to find the door; but at last I did get it, and I groped my way out, and went down as asy as I could. I felt quite sober, and I counted the steps one after another, as I was going down, that I might not stumble at the bottom. When I came to the first

landing-place, God be about us always! the floor of it sunk under me, and I went down, down, down, till the senses almost left me. I do not know how long I was falling, but it seemed to me a great while. When I came rightly to myself at last, I was sitting at a great table, near the top of it; and I could not see the end of it, if it had any, it was so far off; and there were men beyond reckoning, sitting down, all along by it, at each side, as far as I could see at all. I did not know at first what it was in the open air; but there was a close smothering feel in it, that was not natural, and there was a kind of light that my eyesight never saw before, red and unsteady, and I did not see for a long time where it was coming from, until I looked straight up, and then I seen that it came from great balls of blood-coloured fire, that were rolling high over head with a sort of rushing, trembling sound, and I perceived that they shone on the ribs of a great roof of rock that was arched overhead instead of the sky. When I seen this, scarce knowing what I did, I got up, and I said, 'I have no right to be here; I must go,' and the man that was sitting at my left hand, only smiled, and said, 'sit down again, you can never leave this place,' and his voice was weaker than any child's voice I ever heard, and when he was done speaking he smiled again. Then I spoke out very loud and bold, and I said—"in the name of God, let me out of this bad place." And there was a great man, that I did not see before, sitting at the end of the table that I was near, and he was taller than twelve men, and his face was very proud and terrible to look at, and he stood up and stretched out his hand before him, and when he stood up, all that was there, great and small, bowed down with a sighing sound, and a dread came on my heart, and he looked at me, and I could not speak. I felt I was his own, to do what he liked with, for I knew at once who he was, and he said, 'if you promise to return, you may depart for a season;' and the voice he spoke with was terrible and mournful, and the echoes of it went rolling and swelling down the endless cave, and mixing with the trembling of the fire over-head; so that, when he sate down, there was a sound after him, all through the place like the roaring of a furnace, and I said, with all the strength I had, 'I promise to come back; in God's name let me go,' and with that I lost the sight and the hearing of all that was there, and when my senses came to me again, I was sitting in the bed with the blood all over me, and you and the rest praying around the room." Here he paused and wiped away the chill drops of horror which hung upon his forehead.

I remained silent for some moments. The vision which he had just described struck my imagination not a little, for this was long before Vathek and the "Hall of Ebles" had delighted the world; and the description which he gave had, as I received it, all the

attractions of novelty beside the impressiveness which always belongs to the narration of an *eye-witness*, whether in the body or in the spirit, of the scenes which he describes. There was something, too, in the stern horror with which the man related these things, and in the incongruity of his description, with the vulgarly received notions of the great place of punishment, and of its presiding spirit, which struck my mind with awe, almost with fear. At length he said, with an expression of horrible, imploring earnestness, which I shall never forget—"Well, sir, is there any hope; is there any chance at all? or, is my soul pledged and promised away for ever! is it gone out of my power? must I go back to the place?"

In answering him I had no easy task to perform; for however clear might be my internal conviction of the groundlessness of his fears, and however strong my scepticism respecting the reality of what he had described, I nevertheless felt that his impression to the contrary, and his humility and terror resulting from it, might be made available as no mean engines in the work of his conversion from profligacy, and of his restoration to decent habits, and to religious feeling. I therefore told him that he was to regard his dream rather in the light of a warning than in that of a prophecy; that our salvation depended not upon the word or deed of a moment, but upon the habits of a life; that, in fine, if he at once discarded his idle companions and evil habits, and firmly adhered to a sober, industrious, and religious course of life, the powers of darkness might claim his soul in vain, for that there were higher and firmer pledges than human tongue could utter, which promised salvation to him who should repent and lead a new life.

I left him much comforted, and with a promise to return upon the next day. I did so, and found him much more cheerful, and without any remains of the dogged sullenness which I suppose had arisen from his despair. His promises of amendment were given in that tone of deliberate earnestness, which belongs to deep and solemn determination; and it was with no small delight that I observed, after repeated visits, that his good resolutions, so far from failing, did but gather strength by time; and when I saw that man shake off the idle and debauched companions, whose society had for years formed alike his amusement and his ruin, and revive his long discarded habits of industry and sobriety, I said within myself, there is something more in all this than the operation of an idle dream. One day, sometime after his perfect restoration to health, I was surprised on ascending the stairs, for the purpose of visiting this man, to find him busily employed in nailing down some planks upon the landing place, through which, at the commencement of his mysterious vision, it seemed to him that he had sunk. I perceived at once that he was strengthening the floor

with a view to securing himself against such a catastrophe, and could scarcely forbear a smile as I bid "God bless his work."

He perceived my thoughts, I suppose, for he immediately said,

"I can never pass over that floor without trembling. I'd leave this house if I could, but I can't find another lodging in the town so cheap, and I'll not take a better till I've paid off all my debts, please God; but I could not be easy in my mind till I made it as safe as I could. You'll hardly believe me, your honour, that while I'm working, maybe a mile away, my heart is in a flutter the whole way back, with the bare thoughts of the two little steps I have to walk upon this bit of a floor. So it's no wonder, sir, I'd thry to make it sound and firm with any idle timber I have."

I applauded his resolution to pay off his debts, and the steadiness with which he pursued his plans of conscientious economy, and passed on.

Many months elapsed, and still there appeared no alteration in his resolutions of amendment. He was a good workman, and with his better habits he recovered his former extensive and profitable employment. Every thing seemed to promise comfort and respectability. I have little more to add, and that shall be told quickly. I had one evening met Pat Connell, as he returned from his work, and as usual, after a mutual, and on his side respectful salutation, I spoke a few words of encouragement and approval. I left him industrious, active, healthy—when next I saw him, not three days after, he was a corpse. The circumstances which marked the event of his death were somewhat strange—I might say fearful. The unfortunate man had accidentally met an early friend, just returned, after a long absence, and in a moment of excitement, forgetting every thing in the warmth of his joy, he yielded to his urgent invitation to accompany him into a public house, which lay close by the spot where the encounter had taken place. Connell, however, previously to entering the room, had announced his determination to take nothing more than the strictest temperance would warrant. But oh! who can describe the inveterate tenacity with which a drunkard's habits cling to him through life. He may repent—he may reform—he may look with actual abhorrence upon his past profligacy; but amid all this reformation and compunction, who can tell the moment in which the base and ruinous propensity may not recur, triumphing over resolution, remorse, shame, everything, and prostrating its victim once more in all that is destructive and revolting in that fatal vice.

The wretched man left the place in a state of utter intoxication. He was brought home nearly insensible, and placed in his bed, where he lay in the deep calm lethargy of drunkenness. The younger part of the family retired to rest much after their usual

hour; but the poor wife remained up sitting by the fire, too much grieved and shocked at the recurrence of what she had so little expected, to settle to rest; fatigue, however, at length overcame her, and she sunk gradually into an uneasy slumber. She could not tell how long she had remained in this state, when she awakened, and immediately on opening her eyes, she perceived by the faint red light of the smouldering turf embers, two persons, one of whom she recognised as her husband, noiselessly gliding out of the room.

"Pat, darling, where are you going?" said she. There was no answer—the door closed after them; but in a moment she was startled and terrified by a loud and heavy crash, as if some ponderous body had been hurled down the stair. Much alarmed, she started up, and going to the head of the stair-case, she called repeatedly upon her husband, but in vain. She returned to the room, and with the assistance of her daughter, whom I had occasion to mention before, she succeeded in finding and lighting a candle, with which she hurried again to the head of the staircase. At the bottom lay what seemed to be a bundle of clothes, heaped together, motionless, lifeless—it was her husband. In going down the stairs, for what purpose can never now be known, he had fallen helplessly and violently to the bottom, and coming head foremost, the spine at the neck had been dislocated by the shock, and instant death must have ensued. The body lay upon that landing-place to which his dream had referred. It is scarcely worth endeavouring to clear up a single point in a narrative where all is mystery; yet I could not help suspecting that the second figure which had been seen in the room by Connell's wife on the night of his death, might have been no other than his own shadow. I suggested this solution of the difficulty; but she told me that the unknown person had been considerably in advance of the other, and on reaching the door, had turned back as if to communicate something to his companion—it was then a mystery. Was the dream verified?—whither had the disembodied spirit sped?—who can say? We know not. But I left the house of death that day in a state of horror which I could not describe. It seemed to me that I was scarce awake. I heard and saw every thing as if under the spell of a nightmare. The coincidence was terrible.

*From the United Service Journal.*

#### THE BOUNDARY QUESTION.

A long tour of duty in a North American garrison would be insupportable, were it not for the ease with which the scene may be varied by an occasional visit to the States. The first winter, full six months in

duration, has, I own, fairly sickened me with New Brunswick; and gladly, therefore, do I now inform you, that I have obtained my furlough, and am actually on my way to that interesting republic which has sprung up with such wonderful rapidity, from infancy to full and vigorous maturity, and is now hastening with giant strides either to a dissolution of the union, or to the highest rank among the nations of the earth.

My route has led me through a section of New Brunswick which I have not yet touched upon, and I will, therefore, conclude these slight and hasty sketches with a short notice of the country that lies between St. John's and the frontier town of St. Andrew's.

The only approach to this town, the second in point of size and importance in the province, leads from the city of St. John's. From Fredericton, *direct*, there is indeed a foot-path, but it is of the very worst description, although it runs through a line of country apparently well adapted to settlement and cultivation. The distance between the latter points does not exceed 60 miles, whereas by the route which we are about to take it amounts to 150.

Having reached St. John's by steam, we crossed the harbour to Carlton, and at seven o'clock on a fine September morning we took our places in the mail-waggon for St. Andrew's. This expeditious post-conveyance is allowed two days to perform the journey of sixty-seven miles; but as there are steamers, which ply twice a week between the sea ports, whose average run is seven hours, it may be supposed that no one who values time travels by the mail, unless he may wish, as we did, to see the bleak inhospitable country that lies between them. I have already somewhere said that the seaboard of New Brunswick is in general sterile and forbidding, and there is certainly nothing to be seen between its two chief sea ports on the bay shore, which should induce me to modify the assertion; yet are there not only spots of great fertility to be found upon that line, but there are also many glimpses of scenery to be met with, of such peculiar wildness, as cannot fail to repay any lover of Nature for the fatigue and inconvenience of the journey. The road for the first few miles is tolerable, but by far the greater portion of it is as wretched a path as is to be found, even in North America, under the title of a high road, and long before we had completed half the distance we were heartily glad to call a halt for the refreshment of our cattle and ourselves. The house chosen for this purpose by our driver was the neat and tidy cottage of a Scotch settler, whose bustling and obliging helpmate gave us, in less than half an hour, an excellent dinner, served up with scrupulous neatness, and for which she charged us 1s. 6d. each. These good people are from Galloway, and although it is only five years since they came to the country



with very trifling means, they are now living comfortably on a farm of their own, of 150 acres, a considerable part of which is cleared, while the house and offices attached to it are much superior to those of the common class of settlers. It ought, however, to be stated that this man worked hard for two years at his original trade—a plasterer, which enabled him to lay by a part, enough to purchase and stock his farm, and he is now independent.

Another stage of nine miles brought us to the half-way-house, where we were to have passed the night, but as the accommodation was of a most uninviting kind, we found means to persuade our new driver to break through regulations, and to proceed at once upon the journey. Night soon afterwards threw her dark mantle over us, and we more than once wished ourselves back again at the hovel we had quitted, as we floundered through the wilderness at the imminent risk of a break down, or overturn into some ravine or water-course: the horses, however, knew the road, and the wagon bravely resisted the rude shocks which it sustained. We still jogged onwards, snatching, like old campaigners, an unrefreshing doze as often as the motion of the vehicle would sanction it, dreaming of precipices, cataracts, and windfalls, until roused again by some dislocating crash against a stump, a stone, or fallen tree.

The moon at length arose serene and bright, and as we emerged from the forest shed her silvery rays with phantasmagoria effect upon the wild landscape which lay before us. On our left the bold outline of the coast of Passamaquoddy, deeply indented with coves and inlets, was distinctly visible; beyond it lay the bay itself studded with fairy islands, and the white sails of the coasting craft gliding smoothly before the breeze: in our front lay the pretty village of Maquadarick, while to the right the dark shadow of the forest filled up the back-ground. We procured a cup of tea at an uncomfortable tavern kept by an American in the village, and our onward road proved so good that I contrived to steal a march on time, and awoke only when the wagon was pulled up at the door of a friend's house in St. Andrew's.

This little town is situated at the bottom of a sloping ridge of hills, and at the mouth of the St. Croix, which separates New Brunswick from the United States. The harbour is spacious and well-protected; and here, as in other parts of the Bay of Fundy, the rise in the tide is very great,—not less than twenty-five feet perpendicular. The timber trade is prosecuted to a considerable extent by the merchants of the place, many of whom are wealthy, and carry on besides a lucrative traffic with the West India islands; but their industry and exertions are much cramped from the want of inland communication, and the port can never attain much prosperity until it is connected

by good roads with the settlements on the St. John River. This important object, it is now hoped, will be accomplished, for the enterprising merchants of the town, looking far beyond mere intercourse with the interior of the country, aspire to connect their sea-port with Quebec by a rail-road, which, if completed, could not fail to change entirely the prospects and destinies of St. Andrew's. The distance does not exceed two hundred and sixty miles, and the line has already been surveyed and favourably reported on by Captain Yule of the Royal Engineers; but I greatly fear that the country is not yet sufficiently advanced to command, or sanction the investment of, so large a sum as this gigantic undertaking would require.

The town is distinguished for cleanliness, and the regularity, not to say magnificence, of its plan: the main streets run at equi-distances, parallel to each other and the shore. They are very wide, and there are as many good buildings, both public and private, as are generally to be seen in small towns on this side of the Atlantic. The surrounding country is not deficient in beauty. From a hill behind the town the view is very striking: before you lies the Bay of Passamaquoddy, separated from that of Fundy by innumerable islands, varying in size and shape from the naked rock and wooded islet, to Captain Owen's noble principality of Campo Bello. To these islands St. Andrew's is probably indebted for the absence of the fogs which pervade the outer bay and render St. John's so disagreeable a residence; but the passage between them is at all times attended with some danger, from the violence with which the tides rush through the narrow channels which divide them.

There is little good land near the town, and it is not the fashion in New Brunswick to employ artificial means for its improvement, even in the immediate vicinity of a market for its produce. Here, as in other parts of the province, lumbering appears to be the chief employment of all classes; and smuggling, it is said, contributes not a little to the support of its inhabitants, who may, perhaps, consider themselves entitled to seek in this way some indemnity from the provincial revenue for its scanty contributions towards the construction of inland communications. Be this as it may, illicit trade has certainly succeeded in this quarter to an extent that is neither beneficial to the morals of the people, nor advantageous to the community at large. Collisions of a violent nature have sometimes occurred in consequence, and I am informed that little fleets of smuggling craft have sometimes been seen assembled on the imaginary water-line that forms the boundary between the Island of Campo Bello and Eastport, carrying on their business within sight of the custom-house on either side.

The population of St. Andrew's does not exceed four thousand, and there is a want of life and anima-



tion about the place, which is more sensibly felt from its vicinity to the States, where all its activity, enterprise, and energy. There is a subaltern's detachment stationed here; but both the barracks and the mouldering remains of an old redoubt, with its dismounted cannon lying neglected on the ground, are discreditable to our military establishments, and I cannot but consider it an unwise and parsimonious policy which leaves a frontier station in so ruinous a condition as this is now reduced to. It should either be placed upon a footing to command respect or abandoned altogether. It is not judicious to maintain even so small a force as this in a position which has been allowed to fall into decay. The ground is naturally strong, and a respectable post might be erected at no very ruinous expense; and if only as a *place d'armes* for the militia, this should undoubtedly be done.

The Schoodiac—properly so called—which flows into the sea at that place, is a fine stream, and well settled on both its banks. The town of St. Stephen's, on the British side, is sixteen miles above St. Andrew's, and opposite to it is the American town of Calais. Upon this unpretending little stream the American negotiators, unfortunately for British interest, succeeded in imposing the more sonorous appellation of St. Croix—the St. Croix designated in the treaty of 1723—as the future boundary between the two countries; although few people now-a-days doubt that the framers of that treaty had a much nobler river in view, and that the true St. Croix is no other than the Penobscot, which would indeed have formed a well defined line of demarcation between New Brunswick and the State of Maine. It is now too late to complain of this unwise concession, but it ought to render us doubly guarded in our future negotiations upon this important question. The Americans will certainly overreach us if they can, and fully alive as they are to the real value of the territory, they seem determined to listen to no compromise upon the subject, "calculating" largely, no doubt, on the apathy if not ignorance which prevails on the other side of the Atlantic upon a claim which involves the connexion, and, in time of war, the actual safety of our North American provinces.

I do not mean to tire you with any lengthened dissertation on this long-pending question; but as the time is now probably at hand when some decisive measure will be forced upon the Government, it may not be amiss to inform you, in as few words as possible, how the matter stands at present. Shortly after the rejection by America of the King of Holland's arbitration, which Great Britain had, I believe, declared her willingness to abide by, the authorities of the State of Maine either authorized, or winked at, an attempt on the part of her citizens to establish a right of occupation to the territory. The time was deemed propitious.

An interregnum had taken place in the Provincial Government, the administration of which had usually been confided to a General Officer, in whose absence it was thought that the scheme might have a better chance of success. It so happened, however, that Sir Archibald Campbell arrived in New Brunswick at the very time when this Yankee plot was going on, and, with the promptitude and vigour belonging to his character, he proceeded instantly to Madawaska, and took into custody all the American agents, who were there busily employed in electing township officers, representatives to serve in the Legislature of Maine, and in other acts of aggression amounting to an absolute assumption of the sovereignty of a country, which, although claimed by America, had ever been under British jurisdiction. These men were carried to Fredericton, tried by the Supreme Court, sentenced to a heavy fine, and, in default of payment, imprisoned in the county jail at that place. Great was the outcry and uproar in Maine, when the incarceration of their audacious agents became known. The State Government was declared to be insulted by this outrage, as they called it, on their citizens; the Militia was ordered out, and the poor New-Brunswickers were threatened with fire and sword for daring to assert their rights, and protect their country from aggression. The General Government appears, however, to have taken a very different view of the subject. It could not but feel, that the State Government was in the wrong, and that its agents had been guilty of a violation of the law of nations, in attempting to seduce from their allegiance a primitive and ignorant people, who not only hold their lands from Great Britain, but have been, for two generations back, subjects of the British Crown. It is presumed that some such acknowledgment as this must have been made by the President of the United States, as the American prisoners were soon liberated from confinement; the provincial authorities contenting themselves with the well-timed and energetic vindication of its legitimate authority, and to which we are probably indebted for the prevention of more serious differences between the two nations.

Since that period nothing has occurred to disturb our amicable relations with our neighbours; peace has been maintained upon the border, and the turbulent settlers on both sides have been effectually restrained from strife and encroachment, by the knowledge that the local Government is neither wanting in energy or power to repress disorder, and preserve the country from unauthorized settlement or depredations, until it may be decided to whom it shall definitively belong. In the mean time, quires of paper have been consumed in fruitless endeavours to procure the adjustment of the claim. Nothing short of the line of the St. John, from its source to its mouth—a modest stride this, from the Penobscot to the St. John—with the free

navigation of that river, will satisfy America. This is her ultimatum! She obviously attaches the highest value to this district; and, probably, for the very reason which makes it all-important to Great Britain—as an indispensable connexion between the Canadas and the Lower Provinces, an abandonment of which would be scarcely less inconvenient in peace than dangerous in war.

The exploration of a line for the projected rail-road, although it has enhanced the value of the property, whoever may succeed to it, has again awakened the jealousy of the State Government, which, at its last session, passed resolutions for the immediate running of their frontier line agreeably to the treaty of 1783; that is, agreeably to their reading of it. These resolutions have been sanctioned and confirmed by Congress, and the establishment of an American military post in the "British" settlement of Madawaska is also seriously spoken of among our neighbours. What steps our Government may see fit to take in these circumstances, I cannot, of course, determine; but it requires no great stretch of foresight to predict, that unless some arrangement can be effected, the sword will one of these days supersede the pen, and become a more effectual arbitrator than the King of Holland. It is not for me to decide what should be done; but this I will say, if we give up the country, worse still, or listen to the insidious compromise offered by America, of the river St. John for our future boundary, far from establishing permanent peace upon our frontier, and staying that spirit of encroachment which exists beyond it, we shall only give rise to new claims and new disputes, and increase the chances of collision when we no longer occupy so favourable a position for resisting that progressive movement, which, in the language of its leaders, can only be arrested by those limits which nature has assigned to this great continent. It is useless, perhaps, to revert to the past; but had we, in 1814, when our hands at length were free to strike with vigour, followed out that unholy war so ungenerously forced upon us by America, at a time when our whole strength and resources were engaged in the great struggle for European liberty—Had we then, I say, struck home, we should not now be required to speculate on the probabilities of a renewal of hostilities on this side of the Atlantic! At the close of that war, indeed, we held possession of the country as far as the Penobscot, and the States would gladly have acceded to a boundary line so far within that river as the one which we now claim; but the favourable moment was allowed to pass unheeded, while every subsequent proposal for an arrangement of the question seems only to have proved the hopelessness of the attempt, and the utter impracticability of negotiating to any purpose, with the jarring and complicated machinery of a federal republic; and we are now manifestly reduced to the al-

ternative, either of abandoning our claim *in toto*, or of sustaining it with something stronger than old documents and maps, however incontestably they may support its justice. One more effort should be made upon the fair principle of an equal division, with a stipulation that the half to be surrendered may be paid for in money, at the market price of land. This outlay might be met by making over the property upon liberal terms to a land company; and should the proposal be again rejected,—should Maine and Massachusetts still recklessly insist upon the cession of the whole territory, I really see nothing for it,—much as I should deprecate the necessity,—but to tell these doughty States, in the language of the Spartan of old, "to come and take it." Seriously! the adjustment of this protracted question can no longer, with safety, be delayed; it has in more than one instance brought us to the very verge of war; and there is no telling how soon the vapourings and threatenings of the "sovereign people" may "eventuate" (to use a word of their own coinage) in aggressions, which can only be repelled by force of arms.\*

I must now bid adieu both to you and to New Brunswick for a season. I have, I hope, fulfilled my

\* Since the above was written, these border troubles have been renewed to an extent that must have convinced Lord Palmerston, that whatever object America (by her inadmissible pretensions) may have in keeping the question open as a "bone of contention," to be taken up at a fitting opportunity, it is clearly the policy of England to adopt immediate and decisive measures for its settlement. An agent from Maine, of the name of Greely, was twice during the last summer arrested by the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick within the disputed territory, where he was employed under instructions from the state authorities, in taking a census of the population, and in tampering with the ignorant Acadians of Madawaska. In the execution of his duty, Sir John Harvey appears to have evinced both moderation and forbearance; and the early release of Mr. Greely, at the request of the federal Government, ought to have satisfied our neighbours that the provincial Government was disposed to maintain its jurisdiction over a district, which, from its first settlement, has been subject to its laws, without unnecessary harshness or severity. This forbearance had, however, little effect upon the inflammable populace of Maine, who loudly proclaimed their intention of marching to Fredericton, to resent the insult offered to the republic in the person of one of its citizens. The State Government, as in duty bound, followed the example of the mob, and a general order was published requiring the militia to hold themselves in readiness for service. It was at the same time deemed expedient to make some corresponding demonstrations on one side of the line: detachments were stationed at Woodstock and the Grand Falls, and things looked rather warlike for a time. But although the storm has again passed over without bursting, the thunder-cloud may still be seen lowering to the westward, and the slightest breeze may bring it back upon us with redoubled fury, at a moment, perhaps, when we are least prepared to meet it. The States have a numerous and efficient militia at all times disposable for service. It has been our policy to permit these provinces to abrogate the laws under which a respectable constitutional force might have been maintained, and to trust in Providence and patriots for their defence.

promise, by giving you a tolerable "notion" of the country you are likely soon to visit, and should I meet with anything worth relating in my intended ramble through the States, you may probably hear from me again. In the mean time believe me your affectionate brother soldier,

PETER PIVOT.

[NOTE.—The Editor of the Museum does not often intrude any remarks of his own; but peace between Great Britain and the United States is so important—war would be so great a sin and so great a folly, that he cannot copy these bravadoes of some idle young soldier, without bearing testimony against their spirit—a spirit which is not felt in England, although it may to some extent, exist in the Provinces. If our right to the disputed territory be so clear as it was last winter asserted to be by our eminent men of all parties, it can certainly be made to appear so to the English nation.]

*From the Dublin University Magazine.*

### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE.\*

Though so many distinguished authors of the present day have devoted their talents to describing the habits and feelings of the Irish, there is, perhaps, no class of writers whose works exhibit greater variety, or who have infringed each so little on the province chosen by the others. It is almost as easy to know the works of Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, Banim, Lady Morgan, and, though last not least, Mrs. Hall, from each other, as it is to distinguish between the styles of Hudibras and Paradise Lost. They have, each, their peculiar merits and peculiar faults: with these, however, it is not now our business to meddle. It is at all times a most invidious kind of praise that extols one author at the expense of another; and Mrs. Hall's high character as an Irish writer, is so long established, and so generally admitted, that it could not add to her fame to depreciate her cotemporaries. There are, however, one or two characteristics which distinguish her works from those of several other writers on Irish subjects, which we cannot avoid remarking. One is the total absence of all appearance of party prejudice, or, what on the stage would be termed "political clap-traps," from everything she has published. It has become so much the fashion to associate the term *Irish* with certain principles in politics, that many who affix it to their books seem to consider it indispensable to make them the vehicle of violent political sentiments of the same stamp. Just as the title "Irish members" is assumed exclusively by the section of our representatives who profess *liberal* opinions, the epithet "national" is selected by authors who choose to pur-

chase the approval of one portion of their countrymen by exhibiting a bigoted hostility to the other. No one can read the works of Banim or Lady Morgan, not to mention any more recent and more violent, without being painfully sensible of this. From this fault all Mrs. Hall's writings are perfectly free. She has no party objects in view; she can be national without being politically bigotted; she can shew herself the friend of Ireland without being the enemy of England; and can exert her talents to inform and interest her readers without pandering to their party prejudices. Her sole object seems to be, in truth, what it professes to be, "To make the character of the Irish more extensively known and better understood—to excite a generous sympathy for their sufferings, a kind indulgence towards their faults, and a just appreciation of their virtues."

Another characteristic which distinguishes Mrs. Hall's writings is, that she always dwells on the foibles of her countrymen rather as subjects of sympathy than of ridicule: her characters are calculated to interest our feelings, and not merely to excite our laughter. The time is, indeed, now past, when the unnatural absurdities of Teagues or O'Blunders can pass for genuine pictures of Irishmen; and we now seldom find an Irish character introduced in a tale merely to amuse by his extravagance and discharge the humble task of the buffoon in an old play. Miss Edgeworth set the example; and modern authors can generally find something too solemn for ridicule in the strength of feeling that distinguishes the Irish peasant, and the forcible, though, perhaps, uncouth language in which Irish metaphor expresses it. But still it is too common an error to sacrifice the interest of a story for the sake of introducing too much that is ludicrous. This Mrs. Hall never does. Her sketches contain many scenes of genuine humour—they would not be Irish without them—but then they are so brought forward as not to interfere with the interest of the plot. She knows the value of the precept—

—non satis est risu diducere rictum  
Auditoris—

and while, in every tale, there is enough to amuse, there is still more to love and admire.

The best illustration of our remarks, and, indeed, the surest means of securing the reader's praise for the subject of our criticism, is to extract some of their contents from the volumes before us. They are a collection of tales and sketches, some of which, as the preface informs us, have appeared in print before; but their merits are such as amply to entitle them to a republication. The tale which occupies the first volume, "The Groves of Blarney," has since its publication been adapted to the stage; but is too long to attempt its abridgement, so as to give any idea of its real beauties, in our limited space. We will make an

\* *Lights and Shadows of Irish Life.* By Mrs. S. C. Hall, author of "The Buccaneer," "Uncle Horace," "Sketches of Irish Character," &c. 3 vols. small 8vo. London: H. Colburn. 1838.



extract, at random, from the chapter of "Ruins," in vol. ii. We do not select it as the best sketch in the volume; but it is a good specimen of the author's style. It is part of the tale told by an old man whose sole delight is to restore the crumbling monuments of by-gone days. Like "Old Mortality," he wanders, lonely and desolate, from ruin to ruin, replacing the tottering stones and patching up holes in the old walls. His head is always bare, though, to use the language of his own forcible metaphor, "the four winds of heaven have been blowin' upon it for these sixty years, till they have hardly left a grey hair to cover it." The poor wanderer's name is Clooney Blaney. We have seldom met anything more pathetic than the picture he draws of what had passed in the scene of his youth. His former patron, Terence O'Toole, of Mount Brandon, he describes as "the handsomest man ever born in Ireland, and that's sayin' a bould word," high-spirited and generous to an excess, feared by his own sex and loved by the other. His father had left him "a power of lands and a power of debts," and his reckless generosity continues to increase the latter, at the expense of the former. After sketching his character, the old man proceeds:

"These were his young days, and, I suppose, he thought they could never have an end; and, to be sure, every one in the country thought it high time for him to marry, but he did not think so himself, for his eye was set on a farmer's daughter on the estate, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him as no one ever loved him before or since. She proved that by bearing shame for his sake; and, God knows, the memory of that poor girl's love is told by the ould people of Connemara to this day, the same as they'd tell of a ghost to warn their daughters from danger. Her father was a ould, proud man, of an ancient family, and she was his only dote, and proud he was of the admiration bestowed upon her by high and low; though little he thought what was to follow: but when it was made plain to him, he said no hard word to her, but he took her hand and walked her out of their house, and took the key out of the door, and nine straws out of the thatch, and he left her weeping in a neighbour's house, and went up to the Mount, which was thronged with company, and walked straight into the hall, where they were at their wine afther dinner; and the masther never saw him till he stood at the foot of his table, white as a sheet, and his teeth chattering. And the ould man laid the key of the farm and the nine straws upon the table without a word; and, having done that, he knelt down on his beaded knees, and he riz his long lean arms above his white head, and he cursed Terence O'Toole with a curse that came slow and heavy from his lips, and that no one in all that grand company had power to stop; and when he had finished his cursing, he turned his back upon them all and stalked right away, without another word or a sigh. It struck the masther, that if he acted so, he might ill use the poor girl, upon whom his heart had been so set; and soon as he could he got away to see after her. He heard that she had been taken suddenly in her trouble in a neighbour's house, and that now she had a babby on her bosom. Well, to be sure, he ordered every thing for her, like a

lady, and went home, consoling himself for the sin, and thinking all the good he would do for her and for every one else; and how he'd get her proud father over. But, before the morning broke, he was waked by the small cry of a babby under his window, and he called up the ould housekeeper, for his heart mistrusted, and she took it in; and there was a taste of a note from the grandfather pinned on its breast; and when he read the note (no one ever saw that scrap from that day to this) he flew to the cabin she'd been in, and there was the woe of the world; for the ould man had first stole away the babby, coaxed the stupid woman that had charge of it to let him have it to show its father, come back in no time, and, while the nurse slept, rolled his poor, feeble, helpless girl up in a blanket, as she lay, and carried her, God knows where. Well, to be sure, O'Toole roused the country, and for that the snow lay deep on the ground, they tracked the ould man's steps to the border of the broad lake, and there, lady, the mark of the feet ended; but the ice of the water was broken and destroyed at the edge, and under it——"

"Good God!" I exclaimed, petrified with horror.

"Ay, sure enough, lady, the proud ould man had buried his own and his child's dishonour under that ice! The gentleman took no pains to hide his sorrow; and the monument to *her* memory was put up of beautiful white marble; and some talked of her end, but more talked of O'Toole's generosity."

The old man then describes, in simple but pathetic language, the effect of this incident in changing the character of the gay and generous O'Toole. To drown recollection, he goes into parliament, and marries a "weakly, conceited little lady," for the sake of her money. At length he looses an election, gets wounded in a duel, and ruin stares him in the face.

"Where is your mistress?" said the masther to the ould housekeeper, and she handing him a drink of whey. 'My lady's in her own room, very bad with the nervous disorder,' replied the ould woman. 'And my sons, where are they?'—'Indeed, then, they are just amusing themselves with shooting each other, now the election is over.' 'This is not wine whey!' said the poor gentleman. 'My grief, no sir; but it's good two-milk,' she made answer: 'Sorra a drop of wine in the cellars; and the devil of a marchant has sent in an execution, over eleven hundred, for his bill, and no one here strong enough for to keep it out; only I oughtn't to be telling you the throuble, my darlint masther, while the wakeness is on you.' She might well think of the wakeness, and be almost fainting.—'Where's the boy?' said he again, and by 'the boy' he meant me. 'He's below,' she said, 'afther hiding some of the plate under the turf rick; for fear of them vagabonds seeing it.' 'Send him up,' says the masther; and though I'd the run of the house all my life, it was the first time I was ever had up before him. He called me to his bedside, he put his hand upon my head, and looked for full five minutes in my face; he then sighed from the deep of his heart, and turned upon the bed. 'May I go, your honour?' I said. 'Aye,' he made answer, 'do; why should you not go, poor boy? Those I trusted in are all gone.' 'May be your honour would let me try to turn the luck by staying,' I made answer. He held his hand over the side of the bed; I fell on my knees and kissed it, and I never left him from that day till the day of his death.



"The old man, overcome by the full gush of remembrance, laid his head on his hands, and continued silent for some minutes.

"The young gentlemen (he had but two) were fine, proud, wilful boys; that on the tip-top of an English education had been learnt what faults their father had done; and, indeed, they did pretty much the same themselves, only in a different way, siding with their mother against him; and she had none of that love for her husband which makes people cling to the trouble sooner than leave the troubled. She soon took herself and her children off to England, to her relations, poor wake lady! The best property that could be sold, was sold; and at last, if it wasn't for the tenants who had been made over with the land to the new proprietors, the house of Mount Brandon would have been badly kept; but they were ever and always sending a pig, or a sheep, or something on the sly, to the housekeeper, who knew they were for the master's use, and he none the wiser. Oh! it's untold what I've seen him suffer—trying, in his grey-headed years, to swallow the pride; and when, at last, we found that some, though they knew he had nothing but his body to give, wanted *that* to rot in a jail, we were night and day on the watch to keep them out. And one night the master says, in his strange way, 'It's a fine clear night, and I should like to walk to the ruin by the side of the monument.' I could'n't tell you how his health was gone, and his strength along with it—everything but his pride! And the old housekeeper and myself went along with him, and he romanced so much, as he went, that I thought the trouble had turned his brain. He sat down on an ancient stone, as this might be, and he says—I remember the very words—

"Boy," says he, "the time will be, and that not long off, when what little respect belongs to old families and old ruins will be done away intirely; and the world will hear tell of old customs and the like, but they will look round upon the earth for them in vain—they will be clean gone! If I had my life to begin over again, I'd take delight in restoring all them things. No wonder I should have sympathy with ruins—I, who have ruined and am ruined."

"Sir," says the old housekeeper, who was hard of hearing, and stupid when she did hear—"Sir," said she, "sure Michelawn and the boys might mend the ruins up of this ould chapel, if it's any fancy for it ye have." So he looked at me, and smiled a sort of smile, cold and chilly, without anything happy in it—like the smile you see sometimes on the lips of a corpse when the mouth falls a little—a gasping smile. "Sir," keeps on the ould silly crayther, "come away home, for it is not safe for you to be anything like out of the house, which you hav'n't been for many a long month before." "True," said he, "true—just let me look here; and he turned to where the little monument stood, to the poor girl's remembrance, and he laid his hand on the marble urn, which was at the top, and drew it back on a sudden, as if he had not thought it would have been so could. He then rooted with his stick among the buttercups and daisies that grew about it; and, with a quick thought, flung off his hat, and fell on his knees upon the grass. As he fell so, four men, vagabonds of the law, sprung upon him. Whether he felt their hold or not is between him and heaven; but this I know, that when I looked in his face, as they held him up off the grass—he was dead!

"And that was the end of the most beautiful and accomplished Irishman of the last century?" said I.

"It was his end, God help us! and the murdering villains kept possession of his body for debt. The neighbouring gentry would'n't suffer it, and offered to pay the money; but his ould tenants would not hear of that. They rose to a man, over the estates that once belonged to him and his; bolted the limbs of the law out of possession, and gave the master the finest funeral the country had seen for fifty years. There was a hard fight betwixt them and the constables, when the body was moving; but they bet them off—and then, whew! who'd follow them to the Connemara hills?"

"What became of his sons?"

"They are both dead; and there's not one stone on another of Mount Brandon."

"But your obligation?"

"Ay! did'n't you hear that *he* wished the ould ruins of ould Ireland looked to? and did'n't he who was so high and so great die, that bitter night, bareheaded?"

"One other question, Clooney—the poor girl's child—the baby who wailed beneath his window?"

"Did'n't he call me 'boy,' and give me his hand to kiss? and don't I do pilgrimage through the world for the sins of my father and mother? The poor girl's baby was the only child who loved him!"

In the character of O'Toole, some of our elder readers, who can recall the memory of "old times," may recognise a strong resemblance to the fate of a gentleman who died, some time since, in France. He was one of the last and best of the Irish gentry of the old school, who still retained over his tenantry that extraordinary influence almost peculiar to feudal authority. —The leading incidents of his career, except the circumstances of his death, were very similar to those which the old man tells of his former master, and might have suggested to the authoress the subject of her tale.

But it is in the description of her own sex that Mrs. Hall particularly excels. The finer and gentler feelings of the female heart she paints with a truth and delicacy that is strikingly beautiful. The character of Moyna Roden, in the story of "Harry O'Reardon," is as exquisite a delineation of the constancy and purity of a woman's affection as we have met with. There is none of the desolate melancholy and wild devotion which distinguish the sketch of Clooney Blaney, but there is a meekness and firmness exhibited by the gentle and lovely victim of another's pride, that is even more affecting.\*

Solomon has said, "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman." We may say, with equal truth, "there is no love like the love of a woman." There are thousands of instances on record of its outliving every other feeling—the very circumstances which make all else desert the object of a woman's affections appearing but to confirm her attachment—

"Like the ivy to the oak,  
Still in ruin clinging round it."

\* This tale has been published in the Museum.

The character of Moyna Roden is not in the least over-drawn; indeed, the truth of the sketch is one of its greatest beauties.

In the "lights and shadows of Irish life" there are fewer specimens of the *brogue* than are usually found in Irish stories. This arises partly from the nature of the subject chosen, and partly, perhaps, because the author wishes to adapt her book to the comprehension of English readers, who are not so much accustomed to the cutting and clipping of the English language which characterizes the phraseology of her native country. But she shows a perfect acquaintance with what is of much greater importance—the habits of thought and natural quickness which make the conversation of an Irish so different from that of an English peasant. This cannot fail to strike the reader in every dialogue. The turn of expression, the choice of metaphors, the little irrelevant sentences, suddenly introduced, the natural consequence of strong feelings operating on a lively imagination, the skilfully-managed compliments—all, in fact, that is peculiarly Irish in an Irishman's conversation, except his accent, is sketched with admirable fidelity.

In several parts of the work the author has taken opportunities of analyzing different thoughts and expressions which she has observed in Ireland. This has given her an extraordinary power of delineating points of character, merely by the language used by the speaker in a dialogue. The attachment which the Irish feel for any thing that has been endeared to them by domestic associations is well known. What could express this feeling more strongly, than the following address of a poor peasant, to the bailiff who was seizing the scanty remainder of his furniture for rent?

"God bless you," he exclaimed, "and don't take that, *it's nothing but a kish*: it's not worth two pence to you; its fallen to pieces; but it's more to me than thousands: *it's nothing but a kish*; but my eldest boy—he, thank God, that's not to the fore to see his father's poverty this day—he slept in it many a long night, when the eyes of his blessed mother hadn't gone among the bright stars of heaven, but were here to watch him: *it's nothing but a kish*; yet many a time little Kathleen crow'd, and held up her innocent head out of it to kiss her daddy: *it's nothing but a kish*; but many a day, in the middle of my slavery, have I and my wife (the blessed saints take her soul to glory!) and five as beautiful children as ever stirred a man's heart in his bosom, sat round it, and cut the praytie and salt out of it fresh and wholesome; and when I had my six blessings to look on, it was little I cared for the slavery a poor Irishman is born to: *it's nothing but a kish*; but it has been with me full, and it has been with me empty, for many a long year, and its used to me, it knows my troubles: for since the bed was sold from under me for the last gale, what had I but it to keep my head from the cold earth? Don't take it, *it's nothing but a kish*."

There is not much to make the reader laugh in these volumes. Their general tone is rather melancholy; still

there are several scenes that contain a considerable quantity of humour, and they have one great merit—they never degenerate into coarseness—there is not a line that even the most sensitive prude could censure. But it is, certainly, not in the lighter portions of the work that we are to look for its chief beauties. It is on the attributes of the heart, not of the head, that Mrs. Hall delights to dwell; and even where the gay and sprightly imagination of her Irish characters appears through the workings of their strong and irritable passions, it is often a "smile through sorrow's beam" almost too melancholy to unite in.

From her residence in England, Mrs. Hall has acquired a habit of contrasting the conduct and opinions of the English and Irish. The result of the contrast is sometimes not very favourable to her own country; but the reproof is conveyed in such a spirit of kindness, that it is impossible to regard it otherwise than as the advice of a friend. "It has always been impressed upon my mind," says the author, "that I ought to write for the Irish as well as for the English reader; with this feeling I have never hesitated to exhibit and condemn in my countrymen and countrywomen that which I considered wrong and capable of alteration. If I have at times seemed to adhere but slightly to the old caution 'be to their faults a little blind,' I trust it cannot be said of me that I have been aught but 'to their virtues ever kind.'" It is only to be regretted that she has never availed herself of a better opportunity for effecting the object she desires, by devoting her talents to the composition of a "novel," the scene of which was laid in Ireland. The necessary limits of a short tale or sketch, are too narrow to allow sufficient scope for the delineation of character, or to admit of much variety in the incidents introduced, and for the reasons given at the commencement of this notice, we think there are few writers whom we would rather see engaged in the production of a *national* novel.

In concluding our remarks we may add, that whatever expectations the name of "lights and shadows of Irish life" may excite in the reader, from its resemblance to the name of the exquisite volumes on Scottish life, which bear a similar title, it is not too much to say they will be satisfied. The author modestly apologizes for this name as not chosen by herself, and adopted with reluctance when suggested to her. The apology is unnecessary. There is nothing which requires an excuse, in endeavouring to do for her country what Professor Wilson has done for Scotland; and even if she had put forward her book as a rival to his, it would scarcely be too high praise to congratulate her on the success of her undertaking.

*From the Spectator.*

# BROUGHAM'S SPEECHES AND INTRODUCTIONS.

*Speeches of Henry Lord Brougham, upon Questions relating to Public Rights, Duties, and Interests; with Historical Introductions, and a Critical Disquisition upon the Eloquence of the Ancients. In 4 vols. Longman and Co.; Black, Edinburgh.*

Lord Brougham has availed himself of his enforced leisure during the last few years, to select for publication such of his speeches as may be considered the most important, either from their subjects, their intrinsic value, or perhaps their applicability to existing circumstances. These great oratorical efforts have been subjected to a revision; classified according to their nature, so as to bring orations upon kindred topics together without regard to the period of their delivery; and these divisions are prefaced by introductions, containing a brief historical view of the questions discussed, and portraits, often very elaborate, of the public men connected with them. The revision does not appear to us invariably unsuccessful, warmth and raciness seeming now and then sacrificed to compression; the arrangement, in a second edition, might easily be improved by adhering to a stricter chronology, which is sometimes departed from without any obvious advantage or purpose; but the introductions are planned with remarkable skill, and possess very considerable interest. As historical sketches, they bring under the mind's eye the great events of the last thirty or forty years: they present, if not the true likeness, yet Lord Brougham's striking, broad, and vigorous portraiture, of what he deems the true likeness of the most eminent men of thought or action who were his contemporaries or companions: without the appearance of art or effort, they connect their author with the most arduous struggles for civil and religious liberty, and with some of its greatest triumphs; whilst, in a manner quite as natural, they connect several of the "Reform Ministry"—the Lord Palmerstons, the William Lambs, the Charles Grants of other times—not only with opposition to all "reform," but with the support of Tory measures of an oppressive kind. It is difficult, too, in inspecting the contents and casually glancing over the pages of the volumes—much less in perusing them—to avoid bearing an inward testimony to the many labours, the mighty powers, and the great public services of Henry Brougham. From 1810 to 1838, (for to so late a period do the speeches come down,) he has been constantly striving for the people, in the courts, on the hustings, and in the senate. We see him contending for the liberty of the press against the arbitrary nature of Ellenborough and the keen legal acumen with the sour tyrannical temper of Gibbs. For ten years he is beheld struggling manfully—not

against the Toryism of our days, so polite and so conforming that it is difficult to perceive in what it differs from courtly Whiggery—but against rampant and insolent Toryism, flushed with the spoils and triumphs of a "glorious" war; led on by the resolute courage of Castlereagh, supported by the wit and polished eloquence of Canning, the official skill and business-like knowledge of Huskisson, and the unscrupulous morality of Sidmouth; with unscrutinized accounts at its disposal, and prompt to bribe, to bully, or to butcher, as best would answer its purpose. And Brougham struggled in Parliament, against this power and these men, not only on matters of broad policy, but on subjects which showed the versatility of his faculties and extent of his acquirements—the commerce, the manufactures, and the agriculture of the country. He is next found fighting the good fight against the nuptial tyranny of George the Fourth, the dark conspiracy of his tools, and the cowardly subservience of his Ministers. From 1820 to 1830, we see him striving with equal zeal and constancy in favour of large and general principles of liberty, or questions of particular policy, or individual cases of oppression. In 1830, he accepted office—in a luckless hour; and, fettered by the ties and entanglements of official connexion, he not only assented to questionable measures, but, instigated by his evil genius, the habit of advocacy, and prompted by his natural confidence and restless egotism, he threw himself into the gap which his more wily comrades avoided, and took to his single self the odium of unpopular acts and an unwise policy. For a few years, with the exception of an occasional display on some particular question, he was apparently idle,—partly from broken health, partly, he says himself, at the request of the Melbourne Ministry, who felt there was danger in his presence. During the session now closing, he has risen like a giant refreshed; battling as boldly as he did in the days of Castlereagh, against measures, some of which it may be questioned if the "plain sense" of Castlereagh would have allowed that Minister to propose now; and exerting himself more effectively from the greater powers which time and experience have given him, and from the greater confidence which he seems to feel in dealing with the puny whipsters, who in his early days were mostly doomed to a silent vote, or were only listened to when some necessity constrained them to rise. What motives—whether personal disappointment, as the Ministerial hacks allege, or conscientious opposition, as he himself asserts—have prompted his conduct, cannot be told; but here is his own story,—from the introduction to certain speeches at Liverpool delivered in 1835.

"The following speeches were delivered on the occasion of founding a new Mechanics' Institute at Liverpool. Besides the topics more immediately connected



with the solemnity, the second of the speeches touched upon Lord Brougham's position with relation to the new Ministry. He distinctly stated, that he did not in any sense belong to their party; that his party was the people and the country; that he should support the Government as long as it abided by its professed principles; and that when it deserted those principles, he should abandon its support, and see whether the people would stand by the Ministers or by him. He particularly specified two questions upon which he promised to support them—the Municipal Reform, and the Reform of the Irish Church. In the month following this speech, he fully redeemed the first of these pledges. It has been out of his power, or any other man's, to redeem the other; because the Irish Church Reform no longer rests at all upon its former principles.

"But although notice was most plainly given by Lord Brougham, that he should be found among the friends of the Ministry no longer than they adhered to their popular principles, and, above all, no longer than they showed a disposition to make the Reform Bill bear its appointed fruit of a good and cheap government, the senseless advocates of the Ministers have betokened much surprise at his openly and strenuously opposing them when they took a course infinitely beyond any thing that in 1835 could be even imagined; when, as soon as the accession of the Queen threw the whole Court into their hands, they ostentatiously avowed themselves hostile to all improvement of the Reform Bill, even to the correction of its most manifest defects; when they made war upon the rights and liberties of the whole Canadian people, suspending their free constitution, and proclaiming a Dictatorship, because a revolt had broken out in the corner of one or two parishes, occasioned by acts of gross legislative violence and injustice; when they framed their new Civil List upon the most exploded and unreasonable principles, and without the least regard to the economy which the people have an unquestionable right to demand; finally when they refused to comply with the voice of the whole people, by emancipating the slaves, encouraged even a revival of slave-trading, and exercised their absolute control over the arrangements of the Queen's household, by dismissing Lord Charles Fitzroy from her Majesty's service, as a punishment for conscientiously voting against the continuance of slavery.

"It is confidently believed, that no person of ordinary discernment, and the most limited portion of fairness, can read the notice so plainly given in the second Liverpool speech, of the terms on which alone Lord Brougham would continue a supporter of Government, and say that he could now be found among their friends without an utter abandonment of all the principles which he professed in 1835, and which indeed were those of his whole public life. It is equally clear, from his supporting the Ministry in 1835—from his giving them no opposition in 1836—from his only opposing them upon their Canada Bill in 1837—and from his beginning the opposition which he has given them during the present session (1838) as soon as they declared against Reform and Emancipation, and also against Economy—that their own conduct alone has caused the separation; and that no falsehood was ever uttered, even in the utmost heats of political discord, with so audacious a disregard of the most notorious facts, nay, of the most recent and best-known dates themselves, as that insinuation which would connect

his opposition with the fact of his holding no office in the present Ministry. He ceased to hold office in the Ministry, April 1835: he strenuously supported them all that year. Another Chancellor was appointed in 1836: Lord Brougham abstained from opposing them even when they abandoned his Plurality Bill, and brought forward a Chancery Reform so utterly ridiculous that every party gave it up, and its authors themselves speedily abandoned it to universal scorn. He even abstained from attending in Parliament that session, because he was apprised by the Ministers that his doing so would be fatal to the Government. In 1837, he pursued the same friendly course wherever he could; and only gave a reluctant opposition to the unconstitutional bill for seizing the Canadian money without the people's consent. When, secure in Court favour by the entire possession of the Queen's whole authority, they proceeded to abandon almost every one important ground on which he had ever agreed with them—then, and not before, his opposition began."

It will be easier to assail this defence either for skilful foresight or for an artful use of circumstances as they have arisen, than to convict it of untruth. Against "the people and the country," however, this defence avails nothing, for they have no case against Lord Brougham since 1835-6. Their charge refers to a previous date—to the time when he defended the worst acts of Lord Grey's Ministry, and to the period when he quailed before the rebuke of the Earl of Durham at Edinburgh. It is true, indeed, that he prints his own speech upon that occasion, and also quotes his censor's; and that, wanting the atmosphere which surrounded it, and explained by the commentary of Brougham, with quiet allusions to "the Bowly Letter," the Durham speech at Edinburgh does not read in 1838 as it read in 1834. But truth depends not upon the conduct of Earls and Barons; and the truth is, that from 1830 to 1835, Lord Brougham was in a false position. In accepting office, he forgot his mission or mistook his powers: he was in an *unnatural* condition—in a state for which he was unfitted by his genius and his habits—which not only damaged his moral, but served to eclipse his intellectual character. The lapses of a few years, indeed, should not avail against the services of a whole life; and we admit that his progress in regaining a position which he seemed to have lost for ever, has been wonderful—such as no one else could have accomplished. But it is equally true, that had his old colleagues done what was honest—had they known that in human affairs the right course only is the safe one in the long run—he never, despite his genius, could have effected this recovery. The most important conclusion of all is, that *official place* is not the place for Henry Brougham.

Passing from the man to his book, we shall prefer novelty, in our remaining extracts, and chiefly confine ourselves to the Introductions; beginning with part of the character of Mr. Creevy, Mr. Brougham's fellow



candidate at the contested Liverpool election of 1819, in which an opportunity is afforded him to bring in a picture of the Old Whigs.

#### MR. CREEVY'S OPINIONS

Coincided with those of the Whig aristocracy on questions of Parliamentary Reform; being friendly to that policy, but not carrying it to any great length, and regarding many abuses in the elective system—such as the bribery and expenses of elections where there are two or three hundred voters—as far worse in themselves, and much more pernicious in their consequences, both to the character of the voters and to the structure of the Parliament, than those flaws of rotten and nomination boroughs, which look far worse, and on all but abstract principles are much more difficult to defend. But on other matters he had many wide differences with the regular leaders of his party. He despised the timidity which so often paralyzed their movements; he disliked the jealousies, the personal predilections and prejudices which so frequently distracted their councils; he abhorred the spirit of intrigue which not rarely gave some inferior man, or some busy meddling woman, probably unprincipled, a sway in the destiny of the party, fatal to its success, and all but fatal to its character; he held in utter ridicule the squeamishness both as to persons and things which emasculated so many of the genuine, regular Whigs; and no considerations of interest, no relations of friendship, no regard for party discipline, (albeit in other respects a decided and professed party man, and one thoroughly sensible of the value of party concert,) could prevail with him to pursue that course so ruinous to the Whig Opposition, of half-and-half resistance to the Government; marching to the attack with one eye turned to the Court and one askance to the country, nor ever making war upon the Ministry without regarding the time when themselves might occupy the position now the object of assault.

This manly, straightforward view of things, not unaccompanied with expressions both as to men and measures, in which truth and strength seemed more studied than courtesy, gave no little offence to the patrician leaders of the party, who never could learn the difference between 1810 and 1780, still fancied they lived "in times before the flood" of the French Revolution, when the heads of a few great families could dispose of all matters according to their own good pleasure; and never could be made to understand how a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made by an elderly lord and seconded by a younger one, could fail to satisfy the country and shake the Ministry.

The public character of Jeremy Bentham, introduced, with Mill and Dumont, under the head of "Law Reform," is distinguished by breadth and a general spirit of fairness; though it wants the profoundness, refinement, and critical discrimination which characterize an article upon the Utilitarian Patriarch in the last number of the *London and Westminster Review*\* The

\* Art. XI. "The Works of Jeremy Bentham." Our praise applies to the ability, temper, and philosophical catholicity of the writer in the *London*, but does not bind us to implicit concurrence in every item of opinion: in some respects we incline to think his estimate too depreciatory. Neither can we subscribe to Lord Brougham's dictum, that Bentham in his private character was "rather to be respected than beloved."

VOL. XXXIV.—OCTOBER, 1838.

36

portrait of Alexander of Russia is happy, but harsh; that of Mackintosh just in the main, though favourably tempered by the memory of friendship. Stephen, Dumont, and Horner, are good, and not so much overrated in themselves, as in being compared with greater men, on whose level they are necessarily placed. The character of Lord Stowell is distinguished by nice discrimination. (The greater part of that of Romilly is wanting in our copy.) But the gems of the whole are the four following, and the sketch of Bentham in old age. Amongst the politicians, however, (as in the case of the more elaborate portrait of the *Edinburgh Review*), personal friendship, and probably the knowledge of *capabilities* not brought out to public view, have contributed to give the sketch of Lord Dudley and Ward an air of exaggeration.

#### LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Few men of more limited capacity, or more meagre acquirements than Lord Castlereagh possessed, had before his time ever risen to any station of eminence in our free country; fewer still have long retained it in a state where mere court intrigue and princely favour have so little to do with men's advancement. But we have lived to see persons of more obscure merit than Lord Castlereagh rise to equal station in this country. Of sober and industrious habits, and become possessed of business-like talents by long experience, he was a person of the most commonplace abilities. He had a reasonable quickness of apprehension and clearness of understanding; but nothing brilliant or in any way admirable marked either his conceptions or his elocution. Nay, to judge of his intellect by his eloquence, we should certainly have formed a very unfair estimate of its perspicacity. For, though it was hardly possible to underrate its extent or comprehensiveness, it was very far from being confused and perplexed in the proportion of his sentences; and the listener who knew how distinctly the speaker could form the plans, and how clearly his ideas were known to himself, might, comparing small things with great, be reminded of the prodigious contrast between the distinctness of Oliver Cromwell's understanding and the hopeless confusion and obscurity of his speech. No man, besides, ever attained the station of a regular debater in our Parliament with such an entire want of all classical accomplishment, or indeed of all literary provision whatsoever. While he never showed the least symptoms of an information extending beyond the more recent volumes of the Parliamentary Debates, or possibly the files of the newspapers only, his diction set all imitation, perhaps all description, at defiance. It was with some amusement to beguile the tedious hours of their unavoidable attendance on the poor, tawdry, ravelled thread of his sorry discourse, to collect a kind of *ana* from the fragments of mixed, incongruous, and disjointed images that frequently appeared in it. "The features of the clause"—"the ignorant impatience of the relaxation of taxation"—"sets of circumstances coming up and circumstances going down"—"men turning their backs upon themselves"—"the honourable and learned gentlemen's wedge getting into the loyal feelings of the manufacturing classes"—"the constitutional principle wound up in the bowels of the monarchical principle"—

"the Herculean labour of the honourable and learned member, who will find himself quite disappointed when he has at last brought forth his Hercules"—(by a slight confounding of the mother's labour, who produced that hero, with his own exploits which gained him immortality)—these are but a few, and not the richest samples, by any means, of a rhetoric which often baffled alike the gravity of the Treasury Bench and the art of the reporter, and left the wondering audience at a loss to conjecture how any one could ever exist endowed with humbler pretensions to the name of orator. Wherefore, when the Tory party "having a devil," preferred him to Mr. Canning for their leader, all men naturally expected that he would entirely fail to command even the attendance of the House while he addressed it; and that the benches, empty during his time, would only be replenished when his highly-gifted competitor rose. They were greatly deceived; they underrated the effect of place and power; they forgot that the representative of a Government speaks "as one having authority, and not as the scribes." But they also forgot that Lord Castlereagh had some qualities well-fitted to conciliate favour, and even to provoke admiration, in the absence of every thing like eloquence. He was a bold and fearless man; the very courage with which he exposed himself unabashed to the most critical audience in the world, while incapable of uttering two sentences of any thing but the meanest matter, in the most wretched language—the gallantry with which he faced the greatest difficulties of a question—the unflinching perseverance with which he went through a whole subject, leaving untouched not one of its points, whether he could grapple with it or no, and not one of the adverse arguments, however forcibly and felicitously they had been urged, neither daunted by recollecting the impression just made by his antagonist's brilliant display, nor damped by consciousness of the very rags in which he now presented himself—all this made him upon the whole rather a favourite with the audience whose patience he was taxing mercilessly, and whose gravity he ever and anon put to a very severe trial. Nor can any one have forgotten the kind of pride that mantled on the fronts of the Tory phalanx, when, after being overwhelmed with the powerful fire of the Whig Opposition, or galled by the fierce denunciations of the Mountain, or harassed by the splendid displays of Mr. Canning, their chosen leader stood forth, and presenting the graces of his eminently patrician figure, flung open his coat, displayed an azure riband traversing a snow white-chest, and declared "his high satisfaction that he could now meet the charges against him face to face, and repel with indignation all that his adversaries had been bold and rash enough to advance."

Such he was in debate; in council he certainly had far more resources. He possessed a considerable fund of plain sense, not to be misled by any refinement of speculation, or clouded by any fanciful notions. He went straight to his point; he was brave politically as well as personally. Of this, his conduct on the Irish Union had given abundant proof; and nothing could be more just than the rebuke which, as connected with the topic of personal courage, we may recollect his administering to a great man who had passed the limits of Parliamentary courtesy—"Every one must be sensible," he said, "that if any personal quarrel were desired, any insulting language used publicly, where it could not be met as it deserved, was the way to prevent and not to produce such a rencounter." No one after

that treated him with disrespect. The complaints made of his Irish administration were perfectly well grounded as regarded the corruption of the Parliament by which he accomplished the Union; but they were entirely unfounded as regarded the cruelties practised during and after the Rebellion. Far from partaking in these atrocities, he uniformly and strenuously set his face against them. He was of a cold temperament and determined character, but not of a cruel disposition; and to him, more than perhaps to any one else, was owing the termination of the system stained with blood.

#### THE TRIUMVIRATE OF ANTI-REFORMERS—CANNING, WARD, AND HUSKISSON.

It is difficult to overrate the effects of this resistance in obstructing the progress of Reform. Mr. Canning and Lord Dudley especially, the men of the greatest talents in the party, were truly formidable antagonists. Possessing in an equal degree all the resources of accurate and extensive information, all the powers of acute reasoning and lively fancy, and all the accomplishments of the most finished classical education, they differed rather in the degrees to which habit and accident had fitted them for actual business, and in the strength of their understandings as influenced by their inclinations, than in the genius or the acquirements which might inspire or had trained their oratory. Mr. Canning was the more powerful declaimer, Lord Dudley had the more original fancy and the sharper wit; although in every kind of wit and humour Mr. Canning, too, greatly excelled most other men. Lord Dudley could follow an argument with more sustained acuteness, while Mr. Canning possessed a skill in statement which frequently disposed of the matter in dispute before his adversary was aware that his flank had been, as it were, turned, and thus spared himself the labour of an elaborate attack by argumentation. Both prepared for their greater exhibitions with extreme care, and wrote more than almost any other modern orators; but Mr. Canning had powers of *extempore* debating which Lord Dudley had either never acquired or hardly ever ventured to exert; and he used those powers with the practised dexterity which long and constant exercise can alone bestow, sometimes in pronouncing the whole of a speech, and at other times in the far more difficult task, the last attainment of rhetorical art, of weaving the extemporary up with the prepared passages, and delivering the whole so as to make the transition from the previous composition to the inspiration of the moment wholly imperceptible even to the most experienced eye. In habits of business, and the faculties which these whet, or train, or possibly bestow, Mr. Canning had of course all the advantage which could be derived from a long life in office acting upon abilities of so high an order. But that Lord Dudley only wanted such training to equal him in these respects, was apparent from the masterly performance of his official duties which marked his short administration of the Foreign department in 1837.

Here, however, all parallel between these eminent individuals ends. In strength of mind, in that firmness of purpose which makes both a man and a statesman, there was, indeed, little comparison between them. Both were of a peculiarly sensitive and even irritable temperament; and this, while it affected their manner and followed them into debate, quitted them not in the closet or the Cabinet. But in Mr. Canning the weakness had limits which were not traced in the nervous temperament of Lord Dudley. He suffered all his life

under what afterwards proved to be a diseased state of the system; and, after making the misery of part of his existence, and shading the happiness even of its brightest portions, it ended in drawing a dark and dismal curtain over his whole faculties towards the close of his life. The result of the same morbid temperament was a want of fixed inclination, a wavering that affected his judgment as well as his feelings, an incapacity to form, or, after forming, to abide by any fixed resolution; so that a man more amply endowed with the gifts both of nature and fortune than any other in any age, although he rose to great station, enjoyed an enviable share of renown, and never appeared in any capacity without raising an admiration great in proportion to the discernment of the beholders, passed through life with less effect upon the fate of his fellow creatures than hundreds of the most ordinary men on whom, as he was well entitled, he daily looked down. The article in which his power has been the most felt, was certainly that of Parliamentary Reform, of which he was, with all his party, the constant and uncompromising adversary; and on which the last and perhaps greatest efforts of his genius were made.

With these men was joined Mr. Huskisson, than whom few have ever attained as great influence in this country, with so few of the advantages which are apt to captivate senates or to win popular applause, and, at the same time, with so few of the extrinsic qualities which in the noble and the wealthy can always make up for such natural deficiencies. He was not fluent of speech naturally, nor had much practice rendered him a ready speaker; he had none of the graces of diction, whether he prepared himself, (if he ever did so,) or trusted to the moment. His manner was peculiarly ungainly. His statements were calculated rather to excite distrust than to win confidence. Yet, with all this, he attained a station in the House of Commons which made him as much listened to as the most consummate debaters; and upon the questions to which he, generally speaking, confined himself—the great matters of commerce and finance—he delivered himself with almost oracular certainty of effect. This success he owed to the thorough knowledge which he possessed of his subjects, the perfect clearness of his understanding, the keenness with which he could apply his information to the purpose of the debate, the acuteness with which he could unravel the argument and expose an adversary's weakness, or expound his own doctrines. In respect of his political purity, he did not stand very high with any party. He had the same intense love of office which was and is the vice of his whole party, and to which they have made such sacrifices; reducing indeed into a principle what was only a most pernicious error, the source of all unworthy compliances, the cloak for every evil proceeding, that no one can effectually serve the state in a private station. One immediate result of this heresy was to make Mr. Huskisson, like his leader, mistake place for power, and cling to the possession of mere office when the authority to carry those measures which alone make office desirable to a patriot, was either withheld or removed for preferment's sake. Yet whoever has known either of these three great men, and casts his eye on those followers whom they have left behind, may be justified in heaving a sigh as he exclaims, "Ehu, quam multo minus est cum reliquis versari, quam meminisse tui!"

In going over the Speeches, however cursorily, one

is struck with great changes, not only in the orator, but apparently in the audience. In the earlier addresses, notwithstanding his vehemence, Brougham found it incumbent to speak of authorities of any kind with a respectful caution, which men of a much colder temperament would not now feel necessary. There is also something more of trammel or constraint in the orations—or, if this is too strong a term, more of that cautious attention to rule, which gives to productions a mechanical air—than is now visible in his greater efforts. This drawback was soon removed: the last very striking traces of laborious art being shown in the magnificent exordium—so apt and artful in topics, so closely classical in style—of the speech on Queen Caroline's trial; after which, he began to adopt a more bold, unrestrained, and *masterly* manner, that seems now matured—to the great gain of his "noble friends" in the Upper House.

Considered merely as printed speeches—as intellectual compositions—this collection will bear comparison with any in a modern language; though there are several which they do not surpass, and one or two which they do not equal. In depth, universality, brilliancy of eloquence, and above all in *justness of view*, they are inferior to those of Burke; though the stirring nature of many of Brougham's subjects, and their relation to events within our own experience, may render them more generally attractive than Burke's productions. In sustained finish of composition and in pungent delicacy of wit, they must be rated somewhat below the best efforts of Canning; who in kind, though not in degree, approaches nearer than any speaker of modern times to the great Roman orator. Some passages have the force, but want the quiet strength, of the gems of Sheridan, and perhaps of Erskine: not—taking a refined and abstract view of the speeches throughout—putting aside any thing which they may derive from their subjects, or from our closer connexion with them—can they be held as other than deficient in fulness of matter, in narrative lucidly complete, and in that proof or semblance of proof which convinces by its reasons, or better still by its statements,—for it cannot be denied that the orator is too constantly the one-sided partisan or the thick-and-thin advocate. *Advocacy* is indeed the "devil" of Brougham; but it is a genial devil—one that renders him so useful in a good cause, and resting not upon *hired art*, but natural impulse, may, after all, give him his peculiar character—be the idiosyncrasy which distinguishes him among orators.

Thus far we have been considering these speeches as orations, in the sense which antiquity forces us to attach to the word—as mental efforts, in which, by the philosophical or poetical powers of the orator, universal examples were deduced from particular cases, or individual instances were embalmed by the art and



passion of the artist. In an elaborate "Disquisition on the Oratory of the Ancients," affixed to his Speeches, Lord Brougham argues, that the ancients regarded an oration as an intellectual display, (like a drama or an opera,) instead of a real discussion of business, as with us. This theory might be received, without in any way accounting for modern deficiency;\* inasmuch as it resolves itself at last into a difference of mode; and no one will argue that Shakspeare surpassed "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella," by mere formal changes. But, if we look at these speeches in the light in which all harangues may be more or less considered, as addresses to serve a present purpose,—not to teach people what they do not know; not to convince them of that about which they are altogether sceptical; not to induce them to take some steps, to do something respecting which they are totally unprepared; but to furnish those who have come to a "foregone conclusion" with strong reasons or motives for a conduct to which they are inclined; to determine minds which are trembling in the balance; to stimulate to action the acquiescence of indifference or the fears of timidity; to sting and to shame opponents, and to weaken their power by acting upon the opinion of their followers,—viewed in this light, Lord Brougham is without a rival. With much of surplusage, lumbering and useless when the occasion is passed, and with some things that would not at any time stand the test of calm and exact examination, he is unequalled as an advocate, bold, unscrupulous, and seemingly self-convinced. He states his own view of his own case, strikingly, forcibly, clinchingly; he pushes a false argument of his adversary to its extreme extent, and shows by analogous examples its utter absurdity; he possesses a power of sarcasm, or of irony, which, though it tramples on all conventional delicacy, rarely transgresses any formal bounds, but seathes or withers the victim, without emotion on the part of the *victimarius*—who wields his weapon as if the object were not death, but annihilation by torture. With reading and scientific acquirements almost without example in men of active pursuits, he is rarely at fault in point of facts or information, and is enabled to draw his illustrations and images from the whole range of art and nature. What, in a popular view, is more important, he possesses a power of dramatic personification, which can embody a principle in a person. Thus, in the passage already quoted—of the old Opposition fancying, that "a feeble motion, prefaced by a feeble speech, if made

by an elderly lord, and seconded by a younger one," must shake a Ministry—who does not see, as in a broad comedy, the silly old and the self-sufficient young Whig, impressed with the idea that Whiggery is an essential of social nature, and that nought is wanting to the political millennium, but that "the party" should be "in power to govern for the people!"

A mere "orator" is not, however, the true character of Henry Brougham, though many fancy so. Still less is he to be considered as a "statesman;" in which capacity he has really had no opportunity of exercising his powers, and would doubtless fail if he had. Nor is he to be censured, as some would have it, because he has not *originated* or consummated any great question. Such is not his function. He plays a part which is non-existent in Continental Europe; and though some traces of it may be found in the ancient republics, it has only been perfectly developed in England, and that perhaps in the person of Brougham himself. He is an *active politician*,—or, more truly, *the people's partisan*. He fills an intermediate station between those higher *Genii*, who from the silence of the closet expound truths essential to the wellbeing of mankind, and those *Slaves of the Lamp*, who at last effectuate them, grudgingly and unwillingly, as the price of their official existence. Such a man cannot *originate* measures, for he has not time to discover original truths: if he did, no mixed audience would listen to him; and a published oration would not answer the purpose, for didactic writing, not speech, is the proper and natural mode of disseminating such doctrines, at least since the invention of printing. A man, too, fitted for the task we speak of, has rarely the temper, the patience, or the accommodating disposition, adapted to trim and shape measures at once practically and successfully. From his very nature, he cannot possess that thorough knowledge of details which official training alone gives. His task, and a great one, is to impress the public mind—to stimulate the people—to compel the executive. He takes up questions when they are ripening; when the masses are *ready* to receive them; when more thoughtful and influential individuals *have* received them, but want encouragement to *move* in them; when they can be mooted in Parliament without appearing abstract, and the larger division of the press, which subsists by common traffic, must notice the subjects. For this post of nation-leader Brougham is fitted beyond all others. His oratory—always striking and readable, frequently impressive or amusing in the highest degree—forces itself conspicuously into every journal, and is read in some form or other by every man who reads politics. His dexterity in debate, his readiness in reply, the crushing severity or contemptuous bitterness of his retort, and above all, a confidence which never deserts him, enabling him to

\*The whole paper is based upon, or at least resembles, an article which formerly appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*. In some points the author is right, in others wrong; in some his statements are true, but his inferences false. When a fit occasion offers, we may return to this subject, and endeavour to discover the reasons; which are more deeply seated than the noble and learned writer appears to see.



say the *last* word, and to say it well, combine to make his side of a question appear a good one, unless to the few logicians with whom reasoning analysis is a habit. Other faculties equally serve him. *To talk* is a law of his nature. The presence of foes cannot terrify him; let a "reporter" be present, the absence both of friends and foes cannot depress him; the apparent apathy or opposition of a nation cannot silence him. He thunders and flashes on till he rouses. In history, Shaftesbury alone seems exactly to resemble him; but Shaftesbury fell upon times whose condition and appliances were unfavourable to the development of his powers. In the present day, no man approaches Brougham. For a vulgar audience, O'Connell has a more coaxing way, and sometimes a tenderness of feeling and a delicacy of satire which Brougham does not aim at; but there is no comparison between them in all the higher qualities of eloquence—in largeness of view, in general comprehension, in acquired knowledge. O'Connell, too, reads badly: his reasoning narrow, or local; his pathos, maudlin; his praise, blarney; his invective, abuse; and his general spirit showing a low caste of mind. For an audience of lords or lawyers, and for some particular purposes, Lyndhurst may surpass Brougham: but he is unfitted to act with effect upon the people; still less could he do what Brougham—starting alone, without friend or followers—has accomplished within the last six months. Peel, with position, a strong party to back him, and in a regular fight, might maintain his ground; but unassisted by adventitious aid, the first "rough and tumble" would finish him: and it is the drawback of both Lyndhurst and Peel, that the value of their speeches departs as the occasion passes which produced them. With the rest—the *α γαμα* of Peers and M. P.'s—no comparison can be instituted: not merely do they dwarf beside Henry Brougham, they seem like creatures of another species.

## JEREMY BENTHAM.

"The age of Law Reform and the age of Jeremy Bentham are one and the same. He is the father of the most important of all the branches of Reform, the leading and ruling department of human improvement. No one before him had ever seriously thought of exposing the defects in our English system of Jurisprudence. All former students had confined themselves to learn its principles,—to make themselves masters of its eminently technical and artificial rules; and all former writers had but expounded the doctrines handed down from age to age. Men, by common consent, had agreed in bending before the authority of former times as decisive upon every point; and confounding the question of, what is the law, which that authority alone could determine, with the question, what ought to be the law, which the wisdom of an early and unenlightened age was manifestly unfit to solve, they had taken it for granted that the system was perfect, because it was established, and had bestowed upon the produce of

ignorance and inexperience their admiration in proportion as it was defective. He it was who first made the mighty step of trying the whole provisions of our jurisprudence by the test of expediency, fearlessly examining how far each part was connected with the rest; and, with a yet more undaunted courage, inquiring how far even its most consistent and symmetrical arrangements were framed according to the principle which should pervade a Code of Laws—their adaptation to the circumstances of society, to the wants of men, and to the promotion of human happiness.

"Not only was he thus eminently original among the lawyers and the legal philosophers of his own country; he might be said to be the first legal philosopher that had appeared in the world. \* \* \* \* Mr. Bentham, professing to regard no existing law as of any value unless it was one which ought to have been made, wholly unfetters himself from any deference to authority—bringing the fundamental principles, as well as the details of each legislative rule, to the test of reason alone—trying all by the criterion of their tendency to promote the happiness and improve the condition of mankind—not only showed in detail the glaring inconsistencies and the radical imperfections of the English system, but carrying his bold and sagacious views to their amplest extent, investigated the principles upon which all human laws should be constructed, and showed how their provisions should be framed for the better accomplishment of their great purpose—the well-being of civil society, both as regards the enjoyment of civil rights, the prevention of crimes, and the encouragement of virtue. The adaptation of these principles to the particular circumstances of any given state, can only be ascertained by a careful examination of those circumstances, and, above all, by an accurate attention to the laws already existing in the country, and which, how ill soever contrived in many respects, have always, more or less, arisen out of those very circumstances. This is the business of Codification, which consists in not only reducing to a system and method the existing laws, but in so amending them as to make them capable of accomplishing their cardinal object—the happiness of the community. \* \* \*

"To the performance of the magnificent task which he had set before him, this great man brought a capacity, of which it is saying every thing to affirm, that it was not inadequate to so mighty a labour. Acute, sagacious, reflecting, suspicious to a fault of all outward appearances, nor ever to be satisfied without the most close, sifting, unsparing scrutiny, he had an industry which no excess of toil could weary, and applied himself with an unremitting perseverance to master every minute portion of each subject, as if he had not possessed a quickness of apprehension which could at a glance become acquainted with all its general features. In him were blended, to a degree perhaps unequalled in any other philosopher, the love and appreciation of general principles, with the avidity for minute details, the power of embracing and following out general views, with the capacity for pursuing each one of numberless particular facts. His learning was various, extensive, and accurate. History, of all nations and all ages, was familiar to him, generally in the languages in which it was recorded. With the poets and the orators of all times he was equally well acquainted, though he undervalued the productions of both. The writings of the philosophers of every country, and of every age, were thoroughly known to him, and had

deeply occupied his attention. It was only the walks of the exacter sciences that he had not frequented. \*

"But of all his qualities, the one that chiefly distinguished Mr. Bentham, and was the most fruitful in its results, was the boldness with which he pursued his inquiries. Whatever obstacle opposed his course, be it little or be it mighty—from what quarter soever the resistance proceeded—with what feelings soever it was allied, be they of a kind that leave men's judgment calm and undisturbed, or of a nature to suspend the reasoning faculty altogether, and overwhelm opposition with a storm of unthinking passion—all signified nothing to one who, weighing principles and arguments in golden scales, held the utmost weight of prejudice, the whole influence of a host of popular feelings, as mere dust in the balance, when any the least reason loaded the other end of the beam. And if this was at once the distinguishing quality of his mind, and the great cause of his success, so was it also the source of nearly all his errors, and the principal obstacle to the progress of his philosophy. For it often, especially in the latter part of his life, prevented him from seeing real difficulties and solid objections to his proposals; it made him too regardless of the quarter from which opposition might proceed; it gave an appearance of impracticability to many of his plans; and, what was far more fatal, it rendered many of his theories wholly inapplicable to any existing, and almost to any possible state of human affairs, by making him too generally forget that all laws must both be executed by, and operate upon, men—men whose passions and feelings are made to the lawgiver's hand, and cannot all at once be moulded to his will. The same undaunted boldness of speculation led to another and a kindred error. He pushed every argument to the uttermost; he strained each principle till it cracked; he loaded all the foundations on which his system was built, as if, like arches, they were strengthened by the pressure, until he made them bend and give way beneath the superincumbent weight.

"The greater qualities of Mr. Bentham's understanding have been described; but he also excelled in the light works of fancy. An habitual despiser of eloquence, he was one of the most eloquent of men when it pleased him to write naturally, and before he had adopted that harsh style, full of involved periods and new-made words, which, how accurately soever it conveyed his ideas, was almost as hard to learn as a foreign language. \*

The moral character of this eminent person was, in the most important particulars, perfect and unblemished. His honesty was unimpeachable, and his word might, upon any subject, be taken as absolutely conclusive, whatever motives he might have for distorting or exaggerating the truth. But he was, especially of late years, of a somewhat jealous disposition—betrayed impatience if to another was ascribed any part whatever of the improvements in jurisprudence, which all originated in his own labours, but to effect which different kinds of men were required—and even showed some disinclination to see any one interfere, although as a conjutor, and for the furtherance of his own designs."

It said that he suffered a severe mortification in not being brought early in life into Parliament; although he must have felt that a worse service never could have been rendered to the cause he had most at heart, than to

remove him from his own peculiar sphere to one in which, even if he had excelled, he yet never could have been nearly so useful to mankind. It is certain that he showed, upon many occasions, a harshness as well as coldness of disposition towards individuals to whose unremitting friendship he owed great obligations; and his impatience to see the splendid reforms which his genius had projected accomplished before his death, increasing as the time of his departure drew nigh, made him latterly regard even his most familiar friends only as instruments of reformation, and gave a very unamiable and indeed a revolting aspect of callousness to his feelings towards them. For the sudden and mournful death of one old and truly illustrious friend, he felt, as he expressed, no pain at all; towards the person of a more recent friend he never concealed his disrespect, because he disappointed some extravagant hopes which he had formed that the bulk of a large fortune, acquired by honest industry, would be expended in promoting Parliamentary influence to be used in furthering great political changes. Into all these unamiable features of his character, every furrow of which was deepened and every shade darkened by increasing years, there entered nothing base or hypocritical. If he felt little for a friend, he pretended to no more than he felt. If his sentiments were tinged with asperity and edged with spite, he was the first himself to declare it; and no one formed a less favourable or a more just judgement of his weaknesses than he himself did, nor did any one pronounce such judgments with a severity that exceeded the confessions of his own candour. Upon the whole then, while in his public capacity he presented an object of admiration and of gratitude, in his private character he was formed rather to be respected and studied, than beloved.

MR. ROSCOE.

"When he rose in fame, and throve in wealth—when he became one of the great bankers of the place, and was courted by all the leading men in its society—when his fame was spread over the world, and his native town became known in many remote places, as having given him birth—when he was chosen to represent her in parliament, and associated with the first statesmen of the age,—this truly excellent person's unaffected modesty, his primitive simplicity of manners, never deserted him. As his rise in life had been rapid and easy, he bore his good fortune with an equal mind; and when the commercial distresses of the country involved his affairs in ruin, the clouds which overcast the evening of his days disturbed not the serenity of his mind; the firmness which could maintain itself against the gales of prosperity, found the storms of adverse fortune, though more boisterous, much louder in their noise, yet not at all deceitful, and really less rude in their shock. His latter years were passed in his much loved literary leisure,—consoled by the kindness of his friends,—happy in the bosom of his amiable family,—universally respected by his countrymen,—by all the wise admired,—beloved by all the good."

MR. HORNER'S DEATH.

"It deserves to be noted, as a marvellous instance of that truly learned conjecture by which the skill of Dr. Baillie was distinguished, that after many other physicians had severally given their opinions on the nature of Mr. Horner's hidden complaints, Dr. Baillie at once decided against all those theories; but, when he came to propose his own, avowed the extreme uncertainty in which so obscure and difficult a case had left him. However, he said that he guessed it was one or the

other of two maladies so rare that he had only seen a case or two of the one, and the other never but in a Museum of morbid anatomy. When the body was opened by Vacca at Pisa, where he died, it was found that both those rare diseases existed."

JAMES MILL.

"With the single exception that he had something of the dogmatism of the school, he was a person of most praiseworthy candour in controversy, always of such self-denial that he sunk every selfish consideration in his anxiety for the success of any cause which he espoused, and ever ready to the utmost extent of his faculties, and often beyond the force of his constitution, to lend his help for its furtherance. In all the relations of private life he was irreproachable; and he afforded a rare example of one born in humble circumstances, and struggling, during the greater part of his laborious life, with the inconveniences of restricted means, nobly maintaining an independence as absolute in all respects as that of the first subject in the land—an independence, indeed, which but few of the pampered children of rank and wealth are ever seen to enjoy. For he could at all times restrain his wishes within the limits of his resources; was firmly resolved that his own hands alone should ever minister to his wants; and would, at every period of his useful and virtuous life, have treated with indignation any project that should trammel his opinions or his conduct with the restraints which external influence, of whatever kind, could impose."

MR. DENMAN AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"At length all\* were restored except Mr. Denman; and it then appeared that he was visited with the royal displeasure, not for this parallel,† but for a sentence from Dio Cassius,‡ mistakenly supposed by his Majesty to have been applied offensively to him. In the autumn of 1828 Mr. Denman's memorial, disclaiming the imputation, was at his request laid before the King by his then prime minister the Duke of Wellington, who went much farther, and with difficulty obtained from the reluctant monarch that rank which the advocate had not solicited at his hands. If 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than War,' this persevering effort of a frank and generous spirit, prompted by a sense of justice, and stimulated by the manly perception of the necessity for independence in the advocate, may be thought to add some lustre even to the name of Wellington."

LORD ELDON AND SIR JOHN LEACH.

"Her Majesty petitioned the House of Lords to be heard by her counsel against a secret committee being appointed to examine her conduct in her absence; and the counsel were at half an hour's notice heard, but in vain. It was on this occasion that Mr. Denman, in allusion to the well-known adviser of the Milan commission, Sir John Leach, whose counsels, so pleasing to the King, were supposed to be guided by the desire of supplanting Lord Eldon and obtaining the Great Seal, made that memorable quotation from Shakspeare, which was so manifestly delightful to Lord Eldon, and certainly as distasteful to Sir John.

'Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening knave to get some office,  
Hath devised this slander.'"

\*Queen Caroline's Council.

†The famous parallel to Nero.

‡See Bayle's Dictionary, art. Octavio.

THE DEBATES AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR.

"At first the Ministers pursued the course of obstinate silence. The Opposition debated each petition in vain; every minister and ministerial member held his peace. No arguments, no facts, no sarcasms, no taunts, could rouse them; no expression of the feelings of the country, no reference to the anxiety of particular constituencies, could draw a word from the Ministers and their supporters. At length it was perceived that their antagonists did not the less debate, and that consequently the scheme had failed in its purpose of stifling discussion. The only effect of it, then, was, that all the debating was on one side, and this both became hurtful to the Government in the house, and more hurtful still in the country. They were forced into discussion, therefore; and then began a scene of unexampled interest which lasted until the second reading of the bill. Each night, at a little after four, commenced the series of debates which lasted until past midnight. These were of infinite variety. Arguments urged by different speakers; instances of oppression and hardship recounted; anecdotes of local suffering and personal inconvenience; accounts of the remarkable passages at different meetings; personal altercations interspersed with more general matter—all filled up the measure of the night's bill of fare; and all were so blended and so variegated, that no one ever perceived any hour thus spent to pass tediously away. Those not immediately concerned, Peers, or persons belonging to neither house, flocked to the spectacle which each day presented. The interest excited out of doors kept pace with that of the spectators; and those who carried on these active operations showed a vigour and constancy of purpose, an unwearied readiness for the combat, which astonished while it animated all beholders. It is recounted of this remarkable struggle, that one night towards the latter end of the period in question, when at a late hour, the house having been in debate from four o'clock, one speaker had resumed his seat, the whole members sitting upon one entire bench rose at once and addressed the chair,—a testimony of unabated spirit and unquenchable animation which drew forth the loudest cheers from all sides of the house."

ANECDOTES OF SIR WILLIAM SCOTT.

"To illustrate by examples his singularly refined and pungent wit in conversation, or the happy and unexpected quotations with which he embellished it, or the tersely told anecdotes with which he enlivened it, without for an instant fatiguing his audience, would be far less easy,—because it is of the nature of the refined essence in which the spirit of the best society consists, not to keep. When some sudden and somewhat violent changes of opinion were imputed to a learned judge, who was always jocosely termed Mrs. —, 'Varium et mutabile semper Femina,' was Sir William Scott's remark. A celebrated physician having said, somewhat more flippantly than bebecmed the gravity of his cloth, 'Oh, you know, Sir William, after forty a man is always either a fool or a physician!'—'Mayn't he be both, Doctor?' was the arch rejoinder,—with a most arch leer and insinuating voice half drawled out. 'A vicar was once' (said his Lordship,\* presiding at the dinner of the Admiralty Sessions), 'so wearied out with

\* Sir W. Scott was, during the latter years of his long extended life, created a peer by the title of Lord Stowell; but it is by his former name that he is known to the profession and to the world.



his parish-clerk confining himself entirely to the 100th Psalm, that he remonstrated, and insisted upon a variety, which the man promised; but, old habit proving too strong for him, the old words were as usual given out next Sunday, 'All people that on earth do dwell.' Upon this the vicar's temper could hold out no longer, and, jutting his head over the desk, he cried, 'Damn all people that on earth do dwell!'—a very compendious form of anathema!" added the learned chief of the spiritual court.

"This eminent personage was in his opinions extremely narrow and confined; never seeming to have advanced beyond the times 'before the flood' of light which the American war and the French revolution had let in upon the world—times when he was a tutor in Oxford, and hoped to live and die in the unbroken quiet of her bowers, enjoying their shade, variegated with no glare of importunate illumination. Of every change he was the enemy; of all improvement careless and even distrustful; of the least deviation from the most beaten track suspicious; of the remotest risks an acute prognosticator as by some natural instinct; of the slightest actual danger a terror-stricken spectator. As he could imagine nothing better than the existing state of any given thing, he could see only peril and hazard in the search for any thing new; and with him it was quite enough, to characterize a measure as 'a mere novelty,' to deter him at once from entertaining it—a phrase of which Mr. Speaker Abbot, with some humour, once took advantage to say, when asked by his friend what that mass of papers might be, pointing to the huge bundle of the acts of a single session,—'Mere novelties, Sir William—mere novelties.'"

#### THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

"Upon all who cannot afford a long journey, those enactments are imperative and effectual; but whoever can afford to pay that price finds them a dead letter. Yet the chief object of the Act was to prevent rich heiresses from being married before due care was taken to secure their fortunes; and to protect young heirs from being inveigled into unequal and injurious matches before they came to years of discretion. Now, whoever has such designs in view, can always command the means of performing the Scotch journey, and thus putting the law at defiance. It is well known that at one time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Lord Privy Seal, were all married at Gretna Green, and had issue after marriages contracted there."

#### SELFISHNESS.

Selfishness is the besetting sin of our fallen nature. It interferes with and adulterates the love of our neighbour; it excludes from our bosoms the love of God. But self-love, so far from being an illegitimate principle, is an essential part of the constitution of every sentient existence, and in the second great commandment is assumed as such, and constituted, as has just been said, the standard of our love to others. The reasoning of the apostle Paul is beautifully correct, when he says, "he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet: and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy

neighbour as thyself. Love worketh no ill to his neighbour; therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law." In its heart-searching spirituality, its precision and simplicity, its readiness for application, its force of united appeal to the understanding and to the heart, its comprehensiveness, both as to the objects it embraces, and the dispositions and conduct it inculcates toward them, this precept is divinely worthy of the place it holds. Taking love to God and love to our neighbour together, well might our divine Master say of them, "on these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

*From the Sunbeam.*

#### ON SEEING A WALL-FLOWER GROWING AMONG RUINS.

Why love to dwell in lonely nook,  
That shelves above yon babbling brook,  
Thou pretty perfumed flower?  
Thy very looks are foreign quite,  
To each low creeping parasite,  
That hangs about yon tower.  
Growing between the crevice small  
Of that old time-worn dreary wall,  
Where the dark storm-cloud lowers;  
Why bind the hoary head of age?  
Garland the old—bedeck the sage?  
Why wreath the brows with flowers?  
Come to our gorgeous bright parterre,  
Among exotics—beauties rare,  
Thy praises let us sing:—  
Waste not thy sweets 'midst ruined towers,  
Thou'rt formed to grace far lovelier bowers,  
Glad herald of the spring!  
Thou constant friend! when all is past,  
Thy love enduring still doth last,  
Cheering their gloomy days.  
Unlike the friends of mortal earth,  
Whose smiles in sunshine take their birth,  
But darken with its rays.  
Bloom on in honoured happy state,  
Linked with thy friends in lonely fate,  
And when I wish to see  
An emblem of enduring love,  
A simple type of that above,  
I'll come and visit thee!

*From the Examiner.*

FATE! I have askt few things of thee,  
And fewer have to ask.  
Shortly, thou knowest, I shall be  
No more . . . then con thy task.  
If one be left on earth so late  
Whose love is like the past,  
Tell her, in whispers, gentle Fate,  
Not even love must last.  
Tell her, I leave the noisy feast  
Of life, a little tired;  
Amidst its pleasures few possess  
And many undesired.  
Tell her, with steady pace to come  
And, where my laurels lie,  
To throw the freshest on the tomb  
When it has caught her sigh.  
Tell her, to stand some steps apart  
From others, on that day,  
And check the tear (if tear should start)  
Too precious for dull clay.